

ECHOES FROM OVER THERE



STORIES
WRITTEN BY SOLDIERS
WHO FOUGHT
OVER THERE

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ECHOES FROM OVER THERE



GLADYS

IRENE

From "The Friends in Need"

We girls feel that we know the American soldiers thoroughly, for we served with the Regular Army, the National Guard, and the National Army, and we served with them while they rested and played and while they fought and died.

Always they were true Americans, playing with zest and fighting with determination and invincible courage.

There is not a tribute too high to pay them and we feel that we were very privileged to have been with them at the front, from their first activity in the lines until the last gun was fired.

Very cordially yours,

IRENE McINTYRE.

GLADYS E. McINTYRE.

ECHOES FROM OVER THERE

BY THE MEN OF THE ARMY AND
MARINE CORPS WHO FOUGHT
IN FRANCE

Edited by CRAIG HAMILTON
and LOUISE CORBIN, Authors
of "The Sword of the Valley,"
"The Heart of a Regular," etc.

Illustrated

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THE DANCEY-DAVIS PRESS
NEW YORK

TO
THE MIGHTY FINE CHAPS
WE LEFT OVER THERE

PREFACE

Ask a doughboy or an officer about "over there" these days, and nine times out of ten his answer will be, "Oh, what's the use of talking about it? Folks are tired of hearing about the war."

The boys, lately returned, are eager to tell us of what they have seen and endured. Is it possible there is no audience for the moving stories of our young heroes?

We believe that people, through the return, or non-return, of some loved one, are now so familiar with the reality of the Great War that they have little interest in war fiction. The day of the war play with its battle raging offstage, and the novel with its villain regenerated on the field, is past.

Instead, we long to look into the eyes of our young fighters and hear from their own lips, authentic details of what happened overseas.

Will you yawn and think of other matters when your boy stretches his legs before your fireplace once more and begins, "Well, Dad, it was this way. We went over the top at—"

Or, if your boy paid the supreme price and lies with lips forever sealed, would you not listen hungrily to the story told by a member of his own company, by his Buddy, perhaps?

Possibly, you had no one dear to you to send across. You must still be eager to learn all you can of that strange world of death, and struggle, and unimaginable bravery into which our untried youth advanced, and from which they have emerged, laurel crowned, our great, national pride.

We offer you in this volume, not the skillful work of fiction writers, but veritable human documents. The boys themselves wrote these stories, or dictated them from their hospital beds.

You will find adjectives and elaborate descriptive writing conspicuously lacking. But if you have imag-

ination, what inspiring drama you will find between the lines of these abrupt, little narratives!

And if you lack imagination, these tales must still be eloquent, for they are abrim with the personalities of the boys, so only a heart is necessary to understand and love them.

THE EDITORS.

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PART I

THE FIRST TO FIGHT
THE STORIES OF THE MARINES



PRIVATE T. S. ALLEN

ECHOES FROM OVER THERE

I.

THE FIRST TO FIGHT THE STORIES OF THE MARINES

PRIVATE T. S. ALLEN

*Born in Clear Lake, South Dakota, December 21, 1896.
Enlisted in United States Marine Corps May 2, 1917.
Wounded and gassed in Belleau Wood May 8, 1918, still in
Pelham Bay Hospital.*

HIS OWN STORY

When I emerged from kilts or whatever it was I wore as a kid, and acquired my first sling shot, I began to hanker for a fight. While the sun was high in the heavens, I would venture forth from the house in search of "redskins" and the bold bad men whose exploits we still heard much of in the west of my childhood. As the shadows lengthened, the house always looked good to me while my mother's arms and my father's towering bulk offered a most welcome retreat from the hostile hordes my youthful imagination had conjured up.

In time, I became the proud possessor of a gun and my father taught me to use and respect it.

As was natural, my reading ran to the deeds of the men of the last frontier; then along came my school histories with their stories of Lexington and Bunker Hill, Valley Forge, Lundy's Lane, Chapultepec. These seemed to me like those stories which begin, "There were giants in those days." Still, they gave a heroic background in my mind for the closer events of the Civil War, and the brief but glorious episodes of the War with Spain, in reading of which I was first introduced to the Marines.

This may seem going a long ways back, but, I take it, that in telling my story I am telling the story of the thousands of mighty fine lads we left "over there," for in these fragments of my youthful activities and

mental processes I believe is the key to the miracle we wrought in France.

As the years ran on, I did not plan to be a merchant, or a lawyer, or farmer, but kept to my books, my hunting and fishing and my dreams of soldiering,—of “the day of glory.”

How angry I used to get at the pacifists who wanted to abolish war, for I counted myself, even then, as among the “red blooded” that Teddy was always appealing to. And how ill I thought Fate had used me, in that I had been born too late for even the “Relief of Pekin.”

I was, of course, ashamed of my military dreams, and after the fashion of youth, carried them hid in my heart where they fed hungrily.

The War in Europe, however, found me, at first, strangely unresponsive. Of course, I was interested and read everything about it that I could get hold of, but it did not seem real to me. I just could not believe somehow, that armies were once more arrayed for battle.

But the ferment was at work. As the war ran on, month after month, I became, first of all, a partisan. It was the Canadians who “got” me.

They came from our side of the water. Many of them were Americans, so the papers said. Well, if the Americans were fighting, I was with them, no matter what uniform they wore.

There were many German sympathizers in our neck of the woods, and I had all the fighting I wanted every day at school.

Nothing like fighting for a thing to make a man value it.

I began to turn over in my mind the project of running away to join the Canadians, but something held me back.

Then America entered the War. My long dreamed of day had come.

On May 2, 1917, at Maryland, California, I enlisted in the Marines.

The first to fight! It seemed to me that I belonged among the first.

One may ask, "Why the Marines?"

Well, as I have said, I had read a great deal of our history and I had seen a few soldiers and an occasional Marine. The soldiers looked like husky chaps, but there was something about the Marines you could not forget.

Alert, clean, always minding their own business, getting all that was their due quietly but firmly, they left a deep impression on me of being men who were able to look out for themselves in any situation.

I may seem a "stuck up" boy to have elected myself to that illustrious company. But I tell you I felt that I "belonged."

For fourteen weeks, they put me through the marine course of training at the Maryland Camp and I'm frank to admit that there were many bitter moments when I wondered if I had not paid myself too much of a compliment in picking out the Marines.

There were many things about them, too, which surprised me. Though the occasional Marines I had seen had been young men, still my idea of a Marine had been a grizzled old fighting man, who was a cross between John L. Sullivan and a bull fighter. My companions in camp were youths like myself, even the sergeants and most of the lieutenants were but little older than myself.

One thing helped me with the outfit. I qualified on the range as a sharpshooter and the drill-sergeants did the rest.

I was a Marine and I was not.

I belonged and I did not. So matters stood; when they shipped us to Quantico, Virginia.

On the way, we had a train wreck. Some of the bunch were killed and many were hurt. Life and the service gained something of reality from that experience. But when we reached Quantico, and as a member of the 78th Company, I also became one of the 6th Regiment of the United States Marine Corps,

I really first came into my heritage of "belonging" to the Marines.

Colonel A. W. Catlin, now Brigadier-General Catlin, was our commanding officer and he sure could put jazz into a lot of men, gathered from all over the country, and make them feel that a regiment of Marines was the greatest thing they ever had been or ever would be associated with.

Drill, drill, inspection, and still more drill. Then along about the middle of January, 1918, we slipped aboard a transport one night and sailed for France, arriving at St. Nazaire on February 3rd.

France did not look anything like I thought it would. I had expected to see everything smart and sort of all dressed up. But here it was old fashioned. French soldiers going about in uniforms of bright colors. Red trousers and gold braid. The lighthouses and cottages painted all colors, pink, yellow and blue; and the people as quaint as the town.

"Some one has been telling it to the Marines," said my comrade of the moment, "this place ain't France. I know better. I seen too many movies of Paris down in Newport, Tennessee, where I come from."

He found those to agree and disagree with him. A heated argument started which the bugler stopped as he barked us an order.

The people were kind to us, though somewhat shy. They struck me as being disappointed in a way, as though we were not up to sample. I didn't get it at the time, but I made up my mind later that they were looking for something about seven feet tall with whiskers, like the bearded lady in the circus.

A three-day trip in tiny box cars brought us to Robecourt, a town near Nancy, where we began some more training and learned about cooties, and trenches, rats, French weather, and mud.

By the middle of March, we were on the line, having taken over some old French trenches near Verdun. It was a quiet sector, a so-called training sector.

We had patrol work, and "stood to," and went

through all the rest of it. While there were a few of the fellows killed, it seemed unreal, as it had in the newspapers at the beginning of the war. Frankly, we were bored and little interested, and could not understand why it had been necessary to bring us over to finish the job.

Then it got to be June, and they moved us up to a place you have read about called Belleau Wood. I'd say that position held our attention all right. It sure did measure up to everything one had ever heard of, or imagined about this war or any other.

The country was broken. There were wheat fields tucked in among patches of brush and tall trees. An occasional village half seen, half hidden among trees and foliage. Ravines, little knolls and hills and, just where we entrenched, a great rough stretch of forest, rolling up and spreading out to either side.

Our line ran along the crest of ground rising above a small ravine. There were a few rods of open ground and then the woods. Belleau Wood.

The world was filled with confusion, noise and excitement. The French troops we came in touch with, had been having a hard time of it, around that neighborhood, and some had been shot up elsewhere and brought there for rest. A fine place to rest I'd say it was.

My company dug its fox holes along the line of the ravine. The Huns left us pretty much alone while we were at it; I guess because a drove of French "seventy-fives" somewhere back of us were worrying them about up to capacity.

Being marines, we knew that if the French guns were putting in shell as fast as they were, something was due to come along.

Sure enough! The German guns began to tune up. A deepening roar came from the hills beyond the woods, while out from the concealed machine gun positions in the woods, a well-directed machine gun fire whipped our position.

We were being punished without being able to reply,

for the woods hid the enemy from us. The French "seventy-fives" seemed to sense our uneasiness, for they increased the volume of their fire in a great wave.

"Here they come!" a shrill boyish voice piped up.

"Hold your fire!" the injunction ran from officer to officer and man to man.

The German barrage lifted; the French guns almost ceased firing. The men about me were cursing and swearing in that choice collection of profanity that belongs to the Marines. It took me back swiftly, on the wings of memory, to a lonely walk in the woods I had taken, as a boy, when I had whistled to keep up my courage.

The German troops were clear of the woods. On they came with closed ranks in four lines. One looked at them with almost a friendly interest. No particular hate or fear. And yet there was a queer sensation along the spine, and the scalp seemed to itch from the tug of the hair at the roots. The fingers bit into the rifle.

"Hold your fire!"

As the command rang on my ears with a sharpness that enforced obedience, I seemed to be standing on Bunker Hill and hear the command: "Wait till you see the whites of their eyes!"

I think I know how those old Yanks felt that day, as the enemy drew nearer and nearer.

The next I recall is firing. Firing. Firing. My fingers were tearing greedily at more ammunition, then the instinct of the hunter restrained me. I began to fire slower, looking for my mark, making sure of a hit. The Huns now appeared to me almost on top of us and then, all of a sudden, there was nothing more to aim at. A few scattered groups with hands held up, racing for our lines and shouting "Kamerad! Kamerad!"

We had ceased firing, but still these terror stricken men withered away. It was their own machine gunners behind them, in the woods, deliberately shooting

their own men who had failed to carry home an impossible charge.

I felt suddenly sick. From that moment, I hated the Hun and treated him without mercy.

The German guns opened on us again and the French replied. Another period of torment began; a period when many gallant lads "went west" or, badly wounded, were sent to the rear after dark.

Our position was the most advanced of the whole line.

The Hun wanted us out of there, but there we stayed until relieved and the fighting had swept to other parts of the line.

A little later, I mean of course a few days later, the defensive game was over. We had the ball, and the line we had to put it across was Bouresches. The 96th company of Marines was on our right, if my memory is correct, and under cover of our advance and the excellent work of the guns, a handful of them reached the town. The fields they had crossed were brown with the bodies of our boys, who had not sought to take cover but had driven straight ahead at their object in the face of continuous bursts of well-directed machine gun fire.

Oh, the Huns bled us that day! But the blood was not shed in vain, for the whole German line, clear to the English channel, creaked from the blow struck by a handful of American Marines, most of whom were under twenty-one.

Well, as I started to say, a handful of the 96th got into town and hung on by the skin of their teeth while fighting hand to hand with picked German shock troops. They managed to get a runner back asking for help, and I'd say every man in the division (the Second) wanted to go to their help.

They got about a platoon together finally, from positions where a man or two could be spared, and they went through to help the 96th. We held Bouresches when that fight was over.

Once more the war had measured up to expectations.

Our dead were numbered by the thousands, and we had been tested, almost to the limit. There had been no time for thinking, little to notice what was going on.

One simply fought by instinct and, being a Marine, fought in the right way. Did the correct thing. Marines are born, not made by enlisting in the corps. Enlisting in the corps simply develops the Marine or uncovers a yellow streak and the man is dropped. All the drill in the world would not teach men the things that I saw boys like Paul Bonner of New York do. Paul, who used to be a jewelry salesman before the war, and joined the Marines because he, too, thought that he belonged! Paul who always kept his smile and his head, and who threw his life away a dozen times in a day and lived to come home!

I can't go on and carry you through the fight for Belleau Wood. It needs a book itself, but as this is my story, I'll jump ahead a little to where I was hit.

Our lines were advancing by sheer pluck. I think it was in the afternoon of June 13th, that my company took up a position in a heavily wooded valley. When I say heavily wooded, I mean a place where the thickets of underbrush grew between the trees higher than a tall man's head, and paths and roads were few and far between, while the heavy foliage of early spring overhead, shut out the light of day until it was always twilight among the trees, and at night so dark a man could not see his hand before his face. No use trying to wear a gas mask, for you could not see with it on, and twigs and branches were always tearing it out of position.

The German planes had been watching us all day, and they knew where we were all right.

It was a desperate hole for troops to be in, and we were deployed of necessity to cover the front, as well as for protection from the shell fire we knew was coming.

The late afternoon and evening passed quietly. We slipped some men back to a well from which the Ger-

man dead had been taken but a few hours before. The water was foul with taint, but at least it was water. Chow was due along about midnight, and in spite of the wickedness of our situation we began to cheer up. In the morning, it was our job to clean out the last of Belleau Wood in our front.

Almost on the hour of midnight, when the chow was being distributed, the Hun opened up everything in that part of the country on the valley, which had, of course, been accurately registered.

H. E., shrapnel, whizz bangs, and mustard gas shell rained on us.

There was no standing such fire. It meant annihilation for the whole unit and perhaps a hole in our line. There was but one thing to do, and that was to get out before the gas had done its work.

We began to feel our way out of the trap. The darkness of the place was made darker still by the flashes of the exploding shell; the mustard gas was getting in its devilish work, while perfectly helpless before the wrath of the Hun, we stumbled blindly and in agony toward the rear.

The human senses reeled into oblivion before such an attack. Men lived by the spirit that is in them, "carrying on," though it was to the rear, with a thought for the honor of the regiment and for the need of the boy next who had fallen.

We came out of that place finally—some of us.

And we came out as an organized military command. We had our weapons with us and our wounded. Driven back, decimated, in agony, but still conscious that we were Marines of the 6th Regiment, whose dead had fallen without a chance for a blow.

Every survivor in the company went to the hospital, except the two cooks who were not there.

It was in that engagement, that I was hit and gassed.

I do not recall being hit, though I had a shrapnel bullet through my leg.

Now, I have written for you of the boyhood hours when in my mind, as well as in the minds of my fel-

lows, the mental thews were being formed. And I have told you as briefly as I know how, perhaps too briefly, of the hours when those thews were tested. I hope it will be a little plainer just how it was we went over so blithely, and bore ourselves so well.

It was September, before I was back with my regiment to go with it through to the signing of the armistice. The gas and the wound, however, still bothered me so I went to the hospital again and have just returned to the United States. At the time of writing this, on May 8th, I am still in Pelham Bay hospital.

II.

THE FIRST TO FIGHT
THE STORIES OF THE MARINES

LIEUTENANT JOSEPH A. BRADY

Reporter for New York Evening World. Commissioned a Lieutenant and assigned second battalion, Fifth Regiment of United States Marine Corps. Fought at Belleau Wood and in the Soissons offensive.

HIS OWN STORY OF THE FIRST DAY OF THE OFFENSIVE

Suppose you were a soldier and for four months a strong and hideous enemy had been heaving steadily into the columns of your army great quantities of gas, flame, shells and bullets and had been ceaselessly forcing you back; and you, sometimes starving and thirsty, had been fighting him back, and then suppose on a clear summer morning the earth had opened and drawn your enemy into a literal vortex of hellfire, what would you do? Would you first go into a wild delirium of joy and then fall down in the fields in a deep, contented sleep? That is just what most of us did who had been fighting for four months when the great offensive of the Allied Armies overwhelmed the German Army south of Soissons on July 18 last.

When we stepped from the auto trucks in which we had been riding for thirty hours, on the afternoon of July 17, on the edge of the Villers-Cotterets Forest, we did not know that we were going into battle, but we did know that we were tired and hungry. We looked for food and there was none. We looked for water, but it was poisonous, and guards with bayonets kept it from us. The only food was grass, and we could eat that without water. There were thousands of us there, but each man only thought or realized that he alone was there.

We wearily plodded through the deep roads of the forest, but we did not know where we were going.

Then we noticed cavalry, thousands of horses, standing quietly in the woods. And tanks, standing silent and appearing not at all like the great demons we had been told they were. Guns were everywhere, large, medium and small. Two hundred thousand men were there, and on that quiet summer day beyond the confines of the forest you would not know there was a soul there. Enemy aeroplanes above hummed and the aviators peered in vain through the thick foliage of the mighty trees.

Night came, and with it rain and lightning, and thunder, and action. The tanks, the great guns and the ammunition wagons rumbled out on the roads. The soldiers staggered along up to their knees in mud in the ditches alongside the roads; now and then they cried out as a horse slipped and a wagon filled with heavy shells fell and crushed some of them. For forty-eight hours some had been without sleep. The officers fought every step of the way to keep alert for what was to come, and they prayed to God the Germans would not find out what was going on, for knowledge to the Germans then would have meant certain destruction to a great allied army.

Somewhere along the fifth mile, we were stopped and a call for officers went out. We, the officers of the 5th Regiment, United States Marines, assembled in a little clearing and met Col. Logan Pheland. He told us briefly we were going to attack and attack big—along a thirty-mile front. We had the post of honor, he said, along with the 1st American Division, and French Zouaves were to be on our left. My battalion, the 2d, was to be in the first wave; X day and Z hour were the time for the attack. We laughed, for we knew it meant in plain language early the next morning.

I was battalion scout officer and Major Ralph S. Kayser gave me the maps and told me to mark off the objectives and directions. In the pouring rain, and with the help of my smothered flashlight, I marked the maps and handed them out to the company command-

ers. I saw that Capt. Wass was there, Lieut. Elliott Cooke, Lieut. Becker, Lieut. Zyschke and myself. We were all that were left out of the nine officers that started in the mess of the 18th Company at Verdun in March. The next night Wass and Becker were dead, and Cooke, Zyschke and I were headed for the hospital. Two days before, Zyschke and I had matched to see who would be the next officer to go to the States as an instructor and Zyschke had won; he was to leave after the attack.

Col. Pheland called to me and asked me to go ahead of the regiment with him to find the guides who were to take us to the jumping-off place. We plunged ahead, dodging horses, tanks and artillery. It was pitch dark, the only light coming from an occasional flash of lightning. On we went to the Paris road where the guides were to be. No one was there. We awakened sleepy French artillery officers, but they told us they had just arrived and could not help us. We stood in the woods waiting for the battalions with no definite idea of where to go, and in an hour and a half, at 4:30 A.M., we were to attack.

Right there came deep if unspoken curses; no guides, no time, no food, little ammunition and precious little information, except that in an hour and a half two thousand guns would open a barrage which we were to follow, and a hundred thousand German shell would fail to stop us before we were within a mile of where we were to attack. The battalions came up and we plodded on. When we stopped figuring how we were going to pull out, we prayed.

Daylight came suddenly. It revealed artillery officers standing just within the forest borders with watches in their hands. It revealed twenty minutes to make the attacking point, and it showed a thousand yards away a small arms ammunition dump. The men rushed to the dump. I saw a dozen French soldiers hurrying away. They had been relieved from the trenches. I ran after them. One of them spoke English. He had lived in New York.

"Guides," I shouted. "Guides, soldiers to take us in. We are late. Hurry; hurry."

The Frenchman, who spoke English, hurriedly explained to the others, and these dozen poilus, who were on their way out to safety, water and food, turned and volunteered to lead us in. They knew it meant death. It did, indeed, to some of them, and they went back to take it, all for La Patrie and because the Americans asked them.

The men were grabbing ammunition, bullets and grenades and as fast as they finished, I was putting them in charge of a poilu to lead them in. The last man cleared. Down the road we went, running, for the artillery officers would be calling off the seconds now. Then it came. I heard a quiet human voice. I suppose it said fire. Perhaps many voices said it. In a second came the blast of two thousand guns. The concussion almost threw us over but we went on, catching our breaths and hardly knowing for a minute what it was.

There was no noise, that is, no distinct noise, there was just a terrible heaving and tearing. I say the impression was that there was no noise, because men next to you were shouting and you could not hear them. It was so noisy you could not hear anything, but something that prevented hearing. You could see, however, and ahead we saw soaring lights, the signal lights of the Germans calling for their barrage.

The first German shell hit in the hard road ahead of us. We saw it. We did not hear it. It cut away the first eight men of our column. Into the ditches at the side of the road we tumbled and the German barrage hit on the road. We had been caught before we got in!

A minute we lay there under the pounding and then in the forest to the right and left, we saw huge trees going up by the roots and French soldiers with ropes about them hauling them down. Trees a hundred feet tall were falling. The French had mined under the roots and were blowing them up to make new roads

for the tanks. Then the monsters came plunging through. It was our chance! While the German barrage was falling on the main roads, the French were going through the forest and that was where we headed with the soaring signal lights of the German line as our objective.

The rain had stopped and the sun was out. We reached the edge of the black woods and rushed out into a wheat field. The green and golden fields stretched away for five miles and ahead we went. Overhead a hundred aeroplanes were moving; not circling as they seem to be when they are high, but rushing and tearing a few hundred feet above us. And ahead in the fields German batteries with gun noses pointed a few inches above the wheat were flashing out.

But greater than all, not many yards away, were groups of Germans running low toward us with their hands up, abject terror in their faces. Our barrage was going on now and through the spurting fountains of earth which it was sending up, we could see hundreds of Germans running before it and we could see scores of tanks plunging into them, spitting machine gun and shell fire at them. Now and then, one of our own would go down but Germans were going by the score. Suddenly fast armored motor cars swept up the side roads firing into the German machine gunners in the gulleys as they went.

The men were wild as they tore on. No fatigue now, just Boche lust. Over the old German trenches they ran stopping only for the occasional obstinate Boche who kept firing until they got him. We struck the first objective, an old farm house, and we dove into the cellars. That first line of boys kept going on. It could not be stopped at the first objective.

In the cool cellar of the first farm house I stopped with Major Kayser, and the Battalion Adjutant, Lieut. LeGendre. It was the objective and we had to get the men together to go on further. A few dead Germans were above the cellar but inside was a queer scene.

The candles were still lighted on the table and the breakfast of the German Captain was still there. We ate some of the black bread, sipped some of the Rhine wine, searched for maps and information and hurried out to go further.

Miles out, tanks and armored motor cars were still smashing into the German line, aeroplanes were fighting a dozen battles overhead, artillery was rushing up, stopping a few minutes at a time to fire. Everywhere our men were lying about in the fields. Dead? No. Just asleep.

"Hell, they're licked," groused the first one awakened by a Sergeant, "and I don't see why I've got to run 'em to death."

The story of how the gallant kids who had stopped the Boche for four months, and who went crazy with joy when they started him to Berlin, then laid down under the shell fire and slept for an hour, is one story. But how they roused themselves from their sleep and started after him and kept going after him for three days is another.

Soldier's Letter

"I saw the Germans who were on outpost duty dash back into the woods to give the warning that the Americans were coming. A command ripped along the column and we deployed into skirmish formation on the run, broke into our battle yell, and charged the woods on the very heels of the enemy's outpost.

"The Huns did not have a chance to fire a shot before we were among them. They were good troops and stayed to fight it out. I have been in some fights before this, but this was the bloodiest work of the war, so far for me.

"A Hun struck at me with his bayonet. I could not defend myself with my gun at the moment as a branch was in the way. I parried the thrust with my left arm, let go my gun, ducked, the way Young Fulton taught us in camp, and uppercut the fellow hard. He fell back stunned. With the knife I had in my leggings, I finished him neatly, recovered my gun, and went on.

"It takes time to tell it, but it happened faster than you could think. Uncle Sam sure did something for us boys when he had us taught to use our 'dukes.' I don't know whether Fulton is over here or not, but if he is still in America, I wish you would send him my letter, for I want him to know he saved one boy's life."



SERGEANT S. P. CAPWELL

III.

THE FIRST TO FIGHT

THE STORIES OF THE MARINES

SERGEANT SAMUEL P. CAPWELL

Born in the State of Pennsylvania. Enlisted in United States Marine Corps in Detroit, Michigan, on September 9, 1917. Trained Paris Island and Quantico, Va. Sent to France August, 1918. Severely wounded in the Argonne offensive, losing his right arm and receiving other injuries.

I did not see so very much of the war and it seems to me to be somewhat presumptuous to insert in the records of our fighting boys, the short and simple story of my experience in action.

However, what I did see of the War was all war. It was lively while it lasted, and the memories of those few weeks will serve me for a life time.

Enlisting in Detroit, Michigan, on September 9, 1917, in the United States Marine Corps, I was sent to the splendid camp the Marines had organized at Paris Island, S. C. There I was thoroughly trained, and when the officers judged me fit for foreign service, I was transferred to the overseas training camp at Quantico, Virginia.

Some bird of a training camp, I'd say that was. Colonel A. W. Catlin, who had organized it, had done a boss job, and the training followed the general lines of Marine training with modifications and additions made necessary by conditions in France.

We learned to shoot straight, think quick, and act even quicker, to do the right thing under the circumstances of any given case, and do it through instinct.

We had bayonet exercise that sometimes got pretty realistic.

"Snarl when you use the bayonet!" was the advice some English instructors gave us, but it did not fit in with the Marine idea, which was to do it with a smile. And strange, and almost unholy and unnatural as it

may seem, months later, when I did see some of the Marines in a hand-to-hand fight with the Huns, they were not snarling but smiling as they jabbed the points of their bayonets into the most convenient part of their opponent's anatomy. A queer sound the bayonet makes when it takes the flesh, and queerer still is the feel of the gun in your hand when you have the old "shiv" in a human body.

"Mopping up" was another delightful practice in which we became singularly adept. It means, as you doubtless know, cleaning up the positions you have taken from the enemy. It is a bloody business in which, you might say, no prisoners are taken.

The bayonet fighting, the patrol work, and the mopping up, even more than a gas attack, or shelling, or rifle fire, bring out to me the sheer hellishness of war.

There is something impersonal about most of the operations of a military character, but when you come to grips; when you tear a man's body open with the bayonet, cut his throat with a trench knife, or strangle him to death with your hands down in the mud of "no man's land," or the filth of a trench bottom, it comes right home to you.

And I am frank to say, I don't like it, though it had to be done, and God knows nothing that could be done to a German began to be anywhere near like the treatment he deserved.

But I ramble, and that is not like a Marine.

In August, I crossed to France and was landed at Brest after a beautiful and uneventful trip. The Navy certainly made good when it came to taking us boys across safely, and I never see water but I want to give three cheers for the "Gobs."

After landing in France, we went to Chatillon where we got our legs under us, looked over our equipment, and then hurried up to the front.

Every Yank in France that had any fight left in him was headed for the front at that time. We had the Jerries on the run and the spirit of the hunt was in us all. We could scarcely sleep of nights for fear

they would stop fighting before we had our chance at it.

Well, we got it!

In the Argonne forest sector, we went into the line to relieve some National Army troops that had fought themselves out of food, clothing, ammunition, and almost out of touch with the supporting troops on their flank. The N. A. boys needed a few hours to rest, refit and receive replacements, for they had not counted the cost of their advance.

The dead were still unburied, and as we marched up to their front, we passed for miles over the ground across which they had advanced. Time and time again, I saw the ground brown with their bodies as they had fallen in lines, or in clumps, before the fire of German machine gun nests.

Their orders had been to advance at no matter what cost, and they had kept the faith.

So, we came at last into line.

The woods were heavy about us. The ground was incredibly broken, as though some angry god in ancient times had harrowed the place with hate. Ravines ran in all directions, and this brought out a twisted rock formation where ridges crossed and recrossed each other, and buttes rose without rhyme or reason in the most unexpected places.

It was, of course, an ideal defensive position. I can't see all the Germans in the world driving Marines out of such a stronghold. Yet out of it our American boys had been chasing German veteran and war-wise soldiery.

Machine gun nests and organized positions were scattered broadcast through the forest with the prodigal hand of the German High Command. In places, barb wire was in position and there were also well placed and carefully constructed trenches.

Our guns had difficulty in keeping up with us. Only when a command would be definitely hung up for a day or so, would the guns get a chance to come up and blow the Jerries out.

The orders were to advance to a certain objective which had been pointed out to us. We were told to go ahead and take it, if only two of us got there, and when we got there to dig in and hang on regardless.

Some comprehensive order I'd say it was.

We drove forward, bombing out the machine gun nests, taking advantage of what cover offered, cutting and blasting our way through the enemy's wire.

As we broke through the last of the wire, the Huns abandoned their position and fled to cover. It so happened I was nearest the crest of the ridge where the German line had been, and I tore up the slope at my best speed, gun thrown forward eagerly as I tried to get another good clean shot at the Jerries.

The German guns were well trained on the crest, and just as we swarmed over it, H. E. shell and shrapnel began to burst right among us.

Suddenly I spun around and fell. For a moment or two I was dazed. My Buddie grabbed me and dragged me into a little cover, and ripped off my blouse and shirt. My right arm was filled with shrapnel and shot to pieces from the elbow down. Buddie gave me first aid, put my canteen handy, and then with a handclasp hurried back to the position where the men had stopped for a moment to get their breath, after the burst of shelling.

Presently, as the shelling grew less, and the enemy showed himself forming for a counter attack, our men sprung forward, cheering as they ran in that high pitched, eerie battle cry of the Marines who have seen their dead.

They had overrun a machine gun nest, and when I saw the gunners in the nest open up on our men from the rear, it brought the life back to me. I began to try and get my gun into some kind of a position where I could shoot, and while I can shoot from the left shoulder, it's some trick to hold and fire a gun with one hand and hit anything.

However, I did create a diversion with my thumping around, for the German machine gunners gave me

their attention. I got a bullet through the left hand, and another in the leg.

The Jerries certainly were great ones for getting a man in the leg.

I talked to a Jerry, who was a prisoner and spoke English, about it.

"We don't like to kill the troops opposing us," said he, as he tugged away at his long stemmed pipe.

"Oh, no, of course," I agreed. "Quite so."

He caught my sarcasm and went into details.

"Why should we kill men?" he inquired. "If a man is dead, he is dead. That is the end of him. Maybe he gets planted, and maybe he don't. If he does, its after the fight is over.

"But a wounded man must be taken care of. He uses up men who could be fighting. The more wounded the better. So they teach us to shoot at the feet instead of the head or body."

At any rate, there I was. With my right arm full of shrapnel and my forearm, from the elbow down, a sight. My left hand also, had a bullet through it and I had another one in my leg. I had lost a lot of blood. It was fifty hours before I had any more attention than my Buddie had been able to give me in the heat of the fight. Then I received real first aid and was shipped back something like sixty miles to a hospital, where I underwent three operations, in the last of which they took my right arm off at the elbow.

After that they sent me Home, and in the Brooklyn Naval Hospital I had a re-amputation.

Also I received a regimental citation, though just why I do not understand.

I want to say a word for the relief organizations that helped us out "over there." This is one of the Echoes I want you to be sure and hear.

Listen! There is nothing too good for the Salvation Army!

The time was when we used to give them our pennies. Let me tell you, your dollars aren't half big enough for them. They were like the Marines, they

went the limit. Right up to the front, the real front, the firing line, with coffee and doughnuts. Many a time we had to beg those girls to go back.

If you feel grateful to us, be good to them, for they were with us and were our friends when we walked in the dark shadows "over there."

Soldier's Letter

CHRISTMAS DAY IN FRANCE

But say, let me tell you something. Christmas Day in France was enough to break your heart.

The day before Christmas we had marched out to our training field as usual. To keep us from thinking too much about home, the officers put us through. It was twelve miles back to billets and we started the long hike. We could not help thinking a bit now and then, so our spirits were low.

Rain and sleet fell; the roads were hock deep in cold sticky mud, for each step we took, we lost part of the ground gained.

We were chilled, tired, hungry, footsore, homesick, and all at once, that's some grand little combination for Christmas Eve, I'll tell you.

As the night came on, wind blew in long, sharp blasts that cut through to the bone, chilling the perspiration the hike had started.

You could have bought us cheap.

We hit the billets late, too doggone tired and heart sick, we thought, to eat. But hot coffee and chow lured us at last. Then we just peeled off our rags, and packs, and boots, dropped them all over the place, and hit the blankets.

At dawn, some idiot began to shout, "Merry Christmas."

"Merry Hell," we answered and tried for a few more winks.

But it was no use, the comedian persisted. We reached for what was nearest. A box barrage of tin hats, boots, canteens, and miscellaneous equipment silenced the fool.

Then another broke out with it.

We decided we'd better end the epidemic right there.

So we played "puss in the corner" with that fellow.

We hit him a wallop in the puss (face) and he laid in the corner for an hour.



CORPORAL M. J. LAPINE

IV.

THE FIRST TO FIGHT
THE STORIES OF THE MARINES

CORPORAL MEYER J. LAPINE

Born in Chicago, Ill., January 7, 1892. Occupation, chauffeur. Enlisted in United States Marine Corps at Chicago on May 29, 1917. Trained Paris Island and Quantico, Virginia. Assigned Sixth Regiment. Overseas January 15, 1918. Wounded three times and gassed.

On May 29, 1917, I enlisted in the United States Marine Corps at Chicago, and was sent to Paris Island, South Carolina, for quarantine and preliminary training.

For three months, I was drilled and trained at Paris Island until they had made a man of me physically and mentally. I had, in the meantime, taken my second oath, so when I was passed on to Quantico, the overseas camp, I was about ready for foreign service. However, they took a few more licks at me at Quantico, and then assigned me to the famous Sixth Regiment, United States Marine Corps.

Major Holcomb took us over the latter part of January, this battalion completed the regimental organization of the Sixth.

Many of the Marines who had preceded us, had spent the months in France on police duty, but we were more fortunate, for in January, all the Marines were relieved from police duty, brigaded together, and sent to Bourmont training area to be whipped into shape for our place in the line.

For the first time, we had a chance to get acquainted with each other and look over our officers, and a fine bunch of men I'd say they were. Catlin was our Colonel, and I saw him fall, right up with the boys at Belleau Wood.

Lieutenant Colonel Lee was second in command, and

took over under fire the day Colonel Catlin was wounded. The Majors, too, were all old hands, I think, in the Marines. Major John A. Hughes, Major Burton William Sibley, and the regimental adjutant Major Evans, were men who won our devoted admiration by their soldierly qualities and personal manhood.

Nor were the lesser officers much below them in standard, though most of them did not really belong to the Corps, but had been sent to it to take the places vacated by the moving up of the old company and platoon commanders when the organization was expanded.

Of things such as this, we men talked in bivouack and billet, gathering our information as to the past history of the Corps and the exploits of its officers from the lips of our "noncoms," many of whom had been in the Marines from ten to twenty years.

In the days of our training, when we tramped back and forth from billets to training grounds, we of the ranks got to know each other well and we knew just about what to expect of chaps like Chris Collopy, who came from Spring City, Pennsylvania, or Weikal of Middletown, Ohio, before ever we saw them put to the test of battle.

During March, we went on the line in the Verdun sector. So far as my outfit were concerned, we had our first taste of German shell on Easter morning. Some eggs, believe me, those Jerries put over to make us feel like good Christians on that day.

We had taken over a quiet sector, but it certainly did yield us some good sport. The patrol work was great.

Don't misunderstand me. I was scared to death every time I went out on patrol. The cold sweat would pour off me and my whole body would shake with chills, but I'd have died before I'd let any one of my pals know it. I guess we all had the chills, and fever, and sweats together, for we weren't just pigs driven to slaughter and used to it like the Hun, but nervous, high strung young lads, with all of life before us. Yet

we'd rather have been in France just then, than anywhere else in the world.

But once you were out in "no man's land," creeping around in the dark, trying to keep in touch with the rest of your own men and not fall over a Hun before you saw him, sneaking through the enemy wire to listen up against his parapet, you were sitting in on a man's game where the sky was the limit.

The oddest things would come into your head. Some thing funny that had happened when you were a boy at school, or some remark made by Hi Pottinger would come to mind, and you'd see it from a new angle and want to laugh, when you didn't hardly dare to breathe.

And when we did catch an enemy patrol out! Oh, boy! How we flattened out on the ground, and practiced every Injun and hunting trick we'd ever heard of, as we stalked the foe. For on patrol work, it's a case of get your man and get him quick and quiet, or they'll have the sky full of star shell, and both sides be cutting loose at you

We sure were in tune with the warring infinite, when they relieved us at last, I guess because we were making their quiet sector too lively.

I understand some of the other boys have written in their stories for "Echoes from Over There," of the fighting along the Marne and at Belleau Wood, and I'm going to skip it, for even to this day, it hurts to think of the friends who "went west" during the fighting there.

After the Chateau-Thierry sector fighting just referred to, the Marines were pulled out of the line for some much needed rest and re-equipment, for fighting uses up clothing, weapons, food, everything goes in the fight.

La Fère was the name of the place where we counted noses and took stock, but the days of resting were about over. We had turned the tide at Belleau Wood, and it was up to us to push our luck.

The French were going to try and crash in the side

of the bottle the German had made in the French lines between two towns every one has heard of, Soissons and Rheims. A bottle just described the situation, an old fashioned water bottle turned upside down. At either side of the bell shaped bottom of the water bottle, were Soissons and Rheims, while the mouth rested on Chateau-Thierry. And the bottle was full, full to the brim with German troops, guns, stores, I don't guess they have counted it all yet.

The French wanted to smash in the side of the bottle and get at the contents, and they gave the Marines the hammer. To make sure that we would be feeling like fighting when we struck the German lines, they packed us into camions, and we bumped along in the dust and July heat all one night, and at dawn started to hike and kept it up all that day and all the following night. At dawn we came into position and the fight began.

There will be some who will think I exaggerate, who will say no troops could fight as we fought after being awake for two days and nights and making such a march, but if such doubters there be, let them write the War Department and ask about this incident of the history of the Sixth Marines in France.

It was a great surprise that attack. The Hun was completely fooled when, on the heels of a terrific barrage, and in the wake of droves of tanks, the Marines broke out of the forest of Villers-Cotterets.

We had no sooner started, than we forgot all about being tired, for we had the Hun on the jump. We piled his dead in heaps; we took his machine guns by the hundreds, and his field batteries complete, time and again. We just had to take prisoners that day; it would have taken too long to kill them all.

We fought through wilderness thickets; we stormed hills, and with dripping bayonets, slashed our way through villages the Hun had not yet destroyed, and was busily engaged in looting. We shot German soldiers gathering the grain in the fields.

Mile after mile we drove them, and though we made rapid progress, there was stark fighting done

by the Germans that day. Time after time, I saw a squad of our men go at the burst of a shell, or a platoon wither under machine gun blast.

I got it in the leg myself, bad enough to send me back to a dressing station, but not to a hospital. I had all the hospital I wanted after I had been hit and gassed early in the spring, and when our men were going in at Belleau Wood, we had to take French leave at the hospital to get back to our regiment or we'd have missed that dandy brawl.

After we had cleaned them up at Soissons, they pulled us out, and we had a few days of the rest that was coming to us, and then we went to the Argonne. There I got phosgene chlorine gas and got it good, and by the time I had recovered from that, it was all over, over there.

V.

THE FIRST TO FIGHT.

THE STORIES OF THE MARINES

PRIVATE WINSLOW BELTON MARSHALL

Enlisted in United States Marine Corps. Served in France.

Patriotism, to some people, meant throwing out their chests when the band played the "Star Spangled Banner," and openly admitting that "the land of the free and the home of the brave" could lick anybody on the block.

To me, it didn't mean so much. I just grabbed a gun and went over there to express my sentiments in bullets.

Those flag-waving experts may be all right. They probably figured that as it was, the recruiting offices were overworked, so what was the use of giving them more trouble?

When it comes down to scrapping, believe me, three of those dear three-inch shell have three cheers beat eighty ways.

Still, somebody had to stay at home, or there wouldn't be anyone to watch the parades, now that we've got back from saving Democracy.

Well, just after we quit speaking to Germany, I enlisted in the Marines. I spent my nights studying how to tell a third class Ensign from an assistant stenographer in the Knights of Columbus, and my days were spent saluting every door man from Forty-second street to Columbus Circle. At first, an ordinary sub-way guard looked like an Admiral to me.

I suppose you know what a Leatherneck is? A Leatherneck is a baby they send for when some country gets fresh and tries to go Republican.

We are rushed special delivery to the place to put down the revolution. There never is any trouble. The revolutionists are buried in lots of a thousand each.

Once a Marine got wounded. He stumbled over the Porto Bananas army on the way back to the ship.

No doubt by this time, you know how the Leather-necks went through those square heads at Belleau Wood and points west; and we would have gone through to Berlin, only we didn't want to be all muddy marching down "Unter der Linden" with all the fellows looking on.

The Kaiser likes the Marines like carbolic acid, and the Crown Quince has been yelling for the police ever since we went over.

I always wondered why they called us Leathernecks. I found out it was on account of us wearing some of the sweaters our loving, but amateur, knitting relatives sent us instead of cigarettes. Some of those sweaters would make any fellow's neck rough.

Going across, we were prepared for everything from sudden death to losing a button.

The meals were the best part of the trip. I had six meals a day, three down and three up. The boat rocked so much that I had to sit on the floor when eating. I asked the Doctor what was the cure for sea sickness, and he said, "I give up."

While still on the ship, I joined the Moustache Club and the Gimme Association.

We landed in France on my birthday and were sent to a training camp. While on the train, we passed some pretty scenery but that's all we did pass.

When I enlisted in the Marines, the pictures in my mind were drawn from the colored posters in front of the recruiting offices. I was to see life from the deck of a noble battleship and the heaviest work would be drilling at a five-inch gun, and smashing a target to smithereens across the sea.

But instead, they put me to work operating an insane apology for a railroad, and pushing freight cars all around a town fifty miles from a sniff of salt water. I often wondered what my mother thought when I wrote her about this. "Drunk again," most likely. Well the Navy went us one better. The Cap-

tain mounted forty blue-jackets on mules and called them his cavalry.

Under the able and masterly leadership of our mess sergeant, we got food in disguise. The cooks must have attended the Camouflage school unbeknown to us. The occasional biscuits were further proof of this.

The sick report went merrily in on the wings of the dawn. I guess the cooks thought the medical department needed practice.

In a small space in the mess shack, they had worked wonders. They put in an enormous stock of soldier necessities; everything from carpet tacks to baby elephants. You could get cigarettes, cigars, chewing gum, and candy; all the latest magazines, wall paper, fly-paper, ukeles, bassoons, and kettle drums; shampoos and massage. Also, ladies' and gents' clothing, art, needle work, and sporting goods; umbrellas, rubbers, silks and bull dogs. But the main thing, you could get something to eat. The way our mess sergeant dished up the food, he must have been a pal of Mr. Hoover. However, we didn't starve.

Finally, we took our seventy-two hour dip in the trenches. Now that the war is over, I will never remain in the military game, largely on account of considerations that deter me from becoming an actor, it cuts into your evenings so. However, after you get used to staying up a night or two at a time, snatching a little siesta between times, it certainly is an interesting game.

The first two or three days in the trenches, Jerry was quite amusing, and indulged in a lot of perfectly blind shooting, with 5.9 (five point nines) either to bolster up his own courage, or in the vague hope of hitting something. As we were green and unaccustomed to shell fire, we were continually jumping in and out of shell holes, when we first heard the whine coming, and in every case, at least so far as I was concerned, the shell hit many yards away. Soon we became veterans and could tell from the sound of the shell, whether to duck or ignore them. It is astonishing how quickly

your ear gets trained. Soon there was very little ducking.

We had a lot of healthy curiosity about Jerry's whereabouts and habits, and we sure had a chance to gratify it and put it to use during frequent patrols.

Before we got through, we saw quite a bit of action. We have hurled bombs that flew back at us so fast that we received the impression we had thrown them backward. We have vibrated at the safe end of a rifle, and we have speared Huns on a bayonet run that would have discouraged the Ringling Brothers.

Of course you've heard about gas. Well, we've been gassed. We, too, had heard all about it. Incidentally, you folks have no idea what the word discomfort means till you try on a gas mask or respirator. A gas mask is the most unholy punishment that can be meted out to anyone. Did you ever try swallowing a hot water bottle?

Our Captain told us to stay as long as we could. Talk about speed. You've read of Joe Loomis winning the hundred yards, Dario Resta driving his motor car, and Guynemer, battleplaning through the air. Wrong, all wrong. The pace I hit when I took off my gas mask, would have made Loomis, Resta, and Guynemer, tear their hair in pure chagrin. Nothing like it has been seen since soldiers began wearing hats. With all due modesty, I claim I emerged from that door at a speed of fifty miles an hour. Rough stuff, that gas.

In peace times, if anyone had told me I would ever be sitting in a damp German dugout, in the wee sma' hours of a chilly morning, playing piquet, while about me raged a terrific bombardment, I would have called him crazy.

Believe me, we all were sure glad when peace was declared.

We fished out our little rubber suits and sailed for home. We had a peace party on board ship that the fellows are still talking about. And you know that to get anything to stick in a fellow's bean for more than an hour, is an accomplishment in itself. We had

some canned music, the old phony was on duty from the start, grinding out ragtime, and everybody jazzed.

Shades of Napoleon, was ever before a picnic known to thrive on Bevo and make merry over a bumper of root beer? Gee, I never knew we could have such a good time and stay sober.

Well, there's no place like home.

VI.

THE FIRST TO FIGHT
THE STORIES OF THE MARINES

PRIVATE FRANK M. JACOBS

Born in New York City. Enlisted in the U. S. Marine Corps. Fought at Belleau Wood. Was wounded near Soissons. Received the Croix de Guerre.

HIS OWN STORY

We arrived in St. Nazaire, June 27th, and spent two months near the Swiss border. Our training consisted of endless days of long, muddy, dreary hikes, and bayonet exercise that, though not a pleasure, put us in great condition, enabling us to withstand the hardships of the trenches.

After leaving the training area, we were sent for preliminary training to the front line trenches of the Verdun sector. Although the enemy was in action in front of us, for a month and a half, nothing of any importance occurred, outside of constant shell fire. It seemed that in that particular sector, the Boches were in training in the trenches directly opposite. It was a case of "You let me alone, and I'll let you alone." The French apparently had adopted this agreement.

However, we had a little combatting, not with any human enemy, but with the rats that gave us an awful lot of trouble. Our delight was to watch for them to come out of their holes and then shoot them with our automatics. The cooties were right on the job, too. Then it rained nearly every day till sometimes the mud in the trenches was a foot and a half deep. But we got used to even that after a while and the fellows seemed to make a joke of it as they did of all their discomfort.

We were actually half contented there, when the first of May, word reached us that a series of offensives

were being carried out by the Germans. The news that we were going into actual combat was welcome.

On the 18th of May, a French battalion that had seen some terrific fighting on the Somme front relieved us. They took our places so that we could take over the sector where fresh troops were needed.

Leaving the Verdun sector, we had a two-day hike with very little to eat. When we reached the outskirts of Paris, we were given another two weeks of hard drilling and bayonet work. By this time, we were becoming very expert at handling the gun and bayonet and this added to our eagerness to meet the enemy.

In the little town where we were quartered, we were apparently the entire population. Billeted in this village a long ways from the front, we began to fear we would never see any real action. To our delight, one night after taps had blown and we were sleeping peacefully, orders came that we were to pack up and be ready to leave within a half an hour.

Exactly thirty minutes later we were on our way to a train of camions that awaited us. We were simply piled into these camions, driven by Chinks. For two days and three nights we rode.

We were joyous to be on our way to the front, but the steady stream of French refugees we passed saddened us. Of all the pathetic scenes I ever witnessed, the scenes I saw on this trip to the front were the most pitiful. We were maddened by the sight of these old men, women and children, hurrying to the rear with whatever household goods they could scrape together and pack into their carts, pulled by oxen. Our hearts ached for these gentle old French folk, driven from their homes by the Boche. Hatred for the Hun increased with every mile, till we could hardly wait for a chance to strike our blow at him.

During these two days and three nights, we actually had no food or water as our orders to depart for the front had come so unexpectedly. But before the actual proofs of the Huns' inhumanity and brutality we forgot our aching stomachs and parched throats.

On the 1st of June, we arrived at the front and camped three days in dugouts built under cover of the darkness. Then to our great excitement, we were ordered to march four kilometers to relieve the French forces that were so bravely holding their own against the terrific German onslaught. The Frenchmen, having fought several days and nights without a let up, were sure happy to see us, while we were glad of the opportunity to take their place.

For two days we were on the defensive, resisting heavy artillery and machine gun fire from the enemy.

At five o'clock, on the fifth of June, without any forewarning, we were ordered to go over the top in five minutes. Our starting point was five hundred yards in front of Belleau Wood. Jumping from our holes, we snapped into skirmish formation. The Germans at sight of us opened up deadly machine gun fire. The rattling of their guns could not stop us, though we lost many men at the start. Crossing the wheat fields we lost more than half of our men. Far from discouraging us, this merely added fury to our eagerness to repay the Hun. The Germans were obviously non-plussed by our daring spirit and the way we faced their fire. It seemed to shatter their morale. They began to flee. But we could run as fast as they, so within four hours, we had killed and captured about five hundred Boche in the first two kilometer advance.

With darkness came a lull, giving us a chance to dig ourselves in for the night, though there was sniping and some artillery fire constantly. A clean-cut victory for our first attempt heartened us greatly. We had no more fear of the terrible Hun, already we knew him for a coward. Even during our first attack, the whining of that word, "Kamerad," became so common that we felt like veterans. In most cases, these pitiful pleas to be spared were of no avail, for we had been warned that while moaning "Kamerad," the Boche would not hesitate to attack us if he could. So we were very watchful that they shouldn't get away with any tricky stuff.

As I, fortunately, was not wounded in the first attack, I did not know of the happenings in the rear. But what we heard later was very gratifying. They say when they heard of our victory, the French went wild with joy, for this was the first time the Germans had been driven back on the direct road to Paris. We were mighty proud to have the honor of being the first troops to start the offensive. It looks as if that marked the turning point of the war.

After another sleepless night and day, we were sent five kilometers to the rear. Here we had our first real meal in more than a week, and believe me, we certainly appreciated it. While resting the next two days, we learned the Battalion that had relieved us had taken up the attack successfully where we had left it, and had gained their objective. We knew then, that there was no possible chance for the Hun to advance again.

After our two days' rest, we were again sent to the front, this time in a line of trenches before the town of Bouresches, which had been taken from the Boche a week before. During our five days' stay in Bouresches we were peppered with more shell fire than I had heard during my entire experience at the front. The Germans seemed to take special delight in destroying houses in the village, burning them up, one by one, but they could not drive us out.

After shelling us terrifically for several days, thinking that we must have evacuated, the Boche attacked the town one night and discovered to their great surprise that we were still very much there. We handed them one of the biggest surprises and set-backs of their lives. We peppered them so hard with machine gun fire that they never got anywhere near us. Instead of finishing their attack, they turned and fled like a lot of crazy sheep. While they were retreating, we joyfully picked them off and they sure were soft pickings.

We had several scare attacks during our five days in this town. But the Huns, seeing we intended to stay, began to lose heart. It was a common sight to

see them, under cover of darkness, straggling into the American lines, giving themselves up.

So far, I had been fortunate enough to come through unscratched. I saw many of our old men go and new ones take their places. For each fine fellow we lost, we made the Boche pay toll, I promise you. The very thought of bayoneting a Hun became a pleasure, and to a great extent we forgot our hardships.

Relieved again, we went back for a three days' rest and were then sent to another sector to relieve troops that had there been successful in their attacks.

We held the lines a few days, living in the woods under horrible conditions, with unburied dead lying all about us. We lived in holes dug with our hands or any implements we could find. The nights were very quiet, but whenever we had a chance to get a little sleep, those dreaded cooties, nearly as vicious as the Boche, pestered us till sleep was almost impossible.

Strange to say, while in the line on the defensive, or while making ready to attack, war was seldom discussed among the fellows. Instead we are thinking of the dear old U. S. A. and the folks at home. An American newspaper whenever picked up, would be read so eagerly that by the time it had passed through several hundred hands, it would literally hang in threads. These trying periods of waiting were when we most delighted in getting news from home, or even just talking to each other of what was going on, back in the States. With the Boche twenty-five yards away, the boys would go about humming popular songs.

On the 25th of June, we were ordered to attack our objective, which was on the edge of Belleau Wood, east of the position still held by the enemy. In the face of murderous machine gun fire we advanced without a stop. The Germans could not understand our earnestness and willingness to face anything they had.

When within a few yards of them, about to face them with a bayonet, we had a way of yelling like a bunch of wild Indians that scared the Boche half to death. They would become so perplexed that often we

found them waiting for us with their hands up whining, "Kamerad." We shot down the majority, for we knew if we gave them a chance they would pump us full of machine gun bullets. When we came close to them, they would jump out of their holes and attempt to be friendly. We took a few prisoners for the purpose of getting information from them.

In this attack, a clump of woods on our left had been overlooked by us. It was full of Huns, manning machine guns. As they were on our left flank, they were a terrible menace to us. In gaining our objective, we lost pretty heavily, and most of the men who were fortunate enough to escape alive were wounded, or utterly exhausted, and nearly dead from hunger and thirst.

A volunteer party was asked to clear out the woods. Death seemed certain for those attempting this deed, but despite that fact and all they had already suffered, there were more volunteers than were needed, ready and glad to make the supreme sacrifice to make our left flank safe.

I was fortunate to be numbered among the twelve who attempted the clearing of the wood. We carried out the orders successfully, but we lost seven out of twelve men. But we realized we could not complain, for ordinarily, in an attack of this kind, a platoon would have been necessary to accomplish what we did.

The French gratefully rewarded the boys who volunteered with the Croix de Guerre.

In that attack, we had captured upward of six hundred men and numbers of machine guns. When darkness had come and the firing ceased, a few men were detached to accompany the prisoners to the rear. I was put in charge of two hundred prisoners, some of our wounded, and some German wounded.

We had almost a two mile stretch through the woods in total darkness. While marching, we were continually shelled by the Hun artillery who thought we were support coming up. The prisoners on the way to the rear had more than one chance to escape if they had

wished to, for the shelling we received was so terrific that the men carrying the wounded had to seek shelter in holes and behind trees. We could not have prevented the prisoners from scattering, the woods were so dark, but instead of attempting escape, they voluntarily jumped into formation again as soon as the firing ceased, and continued to march to the rear. All the time they were praying in German, thanking God that they were through with the war.

Finally, we arrived at the rear with our charges and were greatly relieved to get rid of them. Also, we had our first few hours' sleep in three or four days. When we started back again, we were given food to take to the men in the front lines. To carry anything seemed a great effort after the strenuous work of the last few days. We were utterly worn out, and I do not believe we would ever have reached the lines had it not been food we were carrying. But we braced up and went through, for we knew how desperately the boys needed that food. On the way, we were steadily shelled by the enemy, several times we had to drop the food in the dirty sand and lie prone on the ground till the shelling had ceased. By a fairly superhuman effort, we reached the lines and then what we brought lasted only a few minutes after it had been equally distributed among the boys. It was the first bit of food they had had in two days.

Searching the German dugouts, we found quite a quantity of food the Germans had been unable to take away with them. Evidently the men we had driven out had been placed there only a few hours before we attacked and had been supplied with several days' rations. The brown bread and sour meat tasted mighty good to us. In several instances the men emptied the water out of machine guns to drink.

We held our ground until the following night, when we were relieved by new troops and very thankful we were to see them.

We marched to a safe distance in the rear, built our own dugouts and settled down for several days. There

we received our three meals a day, praise be, and an abundance of fruit, chocolate and cigars that the Red Cross provided. We sure were a happy crowd.

About the first of July, we were honored by a visit from the former Premier of France, who told us that the name of the woods we had captured had been changed from Bois de Belleau to Bois de la Brigade de Marine, in our honor.

We were also honored by a visit from our Brigade Commander, who commended us for our good work.

July 1st we were ordered to Paris to march in the parade on the fourth. Of course, we were silly with delight.

We reached Paris on the Fourth and marched in the parade through the streets. The French people showered us with congratulations, they seemed wild with joy and called us "Saviors of Paris."

After the parade the town was completely ours.

Wonderful while it lasted! But the following day we were told to stand ready to return to the front. We were pretty blue. To go back to the trenches from a city like Paris seemed about the worst thing that could happen to us. We were downhearted but we went back, to finish our job.

When we arrived, we played a defensive game a few days and then were again sent to the rear in a little town on the Marne to rest for ten days. The town in which we were billeted had been evacuated by the French and their homes were plentifully supplied with vegetables and good things to eat.

When the ten days were up, we were loaded into camions and rode for a day and a night toward Soissons.

Up to this time, impossible as it seems, I had escaped the slightest injury and was congratulating myself on my luck.

The night of the 19th, a high explosive shell hit within two feet of me, and put me out of business. I hated to leave the field, now that the going was easy, but I had to give in. Remembering all I had gone

through, I comforted myself with the thought of all the good treatment I would get in the rear. I was fortunate that I was not blown to smithereens as I was being carried off the field for the enemy showered us with high explosives.

Finally, I reached the dressing station, where I was given first aid. After a couple of hours, a dozen or more wounded fellows were put into a truck and we began a five mile ride to the hospital. The roads were torn all to pieces and the trip reached a climax of pure agony.

At the evacuation hospital, I was immediately operated on, and when I awoke I was lying in a clean, white bed. It seemed like Heaven, and the other wounded boys shared my feelings.

On a hospital train I was shipped to Base Number 1 and the wonderful treatment I received there more than repaid any sacrifice I may have made. My recovery was so rapid that they sent me on to Base Number 31 at Nantes. During my two weeks there, I was honored by a cot visit from General Pershing and several prominent Frenchmen, who were inspecting the place.

From there I went to Savenay for two days, and then at last to Brest and believe me, I'd had my fill of riding on hospital trains.

The Northern Pacific brought me home and how we cheered when we got our first glimpse of the Statue of Liberty again.

"And I'd do it all over again."

VII.

THE FIRST TO FIGHT

THE STORIES OF THE MARINES.

PRIVATE WAYNE W. FRENCH

Enlisted in United States Marine Corps, May, 1917. Assigned to the Headquarters Company, Trench Mortar platoon, Fifth Regiment. In France June, 1917. Wounded at Belleau Wood. Ten months in hospitals in France and America.

HIS OWN STORY

As I go back in my mind over my experiences in France, I can see very clearly now the wisdom of the severe training they give the Marines, and the care with which they pick out their recruits.

You must know that during those first weeks of the War, we lads from all over the country poured in on the recruiting stations of the Marine Corps and they had a big assortment to pick and choose from.

A chum of mine who went with me to enlist, was turned down for what seemed to me the most trifling physical defect. I was "sore" over it at the time, but I know now the Marines were right to be so careful.

And in telling my story, I am going to say more than perhaps you would have me say about our training over here. For that, to me, is the important part of it. You know we made good in France, but you must not be allowed to get the idea that it was simply because we were Americans. It was not due to that. It was because we were fit. Fit to live, to fight, or die. Fit to succeed in anything we had undertaken, either of a civil or a military nature.

The regular Marine course of training with the country on a peace footing, is fourteen weeks. This commences when the recruit takes his preliminary oath and goes into quarantine. When quarantine is passed, and another thorough physical examination undergone,

the second and full oath of allegiance is tendered, and when taken by the man he becomes, so far as the books go, a Marine.

In the meantime, he has been acquiring from the atmosphere of the camp and the bearing of the Marines about him, something of the Marine spirit so when he takes his place finally as one of a squad of eight, he is well on the way toward becoming a soldier of the sea.

The drill is intense but very intelligent. One learns constantly the reason why of everything he is required to do. There is a constant appeal to the recruit's mind. Along with the drill, goes the "setting up" exercises that seem enough to break a man in pieces at first, but after about three weeks have him in the pink of physical condition.

They teach us, too, the importance of cleanliness and order in a life to be lived among numbers of other men and often in close quarters. Neatness, exactness, endurance, become ingrained habits.

The rifle range comes in for attention, and no matter how well a man may have shaped up to that moment, if he cannot shoot straight or be taught the art of accurate shooting, he is dropped from the Corps.

Then there are many other things we have to learn. Signaling, map making, telegraphy, how to assemble, dis-assemble, and use all sorts of arms.

When I tell you that under the pressure of the opening of the War for this country, they put us through this course in from six to eight weeks and then sent us over seas, as samples of the kind of fighting men America would contribute to the cause of Democracy, you can get a line on the manner of men that made up the United States Marine Corps.

It was what that training did for me that has made me an advocate of universal training ever since. If we could fight as we did after a few weeks of it, what do you suppose we could have done in business? But that's another story. The American Legion can settle that business once it gets in step with the G. A. R.

In May, then, I enlisted in the Marines, and the latter part of June I tramped down the gang plank of a transport as a member of the American Expeditionary Force, comprised of detachments of the Fifth Regiment, U. S. M. C.

Some of the men remained on duty where we landed, but the larger part of us were spread all over France on Provost Guard duty. There we stuck at that hateful job while men who had come into the army and the corps after us began to see service.

But they gathered us together after a time, and we began to train all over again in a training area near Verdun. We men of the Fifth Marines were billeted in four French villages, and they sent us French troops and some bully French officers for instructors as to the particular devilishness of the Huns.

Our training fields were miles away from our billets and every day, be the weather fair or foul, we shouldered our packs and hiked it out and back.

Sixteen miles a day under baggage is no joke when you have spent the hours in between times digging trenches, drilling with the bayonet, stringing wire, and doing the hundreds of other things we were called upon to do.

There wasn't much singing when we turned our faces toward the billets, perhaps in the face of a driving snow storm or through rain that fell in sheets. But those were the times when you found the temper of the men in your outfit, when the helping hand of your Buddie came like a burst of sunshine.

The officers too were bricks. They knew their end of the game.

I'll tell you something, when your lieutenant takes your pack for you, to give you a chance to get your second breath of grit so you can bear the pain of your blistered feet and not lose your place in the line, he does something you don't forget when you see him go down under fire.

Still our health was good and that helped. The chow was fine. And through it all there ran a reso-

lute thread of purpose whose reward we read in Black Jack Pershing's face the day of our review.

March 15th, we went up to the line, and when we were leaving the train at a little station where we detrained back of the line, the first German shell reached us. We lost no men, but we heard, for the first time, the scream of hate the devilish things give off and the crash of the explosion, as though the world had blown up. The band lost some instruments. That seemed a calamity at the time, but we marched to different music so soon that now what then was tragic, only evokes a smile.

When once we were in the trenches and from our "combat groups" looked out over "no man's land" at the ruins of villages and farm houses, saw the fields pitted with craters, burned bare from shell fire and poisoned by gas, we began to realize something of the hell of war.

They don't give you much time to think or brood. Something is always happening. And the patrol work at night keyed us up. We began to lose men, too, from the enemy's fire and in our encounters, and, for every life the Hun took from us, you can write it down we made him pay a heavy toll.

The patrol work came naturally to us. When it comes to skull dugging around in the brush with a gun, pot shotting, the Yank has it on the world. I'd say he has.

The Huns began to hug their own trenches closely, but their officers must have made up their minds it would not do to let us get away with it. So they put on a raid.

Our patrols were out, of course, as usual, and on the night of which I write, I was one of a patrol of about thirty men. We ran jam right into the Huns, and there was a wild mix-up for a while. We had it out with musket butt, bayonet, and fist. They outnumbered us at least three to one, but we rolled them up, drove them back, and then beat it for our own trenches before they could get their barrage on us.

Those things used to scare me the next day. Many a time when I had dropped over the trench to safety, I found myself so weak with reaction from the nervous strain I could scarcely stand, while my stomach felt as it did on the way over.

About the middle of May, we were relieved and went into billets in the vicinity of Bar-le-duc, where we took up our drilling again, and had a chance to get cleaned up and hunt the cooties we had accumulated in the vermin infested trenches.

About this time, too, we began to hear stories of disaster to the British in Picardy and Flanders. The air seemed tense with German suggestion.

The countryside was abloom with all the beauty of France in the spring, and through fields green with young crops, and forests filled with flowers, we began to move toward the British front. The faces of the people in the French villages wore a brooding cloud, as though they, too, felt the German menace.

The spirit of France and Britain lagged; and while we brought them some comfort, they could not believe that this handful of Americans with boyish faces could achieve the impossible.

Little did we suspect the role for which Fate had cast us.

The afternoon of May 30th, brought us orders to take camions for a destination unknown. But the camions did not come. We made camp in the fields, eating our emergency rations, and sleeping on our ponchos wrapped in our blankets. It seemed as though we had but touched the ground before reveille sounded and the camions were on hand, driven by haggard, hollow-eyed Chinks who had forgotten what the word sleep meant.

It was a long ride and a hard one. We passed to the north of Paris, and little did I think then that in a few weeks I would be coming back over the same road, wounded and out of it all.

The road ran by a cemetery.

"Here's a quiet sector," some one shouted with a laugh, "let's take over here."

And we gathered flowers as opportunity offered, decking our tin hats and uniforms. Thus the first of those stricken refugees saw us, smiling, laughing, singing, trimmed as for a carnival, as we rolled forward toward the Great Adventure.

If we did not wear our hearts on our sleeves, nevertheless the sight of those old men and women, the little children, fleeing before the Hun, left its impression upon us. We thought of America away across the seas, with her fields, and homes, and people in peace and security, and we were mighty glad, I tell you, that we could do our fighting for you, so many miles away.

It is difficult for me to untangle the twisted memories of the days and hours that followed. We seemed to ride into a madness which grew and grew.

The camions landed us in the wrong place. Orders were changed from hour to hour. We had to march all the next forenoon, after only two hours' rest and with little to eat. Kitchens were lost, the band was lost. Headquarters was lost, and we were lost, but at least we marched, after the fashion of the Marines when in doubt, toward the sound of the enemy's guns.

In Montreuil aux Lions, we halted for chow. There was a lot of stuff the French had abandoned in their flight, and it helped out the emergency rations, and with full stomachs we sure had a heart for any fate.

The French troops began to pass us. The broken fragments of a defeated army. Hopeless fugitives. Dazed, incoherent.

We slept that night close behind the French lines with batteries of French 155's splitting their throats all night close by. But nothing could keep us awake.

In the morning, we began to strip for the fight and take on ammunition. The French and some colonial troops of theirs were reeling before the constant pressure of the German columns, the world was filled with the roar of guns.

We were breasting the high tide of German victory. The eager breath of the Hun panting in our faces yet

still we laughed and swore, rolled our own, and edged along up into the line, touching shoulders with the Sixth Marines on the right, and on the left, with the French, in whom, for the moment, we had little confidence, for they were badly shaken. But over beyond the French was the 23rd Regulars, and we knew we could count on it, if a break came.

In front of the position where I had dug my own fox hole, were some hay stacks. The Germans tried to creep up and fire them for a smoke screen. We were bound to prevent it. A lively and almost good natured scrimmage began, but it was in dead earnest. We drove them back, keeping the ground before us clear and open. When they came, they would have to come in the face of the fire of hundreds of sharpshooters, trained to a hair, who had lived all their lives for that one moment and thought of no other.

Some of our engineers came up and helped get our position into more tenable condition. The Hun fiddled around, seemingly unable to realize that we boys had come to stay.

News began to come to us. We heard of the great fight of our machine gunners at Chateau-Thierry.

Our officers slipped along exchanging a few words with us, telling us what they knew of the situation, of the danger to Paris and the Allied armies. They made us understand that we held the line for the world. They did not need to tell us that we were to hold the line. We knew it. We knew what we were there for.

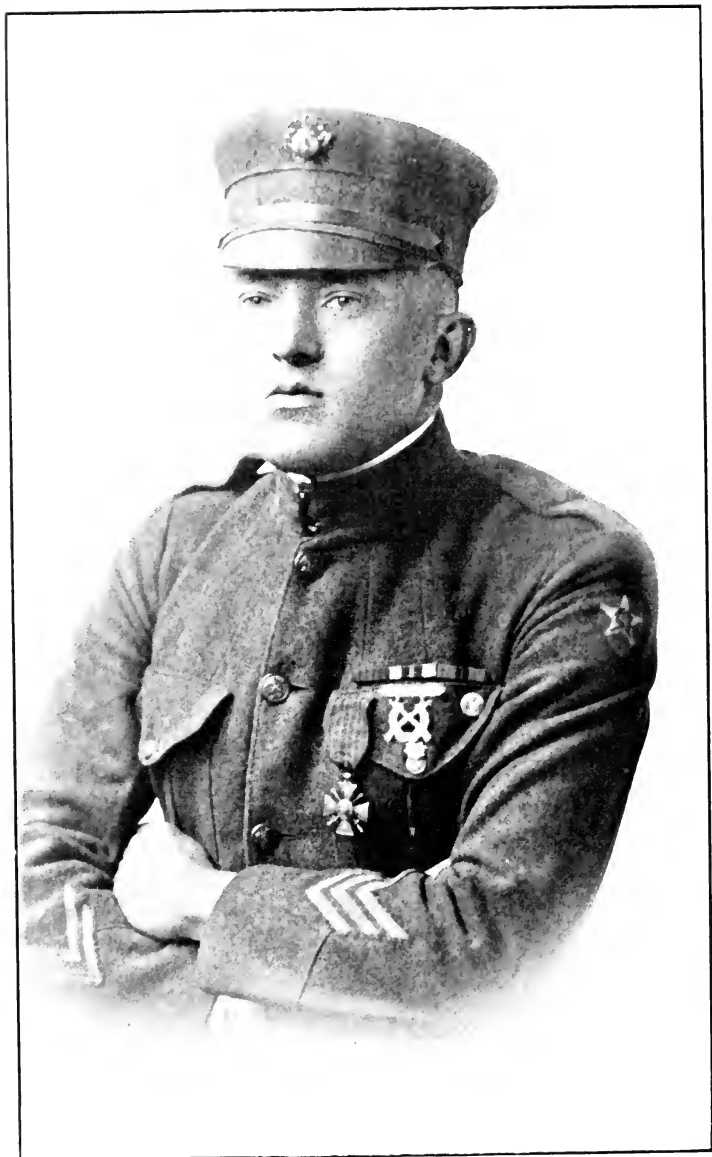
It was the great moment of the Marines!

I am not going to write of the fight. You know it by heart. It was the things that were behind us of which I have written, that made it possible. To me, they are more important than the fight.

I am reminded that this is supposed to be my story. Well, I was wounded by a H. E. shell while coming out of Belleau Wood. The same shell killed my best friend, within reach of my hand. It turned, in a second, that joyous chap into an object so loathsome to

see, that at nights still I awake in a cold sweat of horror from my dreams. But he did not suffer.

For ten months, I have been in the hospitals in France and America and I'll tell you this, I am mighty glad we kept it all over there.



PRIVATE FRANK J. VANDERHOVEN

VIII.

THE FIRST TO FIGHT.

THE STORIES OF THE MARINES

PRIVATE FRANK J. VANDERHOVEN

Born in Passaic, N. J., Dec. 23, 1897. Enlisted at Paterson, N. J., March 31, 1915, in United States Marine Corps. Served in Haiti and Santo Domingo. Overseas June 26, 1917, with 5th regiment of Marines. Verdun, Chateau-Thierry, Belleau Wood, Soissons, and Champagne. Probably first New Jersey soldier wounded in the War.

HIS OWN STORY

I enlisted in the Marine Corps in time of peace, before we had the company and regimental organization. Then, when trouble broke out, it was the custom to grab up a handful of Marines and send them off to frown on the disturbers of international peace.

We saw some lively service in the Island Republics, and certainly learned to like those countries. We were back in the United States for Christmas in 1916.

It was my good fortune to be made a part of the first outfit the Marines sent to France, and I arrived there in June, 1917. Some of the men were detailed for provost guard duty, but again I was fortunate and went with the single detachment that took up training at once.

I can't go into all that now, more than to mention that we were sent to the trenches on the Verdun front in March, 1918, and, while there, I was one of fifteen of our men who, from our "combat posts," met a heavy German attack upon our lines and repelled the same, for which the French Government awarded us the Croix de Guerre.

Our next big rumpus was in the Chateau-Thierry sector. There, in June, we taught the whole world the value of infantry that knows how to shoot.

When the Boche attacked our lines, with his closed

up ranks, in wave upon wave, in the full confidence of victory, it was not our few machine guns that piled him up, but the deadly accuracy of our Marine sharpshooters and marksmen who, crouching in their fox holes, picked their men and killed them, one after another, with the cool, deliberate shooting they had been trained in and schooled in on the ranges. We wasted few cartridges that day.

In fact, I want to say that I have never yet heard of the Marines really running out of ammunition. The enemy is always shot to pieces before that stage of the game.

At this time, we had great help from the Engineers, I believe the 2nd Regiment, who not only helped us dig but helped us fight, and believe me, those bucks are some keen eyed shots and handy with a gun.

But the really exciting experiences I had in France were not when I was in action, so to speak, that is on the battle line, but on special details.

While we were near Lucy le Bocage, I was detailed to go after chow. The kitchens were kept back in the reserve where they were supposed to be safe from the German guns. The chow detail consisted of about fifty men, and we had to bring up the grub for at least a thousand of the hungriest men you ever saw.

If the kitchens were safe, the going and coming to them was darned unhealthy. On our way back, a Hun flier got a peep at us and we very promptly were treated to a heavy shelling with mustard gas shell, just about the cussedest thing in the military line there is.

We dropped the chow, took what cover was available, and waited for darkness to make it possible to go ahead.

Presently, the Hun let up on us, so gathering up our assorted chow, we started on and reached our line to find that in our absence, the men had come in for a heavy shelling with H. E. and shrapnel and had suffered many casualties.

There were the hungry to be fed and the wounded

to be cared for, while several fellows had gone raving mad. Somehow or other, we got the men fed, the wounded on the way back to the rear, and the poor devils who had gone crazy passed on to those who would get them away from the row as quickly as possible.

That night sticks out in my memory beyond all others. The feeling and fumbling around in the dark; the sour sweaty bodies of the men; the strong reek from the exploded shell and the taint of the food gone cold and messy. All these things assailed me, and even to this day when I get in a crowd, I feel sick and nervous and live through it all again.

Along toward dawn, the Hun shelled us again for a short interval. One H. E. burst fairly among a group of the men, killing several and messing the others up, and another man went crazy. A sergeant he was; he grabbed up his gun and began prowling around; we were trying to catch him and disarm him, but he kept us away with the play of his gun till a Yale lad, who had played on the football team, made a quick dive tackle and brought him down.

I tell you, people, it's mighty tough to see your friends killed about you, but it sure does make you sick all over to see a fine, big chap driven crazy.

But we had our fun, too. It wasn't all misery and tragedy.

There was once when we moved camp, that we fell heir to an assorted bunch of live stock. Some ancient cows that could, however, be induced to give a little milk; some hens that laid real eggs while they lived, though their span of life was about that of a dispatch rider. You know they figured out a dispatch rider lived about twelve minutes.

Where we were at the time, they allowed us to build fires. Presently, some one proposed that we kill the cows, on the principle that a steak between the ribs was worth a dozen drops of milk in a cup of coffee.

We didn't have a butcher in the command. They all seem to be Germans any way. By the time we had our beef slaughtered and dressed, the place looked like a

shambles and the men as though they had been "mopping up" Jerries.

Such cuts of beef no man has seen, I guess, since cave man days. But I'll say it tasted good and felt better, for all the job was not done in the best of style.

We saw quite a lot of the 26th division. The Yankees, they call themselves. They didn't know much about the fine points of soldiering that cut the hard corners and save a lot of lives, but they were game, and nothing but death ever stopped them. They saw plenty of that.

When they got going after an objective they forgot all about cover, and extended order, so they would be bunched together, and then the Hun machine gunners would give it to them. But those boys never stopped; a few of them would manage to get to the objective, and then you'd see about four times their number of Huns coming back on the run.

I think I am entitled to figure in history as the first New Jersey boy wounded after America went into the War.

In March, 1918, I was gassed, and then again in the Chateau-Thierry sector I was wounded in the right side and sent to the hospital for a while.

I'm living now in Paterson, and Jersey sure does look good to me.

Soldier's Letter

"Had an unexpected fight the other evening. Just before sunset, our company had fought its way into a small woods. There was some decent water there, and every one was was tired and hungry. On either flank, the rest of the battalion was coming into line with the front as we had established it. From the edge of the wood ran an irregular piece of broken country, with many small shrubs and clumps of bushes. The ground rose slightly. The Huns were dug-in about a hundred yards away on the rising ground.

"The Colonel had come up and was snooping along the edge of our line looking the ground over with an I. O. Suddenly some batteries farther back, in response to signals from the German trench, began to shell us. A few stray shots. Ranging. I heard the Colonel swear and bark an order. The officers began flying around.

"The men were all alert before any orders were given. Into the open stepped the Colonel. He stopped with his back to the Hun trench and spoke to us:

"Step out men and give it to them. They're asking for it."

"I was the fifth man out. The whole outfit pounded along. We had that trench before the Hun really woke up. Only two casualties and they weren't hospital cases."



CORPORAL PAUL BONNER

IX.

THE FIRST TO FIGHT
THE STORIES OF THE MARINES

PAUL BONNER

Born and still lives in New York. Enlisted in Marines. Overseas with 5th regiment. Brought out Captain Blanchfield under heavy fire.

HIS OWN STORY

The men who could tell the best stories of this war are dead, for they could tell of the supreme act of the war, the passing out. We who live, however, can tell many things, and I confess I am rather anxious to write a small part of my story because I want it on paper before its depth is lessened by civil life. The greatest action I participated in was the fight in Belleau Wood, and I am going to write of that. Not of the battle from the broad viewpoint of the General who commanded, but from the viewpoint of the private soldier who took his orders and carried out his oath of enlistment to the last.

My first recollection of what happened, is that I was riding in an auto truck, tired, and kept from sleeping only by the jarring of the car. For two days, we went over a road of swirling dust, and at night we were dumped in a field. A night of fitful sleeping, or rather three hours of fitful sleeping, interrupted by a lone German who came over to bomb us, and we were on our way in the morning.

We walked, half asleep, and just doggedly going on until suddenly we came on soldiers running to the rear, retreating. They were Africans and French soldiers and they shouted to us that the Germans were coming on. We suddenly became alert. We heard officers shouting to us to keep right on going. We ran up a road toward a hill and as we reached the top, I

saw my commanding officer, Captain John Blanchfield, standing at the side of the road.

"The devils are coming on," he shouted. "You have been waiting for them for a year; now go get them."

He was shouting in his Irish brogue and his blood was up. He thrilled every one of us. We ran across a wheat field and dropped in it. We lay there and watched our shrapnel shells breaking far ahead. By the approach of our own breaking shell, we gauged the advance of the enemy and, sure enough, when the shell were breaking about a thousand yards away, we spotted the figures of the enemy marching on in single columns. Now and then a shell would get one of them, but the rest kept coming.

We all looked to see that our rifles were loaded. From somewhere along the road we got the command to fire. Sharpshooters only, I thought I heard them say, but everybody fired. Those Germans just melted away. Whole columns went down and the others scattered to the right and the left. They were utterly stunned and surprised, and there was not an answering shot.

All night we waited but not a shot was fired. At dawn, however, their artillery came up and out of the sky their shell began to tumble. When a man was wounded someone would call, "Hospital man." A Red Cross man would rush out to carry away the fallen one and another soldier would take his comrade's place. All day and night we stayed there and many times the line was refilled, but a few of us lived through.

Sometime the next day, and mind you, we had not had water or food all this time, we got an order to go ahead. Blanchfield led the column down the Torcy road. We did not know Germans were there. They let us pass, and they opened from the flanks. I saw Blanchfield fall, right on the road. Everybody scattered. I started to run, then I thought of Blanchfield, and I started back. I rushed across the road, machine gun bullets whipping the air everywhere, and I made

the Captain's side. He was still alive. He was twice my size, but I picked him up and carried him back. I got him into the woods to a doctor and left him to look for the company. I found them just in time to be in for the orders to attack Belleau Wood.

We went in from one side of the woods. Men were falling everywhere. We got the first German funk holes and found many dead ones there and a few live ones. There were a few fights. A big German lunged at me, and now he will never see his father in the Fatherland any more. We stayed there while the Germans pounded us with artillery.

From then on, it was just a case of stay there while they pounded. For twenty-three days we remained, just hanging on and then gaining a little. Most of the old originals were gone and we were fighting with replacements. Then we got a few days rest and back again we went. We stayed twenty days more, but finally in one grand smash, we broke in at dawn one morning; I never knew the exact date, and we had all of the woods.

The Germans had been stopped; but from Belleau on it was one grand smash. To Soissons, and then to Blanch Mont, then to the Argonne. Just one continual repetition of Belleau Wood until that November morning when all the Germans said "Kamerad," and it was finished. Many weeks later I heard that an officer saw me carry Blanchfield away and had recommended me for the D. S. C. Isn't it funny to get that for doing a thing at a time when I was more scared than at any time during the war.

Captain Wilmar H. Bradshaw, son of William R. Bradshaw, of 57 Locust Street, who was with the Ninth Regiment, Infantry Second Division, during the war, and who participated in various engagements in France, has been awarded the Croix de Guerre, for bravery, by the French Government.

The young officer received this much coveted reward Thursday afternoon, together with a letter from the War Department of France.

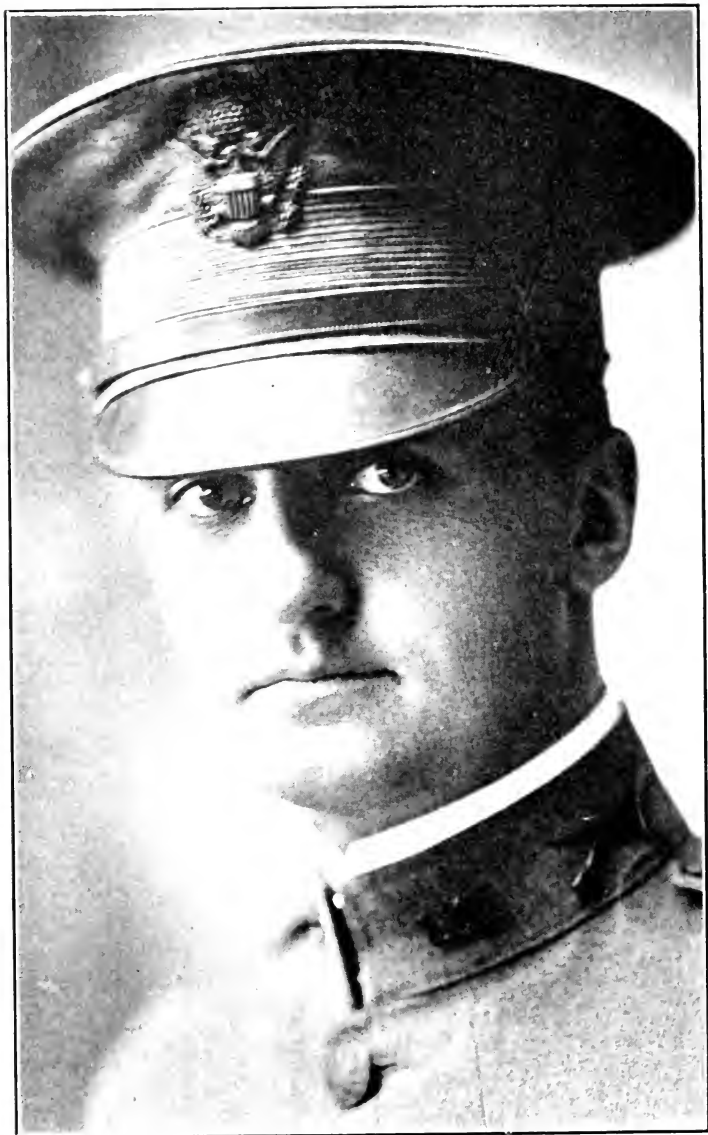
The letter stated that the award was made to Captain Bradshaw for his bravery and fearlessness in the battle of Soissons, July 18, when he led a detachment of his men in a scouting party in an attack on the enemy, amid a fusilade of machine gun bullets. In this attack about three-quarters of the officers of Captain Bradshaw's regiment were killed.

As a result of Captain Bradshaw's work a band of five hundred Germans was surrounded and taken prisoners. In the letter which accompanied the cross, it was stated that the award was made to Captain Bradshaw on the personal recommendation of Major Foch, whose attention had been called to the young officer's wonderful bravery.

This incident happened a few weeks after Captain Bradshaw had been discharged from the hospital, where he had been detained eleven weeks because of a bullet wound received in another engagement—*Flushing Journal*, May 23.

PART II.

THE OLD ARMY AND THE NEW



CAPTAIN WILMAR BRADSHAW

I.

THE OLD ARMY AND THE NEW
THE STORIES OF THE "REGULARS" AND
GUARDSMEN

CAPTAIN WILMAR BRADSHAW

Born in Brooklyn. Resides 57 Locust Ave., Flushing. Graduate Jamaica Normal School. First Plattsburg Camp and officers' training camp in France. Commissioned 2nd lieutenant and assigned Ninth U. S. I. (Regular). Promoted to Captain while on duty. Cited for obtaining valuable information and leading his men with courage and coolness. Croix de Guerre.

HIS OWN STORY

Outdoor life and athletic games have always attracted me, and while I am about the last person one would suspect of cherishing military ambitions, I own up frankly to a great admiration for soldiers.

The impression soldiers always made upon me was of men who were pulled together morally and physically. I liked their modest aggressiveness.

The Plattsburg Camp struck me as a splendid opportunity for young men, a few years out of school and college, to find themselves again, become once more alert and fit, and above all, learn the value of team work, obedience and discipline.

There was a promise in the camps, so it seemed to me, of those things the nation needed at a time when we were getting just a little soft and flabby.

After my training at Plattsburg, I was commissioned a second lieutenant and sent right off to France.

There I had a six weeks' course at our officers' training camp near Marseilles.

Those were the great days for our men in France. Everywhere we were received with the greatest enthusiasm, loaded with flowers, and all that France and her people had to give. It was just what we needed. It brought us up on our spiritual tip-toes, as the roar of the fans on the side lines stiffens up the home eleven when they trot out on the field to meet an opposing team with a big rep.

I think every one of us, in the silent sanctuary of our souls, took a solemn oath that we would fail neither America nor France.

When I left the camp, I was assigned to Company A of the Ninth Infantry. The famous Old Fighting Ninth, whose story is the history of the republic.

It was good for me to be sent to such a regiment.

Of course the regiment was filled with new men, and most of the younger officers were, like myself, Plattsburg men or veterans up from the ranks. But the non-commissioned officers, who are, after all, the making of a command, were mostly of the old army, and we had a leavening, in the ranks, of men who had served a long time in the Ninth and other regular regiments.

I joined the regiment at Langres, France, and there we drilled and drilled the men, and the men taught us new officers many things only an old campaigner knows.

By the middle of January, we were engaged in real training, and on the 17th of March, St. Patrick's Day, left for the front on a sector near St. Mihiel. The Irish of the regiment hailed it as a good omen, traveling that day, to those songs of the Emerald Isle the Irish love and sing so well.

The spirit of the troops was superb. They bore themselves with that assurance I had always admired. They knew they had much to learn and would pay for their lessons and experience with their own blood, yet they went to the ordeal with the confidence of men who were sure of their ability to do what had to be done, and do it right.

Of course our experiences in the training trenches were but child's play compared with what followed, but they were rigorous to us then. The First Division had already been in training and through its tour of duty in the trenches.

The Second Division was organized. It consisted of the Ninth and Twenty-third Infantry, the Third Brigade, the Fifth and Sixth Marines, the Sixth Machine

Gun Battalion, the Fourth Brigade. Major General Omar Bundy commanded the division.

And now that I have spoken of the division as organized, I want to set down some facts as to the accomplishments of these men that perhaps should go at the end of this article, but I prefer to place them here.

In the fighting in which American troops were engaged in France, the Second Division took one fourth of all the prisoners that fell to the Americans; suffered one-tenth of all the casualties, about 36,000, and won twice as many crosses as our nearest competitor, the First Division.

Let these simple straightforward facts answer those who have criticised the Regular Army. I feel that I may well point them out, though I belonged to that army, for I am not a professional soldier.

For all the millions the people of the United States have spent upon their devoted little army, they were paid in full in the bloody days in France between June and November, 1918.

If their record were less strong, my story would not be so long. As it is, I pass over the fiery days in the Chateau-Thierry salient, when with the Third we bore the brunt of the last German rush for Paris.

The Marines, in the first part of "Echoes From Over There," have told the story of the Chateau-Thierry salient, and generously accorded us our meed of praise. So I pass on to the great offensive at Soissons, when in the thunder of our barrage, the whole world heard the story of German disaster, and even the War Lord himself knew the field was lost.

When Foch realized that his opportunity had come, he did not make the mistake of sending a boy on a man's errand. From the long line of fire extending from Switzerland to the sea, he culled the best there was in fighting men. The Morrocans moved into Villers-Cotterets Forest, where they joined their lines on one flank with the First Division, and on the other with the Second.

Feats of marching, perhaps on some occasions matched, but certainly never excelled, marked the efforts of all these troops to get into position.

They came to the battle line on the morning of the 18th of July, tired from days and nights of continuous forced marches, made without food or water, in drenching rain, along roads jammed with men and transport.

They came with spirits high, from losses which, in other wars and on other fields, had meant the annihilation of the commands engaged. But the victory won in the Chateau-Thierry salient was no Phyrrie victory, whatever the foe may have thought.

As dawn broke rosy in the east after a night of storm, there in the purple depths of the Forest of Villers-Cotterets, we counted off. Some eight hundred men were reported as "present" in our battalion of the Ninth.

Scarcely had we finished "counting," when the guns hidden in the woods broke their silence.

It was our barrage that was being put over, yet we trembled at its violence. Then came the reaction. On the wings of that thunder of the artillery, our spirits rose and rose; tired figures lost their droop, eyes dulled with suffering grew bright with the passion of victory.

The soul of the regiment recognized the great hour. A psychological change was wrought on the instant. The regiment reached, at that time, its highest state of organization. It had but one mind.

As suddenly as it had begun, the racket stopped. The men swung forward without command; in a wild dash they reached the first German line, and with faces averted passed the charnel house the guns had made of the position.

On they raced, now checked for a few minutes where great trees riven by the blast sprawled in the way, and again broken where a machine gun nest, that had survived, tore gaps in the lines before the eager bayonets did their work.

They were taking no prisoners then.

In those breathless moments of the first onward sweep, a thousand acts of deathless heroism were performed and valor became ordinary, trite.

Oh, but those boys from America, so many still in their teens, were magnificent! The officers fell, and fell, yet still the ranks moved on, the boys doing without direction the things that should be done.

I saw them by threes, fours, sometimes larger numbers, caught in tight holes, where life for them and success for the drive hung by an eyelash. Again and again they met the sudden call, mastered the heretofore unencountered situation.

Where had they learned this martial lore? What sort of a throwback to some fierce ancestral soldier strain was I beholding? Then came the answer in a flash. They had learned it on the ball fields. It was hit and run. It was the infield pinching in or dropping back. The quick pick-up of the fumbled ball, and the instant dash for the hole in the line for the touch down that meant victory.

Mental alertness was the heritage of those lads of ours, and they used it wisely that day.

Later on, they were hung up for a while, but there could be no stopping; the drive must go home. The guns could not help for they knew not where the line was. The tanks came to the rescue. They "treated 'em rough" as they advanced, brushing down standing trees as though they were but stalks of grain, waltzing into gullies, smashing their ugly snouts down on gun positions and machine gun nests.

Under cover of the demoralization they caused, the men were under way again.

* * * *

Far and wide ran the racket of the fight. We had outrun the Morrocans, but off on the flank in the rear, we could hear the roar of their advance still carrying on. Away we went with our second breath.

The fighting grew bitter. The Hun was pouring in fresh troops to stop us, and though we broke

through them again and again, there were always others to take their places.

We were fighting now for each yard of gain and buying it with life. A last surge, and we came to rest under shelter of an embankment along the edge of the woods. The entrenching tools came out and we made the ground fly as we dug in. The woods full of Germans spread far about us. The Morrocans were not yet up, but the roar of the battle on their front told us they had not quit.

The rear was still open—a long brown path back to the position of the morning. There in the shadow of the tall columnar trunks, our wounded lay in hundreds, hanging on to life with desperate pluck, refusing the little aid that could be offered them, so that no fighting men need be taken from the little handful of 121 that were left us after the day's work. 679 men and 43 officers of our battalion were missing when we "counted off" after the battle.

After the battle, do I say? But there was no after.

The enemy was searching us with his guns, trying to organize resistance all about us. Still we hung on, and by some miracle of modern times, food reached us before dark set in.

Against a strong attack promptly made and pushed home regardless of cost, we should have been practically helpless, for we had with us then but three machine guns, two automatic rifles and of course the soldiers' rifles.

There were three of us officers upon whom the command had now devolved. Captain Foley, of Fort Leavenworth, Kansas; Lieutenant Parkhurst, of New London, a son of Colonel Parkhurst, and myself. But we had all the help we needed from those splendid men still left us. I can never do them justice.

As the night drew on, we heard much noise to our left, and Captain Foley ordered me to take out a patrol and find out what was going on. I took with me Sergeant Carroll, of Whitestone.

"Go in from the right, Sergeant," I directed, "and

I'll go in from the left. We'll circle towards each other, and try and get a few prisoners."

"Leave it to me," said Carroll, "I can talk German; I used to work in College Point."

His words brought a laugh from us. Then each of us with our parties, struck for our destination. Soon I heard Carroll yell and went to his aid as fast as possible. When I came up to his party, I found they had three German prisoners covered with their rifles. Carroll was calling to these prisoners in his College Point German, "Handy Ho! Handy Ho!" meaning of course "hands up!"

I went through the prisoners and took their "stuff," then we brought them in and questioned them. We learned that there was a ravine off just beyond, where some 400 more of them were digging in and preparing positions.

After obtaining this information, I went back and looked their position over, while some of the other men scouted all night for water.

The German position was too strong for us to attack. On the farther bank of the ravine they had established machine gun nests and an officers' dug out; the bottom of the ravine was filled with infantry. I was able to map the entire position, and locate each machine gun before the Morroicans came up in the morning.

After figuring the ranges exactly, the Morroicans opened up a machine gun barrage on the position and cleaned out the whole lot without a single casualty to the Morroicans.

For this, and my conduct in the engagement, I was cited.

But all the credit and the glory should go to the men in the ranks, who, with almost all their officers killed and wounded, fought it out to a successful finish, and carried on again the next day.

In the fighting around St. Mihiel I was wounded in both legs and in the back, having twenty-one inches of wounds.



HYMAN ZUCKER

II.

THE OLD ARMY AND THE NEW

THE STORIES OF THE "REGULARS" AND
GUARDSMEN

PRIVATE HYMAN ZUCKER

Enlisted Regular Army, June, 1917. Overseas, October, 1917, with Battery E, 17th Field Artillery, 2nd Division. Chateau-Thierry-Belleau Wood. Wounded severely. Received D. S. C.

HIS OWN STORY

Patriotism, and a longing to do my bit for my country, prompted me to enlist in the service on June 28th, 1917, at Fort Slocum.

Six days later I was sent to Camp Robinson, Wisconsin, and placed in the Seventeenth Field Artillery. After five months of training, they shipped me to Newport News, and from there I left for overseas October, 1917, aboard the Adriatic.

We landed at Brest and went to Chamillon, where we received French guns, 155 millimeters.

About three months later, we participated in the drive at Belleau Wood, and then at the Marne, where we supported the Ninth and Twenty-third Infantry.

Right there at the Marne, occurred the most important event of my life, at least as far as my career in this war is concerned.

An ammunition dump was on fire, threatening the immediate destruction of everything about the place. The officers called for volunteers to put out the fire. They wanted only the shortest men; so, with six other men, I volunteered to extinguish the flames. In half an hour we accomplished the task.

For this act of bravery, I was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross.

While we had been thus engaged, our battery had shifted. We were seven days and nights getting

back to our battery. Meanwhile we were sure out of luck as we had only our emergency rations. Finally, we met our battery at Cotterets. There I was in action three days while we were supporting the Ninth and Twenty-third Infantry, and the Fifth and Sixth Marines.

At six in the morning of July 18th, there was a sudden burst of shell and my legs were filled with shrapnel. I wonder if you realize what shrapnel does to a fellow? A bullet is a merciful thing because it makes a clean wound and the doctors have a chance to remove it. But shrapnel just splinters its way all through you and the doctors have to cut away great pieces of flesh around the wound.

I was sent to a base hospital in Lorraine, where I remained till December.

On December 13th, we left on the *Mauretania* for the good old U. S. A.

Back in the States once more, I went to General Hospital No. 9, at Lakewood, N. J., where I remained until early in March.

On April 1st I was honorably discharged.

III.

THE OLD ARMY AND THE NEW
THE STORIES OF THE "REGULARS" AND
GUARDSMEN

SERGEANT RAY SMITH

Born in Camden, N. J. Enlisted August 31, 1917. Overseas in November. Assigned Machine Gun Company, 28th Infantry, First Division. Wounded at Cantigny and in Soissons offensive.

HIS OWN STORY

The Twenty-eighth Infantry, in which I was a soldier, was assigned to the First Division. This Division was composed entirely of the so-called "regular" regiments, but its ranks were filled with chaps like myself who sure were amateurs at the military game. We quickly found ourselves thrilled by contact with the veterans of the regiment, and soon gave ourselves all the airs which the professional soldier does not affect.

We were the first troops of our army to get the training at the front, so it happened that while the Second Division was still in training, we were drawing first blood from the Hun for our own army.

On April 27, we took over the so-called "Cantigny sector."

At that time, trench warfare conditions prevailed in that sector, and the position was relatively quiet. The French and Germans exchanged a few shell each day, and there was an occasional raid.

When we took over, things immediately livened up. But the Hun was given no time to make any new dispositions before we were up and at him.

On the 27th, our Fifth, Sixth and Seventh Artillery cut loose with their famous million dollar barrage, pounding the German positions with shell of every description. As I listened to the guns open up, it

brought me back to the early days of my youth, when I was a copy boy on the *Philadelphia North American*, and the presses would begin their run with a roar that, in those days, seemed like some sound.

"There goes the special extra edition!" I remarked to one of the boys, and I'll say the Hun thought it was a "special extra" right enough.

On the 28th, the Twenty-eighth "went over the top." The first American offensive was on.

It was a pretty sight to see our men as they moved on toward the German positions. We marched behind the cover of our own barrage. We were conscious of course, that the eyes of the world were on us, and for that, though our stomachs felt like jelly, we held our heads high, chins in, and dressed the lines as though for parade.

We were, if anything, just a little too unconscious of the men who fell, and the bullets that tore by, the shell that burst among us. It was deadly serious. Later on, we got to where we could go in with a smile, a laugh, and a cigarette. But not then.

We couldn't forget for a minute, the past history of our country, and we were concerned over living up to what the world had been told about the Americans.

We had French baby tanks to lead us in, and they manouvered about the fields like nothing in the world so much as the trained seals in the circus. Some circus it was, for we took the blamed old place in just 55 minutes, and there never was any question but that we had it.

Fritz did not want us to get away with it. It was giving us too much prestige in the eyes of his own troops. There were several counter attacks, and some heavy shelling but "nothing doing."

I was a machine gunner, as I believe I have already said. Those little old machine guns of ours were just naturally starving for some real action. They got it when the Hun reacted. We fed the guns Germans till they grew white hot with the murder.

But we had to have food and water, and the Jerries

kept all the back areas under continual fire. No getting anything up to us, except by volunteers.

I was given charge of one of these volunteer carrying parties. We had learned in our first trench training, to time shell bursts, so by close work and quick moving, our party got back to the kitchens and loaded up.

There were some of our boys back there who had not gone in with us when we went "over the top," and they were just wild for a chance to get up to the lines. I got twelve additions to my party right there.

As my own party had enough food for the troops, I had the new men pack water. For fighting is the dryest business in the world.

It was still quite light when we started back. The Hun spotted us; I daresay we looked like re-enforcements. But he let us get a good start, then put a barrage on us.

I had told the men, if we came under heavy fire, to take cover in shell holes and lie doggo until the "straf" was over.

We kept working our way along, but when we had five men wounded, although slightly, and the barrage still burst about us, I called to the men to take cover. They did it very cheerfully.

After a while the Hun gave it up. Ordering the men forward, I stopped to count my party and found I was one man short. My attention was attracted to an old well near some ruined buildings. Looking into the well, I saw at the bottom a little Irishman, my missing man. In the excitement of taking cover the fellow had jumped into the well, which fortunately was quite dry. There was about the sides and bottom, however, a heavy green scum. Calling a couple of the water carriers and uniting our efforts, we finally succeeded in getting the man to the top.

A fine looking Irisher he was, coated green from head to toe, and spitting the filthy stuff out of his mouth.

"For God's sake, what were you doing down there?" I demanded.

"Faith, Sarg, you said to get into a hole, and that was the damndest, biggest hole I could find."

Well, we all had our laugh, and the rest of the way back to our lines was made easier for the joke. Soldiers need to laugh and ease the nervous strain.

Shortly after that, I was wounded under the right arm, but the Red Cross and our surgeons pulled me together, so I was back with the boys for the grand old row at Soissons.

During that muss, while reconnoitering a machine gun nest, I stumbled into a shell hole and found a live German there ahead of me. He went for me with his bayonet, but the "ring" was too small for him. At that, I got the tip of his bayonet in the fleshy part of my left leg. Before he could get the bayonet loose, I clipped him a stiff jolt on the jaw, and out he went. I grabbed my automatic and finished him off.

Some time later, I was in charge of a temporary hospital just back of the lines. We had many French and American wounded and I was, myself, just getting around from another nasty bite the Hun had taken out of my hide.

Some movements were on, and for the time being, the Allied line before the place was being withdrawn. We had quick orders to evacuate the wounded. By sticking to it till the last minute, and going back with the troops, we got every one of the wounded out.

I wish I had the gift of writing so I could put before you, in words that would make you see it, the courage and grit of our boys.

In justice to them I must at least try.

The first night of the Soissons drive, one of our men developed shell shock. He jumped to his feet and began to lunge about him with his fixed bayonet, swinging his musket in the dreadful "butts manual."

I called to the men to see what could be done to trip him or disarm him, but he fought with the ferocity and wile of the maniac. Presently he cornered a boy, and

the lad shot him. It was a snap shot from the hip, and all the boy meant to do was to wing his comrade in the right arm. The bullet struck the poor fellow, who had gone crazy, in the right side, landing flat and glancing along a rib, tore a hole in the right side that five emergency bandages went into.

There was no way to get the man to the rear. Behind us were eight miles of ground carpeted with our wounded and dying men, whose cries for water and troubled moaning made the night hideous.

All night long, the wounded boy lay among us, recovered from his madness, and never complaining of his wound.

In the morning, we had to have a messenger to take some reports back to headquarters. This boy begged to be allowed to go.

I can see him now, leaning against a tree, his face haggard and ghastly beneath the sunburn, his eyes burning with fever as he pleaded with the Captain.

"I can't go on with the boys. Let me take it back. It'll save you a whole man, and you need them."

The Captain's lips were quivering. He swallowed hard before he spoke.

"All right, old man, and good luck to you." The papers were passed over and we saw the poor devil pass out of sight among the trees.

The message was delivered.

Eight miles that boy walked, a hole in his right side you could put both fists into.

Need I add, that he died before they could give him attention.

My mind is a reel of thousands of just such scenes. So is that of every lad who went over. And that's why we don't like to think or talk about the war. We can't forget those splendid fellows still over there.

IV.

THE OLD ARMY AND THE NEW

THE STORIES OF THE "REGULARS" AND
GUARDSMEN

PRIVATE CHARLES C. WEISE

Born in Toronto, Canada. Served in the United States Army 27 years. Service in Spanish War, First Island Insurrection, China and Mexico. Overseas February, 1918, with Coast Artillery. Made dispatch rider. Wounded again and again.

HIS OWN STORY

I was born in Toronto, Canada, and came to the United States as soon as I could. Without a trade, the army seemed to offer about the best berth at the time, so I enlisted. I like the life, and after twenty-seven years with "our colors," you still see me with my uniform on.

In the war with Spain, I missed out on Cuba, because my regiment, the Twenty-first Infantry, sailed for the Philippines on May 4, 1898. We had hot fighting, and mean fighting over there. And we were still rowing it with our "little brown brothers," when the Chinks started something, and to China we went.

Believe me, Brother, there was a real fight in China, and many's the time the whole expedition came mighty close to disaster. I had my first real close, honest-to-God acquaintance with German soldiers then, and ever since, ached to get one over my sights.

In China, I was with the Fifth Field Artillery. Folks most generally know it as Riley's Battery. And you never had no cause to be ashamed of us.

Our men stood up over there. We had about the best there was along. Marines, and the Ninth Infantry, our battery, and some other good fighters.

I met a Schenectady man on that campaign by the name of Duncan Juno. Let me tell you he was just about the best soldier I ever knew in my life. Brave, and cool, and handsome, and knowing the soldiering game. I reckon if he had lived, you'd heard of him in France. But he "went west" along after the Mexican campaign, where they chewed him up considerable.

I enlisted in the coast artillery, having just been discharged, when the United States made up its mind to take a hand in Europe. When I arrived in France in February, 1918, they made me a dispatch rider.

That's one of the best jobs in the war. You are in the war all the time. You hear all the rumors at the rear, and see all the war at the front.

Every little while, the fellows doing the fighting get tired of shooting up each other and want to hang out their wash or do some chores, so then they turn loose on the roads and areas in the rear. Dispatch riders, they just naturally practice sharpshooting on, with the biggest guns they have.

When the boys started after the Germans up at St. Mihiel, I was carrying dispatches on my motorcycle from Headquarters to the front. The road was filled with holes where the heavies had torn things up. It was greasy from the rain, and it was under H. E. and shrapnel fire. Some interesting, that ride was.

I was making bets with myself all the way up, and had won a year's pay from myself, when smash!—

I came to in the ditch. My face was all sticky. I went to rub the mud away with a hand, but it was blood.

For a moment I felt queer, then braced up and set to exploring. What I found cheered me greatly. My wound was more ornamental than useful to the Huns. A shrapnel splinter had sliced open my forehead, but some mud and my emergency bandage fixed that up. But the darned old machine was junk. No "emergency" would fix that.

I was a long way from anywhere, with some place important to go.

Well, the hoofing was good, so I hit the trail. It was slow but certain, and I had a better chance to duck the shell. As I approached the front, it got some unhealthy. The Germans had been putting over gas, and were pounding away with everything they had, along a stretch of country about two kilometers from my destination. I hung out in a crater for two hours, then hustled along and turned in my dispatches.

They do a powerful lot of writing in the army, for men who are busy fighting, and they had more stuff to go back to G. H. Q. They produced a new motor cycle from a dug-out, and sent me on my way. It wasn't so bad going back, at first, but I guess the Huns must have thought about me presently, for they began gunning for me with big ones as I drew near Verdun.

I figured that having got it once that day, I was immune. But I guessed wrong. A big one blew up at the side of the road. One piece of shell sliced off the handle bar, and I got a bullet in my left leg, but the machine was still running, never skipped at all, so I sat tight and slid into G. H. Q.

They gave me a few days' rest after that, while the doctors fussed around with me, and the Red Cross supplied me with smoking.

Luck was against me. No more had I returned to duty, when I had both hands and forearms burnt with mustard gas. The scars of that will stay with me all the rest of my life. If ever a Hun wants to shake hands with me, I reckon I'll see those marks, and not forget his dirty tricks.

You see, after I was burned with the gas and they had me in the hospital, along came some German planes and bombed the hospital, blowing the roof and the sides out. Those of us who survived that, they tried to machine gun.

A Red Cross nurse got it there. And I tell you, that hurts a fighting man.

Well, the army people figured what was left of us they'd take good care of, so they shipped us clear back to a small city, either it was in Champagne or was

called Champagne. I don't recall, and it doesn't matter.

We weren't any more than tucked away in bed, before the Hun planes hunted us up and bombed us again. Nearly every one in the hospital was killed.

When I was finally returned to duty, you can figure it out for yourself, I was some sore on the Hun, and had a hell of a grudge against his fliers.

My first job was to take Lieutenant Hatton, of the Forty-fourth Artillery, up to the front. I had him in a side car and we had just got nicely started, when those birds of ill omen turned up again, and flying low, machine-gunned us, wounding the Lieutenant twice, though I escaped unhurt.

That settled me with the dispatcher business. I reckoned that being a regular and a fighting man, I was entitled to kill a few Huns on my own account, so I hunted up the General and told him so.

He agreed with me. They gave me an eight-inch howitzer to do it with. We were in position near Dannemaire, about four kilos from the Swiss border. The Germans put our position under heavy shell fire, and socked some gas shell along with the others.

When they figured we were all dead or in our holes, they came goose-stepping out in columns to finish the job.

I was just waiting for that. Had been hanging around the old howitzer all the time, and I can shoot one of those guns like a marine does a rifle. Just as I was about to heave on the lanyard, a shell burst on one of our posts and I saw sixteen of our boys smashed to nothing.

I sure did lay that old howitzer on the target with a vengeance. And when she began to dribble death, I had her coughing like a machine gun.

They said I broke up the attack myself, and they gave me a citation.

Well, that's nice; but I wasn't thinking about any-

thing but that Red Cross nurse they'd killed back there in our hospital, and the boys I saw killed as I put my hand to the gun.

Some one said to me the other day: "I suppose these young veterans of ours must look very amusing to you."

"Amusing to me, sir," I replied. "I've been breaking my neck to keep step with 'em and live up to the example they set."

AMERICAN LEGION

HEADQUARTERS TEMPORARY COMMITTEE

19 West 44th Street
New York City

May 15, 1919.

Soldier's Publishing Company,
1482 Broadway, N. Y. C.

Gentlemen:

Thank you for your letter. It is a great satisfaction to hear what a number of young men have spoken concerning my father. There is no question but that the war work did them good. The Americanizing and democratizing effective in the service was noticeable throughout. This is not simply my own individual observation but has been borne out by countless men whom I have met during the last month and a half. They all tell the same thing, that the love of the men for their country has been deepened, that their sense of real democracy has been sharpened and steadied and that insofar as any possible bad effect goes, the men are more than ever ready and determined to see order and fair play for all.

Very truly yours,

TR:DH

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.



PRIVATE ROY MILLER

V.

THE OLD ARMY AND THE NEW
THE STORIES OF THE "REGULARS" AND
GUARDSMEN

PRIVATE ROY MILLER

Born in Texas. Enlisted Fort Sam Houston, Texas, May 17, 1917. Overseas June, 1917. In action with the First Division at Chateau Thierry, Soissons, etc. Gassed.

HIS OWN STORY

I enlisted at Fort Sam Houston, Texas, on May 17th, 1917. I stayed here until June 19th when we started preparations to leave for France. We finally left on June 26th on board the "Pastories."

When we were out at sea a few days, we sighted a submarine and destroyed it before it got a chance to do any work.

Landing safely at St. Nazaire on July 12th, 1917, we trained there for about two months and then were sent to Valdahon, France.

Here we remained until October 27th, and went into action on the 29th. This was at the Somerville sector, ten kilos northwest of Nancy. This was a quiet sector, used as a try-out, to see how we would act on the battlefield.

We were here for six weeks, doing very little fighting, never making any attacks. We remained here from October 29th until December 15th, when we were sent to the Alsace-Lorraine front. Here we made four big drives, and the division captured thousands of prisoners.

We left this front on March 27th, and got to the Somme front on April 5th. I was then a gunner on a three-inch field piece, and was sent for duty to the second line trenches. On Sunday morning, April 7th, a little before daybreak, a German tank came "over

the top" and I fired three shots at it, and the second shot tore it to pieces.

Sent from the Somme front to Verdun on May 18th. On the 21st of the same month, we delivered a barrage, and captured 800 prisoners on that one night. We then went to Chateau-Thierry on June 9th to take up the position that the French had held, and were unable to hold any longer.

On June 11th, I was gassed with mustard gas at Chateau-Thierry. I was burned all over, and all my hair came off; I was bald, smooth.

It was ten days before I could be taken to a hospital for treatment, and therefore lay in a dug-out twenty-four feet deep, covered with lard, to keep me from burning. On June 28th I received two shots in my legs, and was completely paralyzed. I was taken back of the lines to a field hospital for treatment.

On July 4th, my ear drum (left ear) was broken by shell concussion, and I cannot hear through it since.

I was then sent to the Argonne, where I stayed for three days, and then had to be sent to a hospital on account of my feet, being broken. They had been in this condition before, due to wading in so much water, and being exposed to all the mud and slush for such a length of time, without shoes, only rubber boots.

I was kept in the hospital from July 12th to December 28th, and sailed from St. Nazaire back to the good old U. S. A.

It was a trip of twelve days and we landed at Newport News on January 9th, from where I was sent to Richmond, Va., and then to Camp Meade, Md. I was honorably discharged on February 28th.

VI.

THE OLD ARMY AND THE NEW
THE STORIES OF THE "REGULARS" AND
GUARDSMEN

SERGEANT SPIRAS THOMAS

Born in Greece, February, 1888. Enlisted in 69th, N. Y., April 3, 1916. Rainbow Division. Service overseas Champagne, Chateau-Thierry Sector, St. Mihiel and Argonne Forest. Awarded D. S. C. and Croix de Guerre.

HIS OWN STORY

Born in Greece on February 12th, 1888. Enlisted in the U. S. Army on April 3rd, 1916, in New York City. Was sent to Camp Whitman, and then to a camp in Texas, and later, back to New York.

On October 26th, 1917, left for overseas on board the "Tasconia." Not much excitement going over, and after a trip of two weeks, landed at Liverpool. From there we went to Southampton, and then to France on November 10th.

We went to a training camp, and after six weeks of training, we went to the Lorraine sector. We remained here for three weeks, and were then relieved by another battalion, and we then went to the Baccarat sector. We were in the trenches about three weeks. We left here on June 21st.

On July 14th, we got to the Champagne sector. There was heavy fighting here, and we were instructed by our commander to fight to the end. The Kaiser watched this offensive. The enemy started bombarding about twelve o'clock, and kept it up continually for eleven hours. They tried to get through several times, but the Americans and French held the lines, until finally the Boche stopped. There were heavy losses, and many prisoners taken by us.

Three days later, we went to Chateau-Thierry, about July 26th. We were ordered to relieve the French, and on the 27th, we started to chase the Huns. The next day we advanced eight kilometers (5 miles). We took a strong point fortified by the Germans, with a lot of machine guns.

We kept on going, four days, five, until the eighth day, when we were relieved by the First Division, which was in reserve for a week. From there we went for a rest, and stopped about twelve kilos back from Chateau-Thierry. We received twenty-four-hour passes to visit Paris. Some of the boys took forty-eight hours off, and were therefore A.W.O.L., and when they returned the regiment had moved, but they caught up later.

We were then ordered to go to the St. Mihiel sector. We hiked day and night until we got there. The drive started on September 11th. There was a considerable loss. We were relieved and went to the Argonne forest. This was about the 10th or 11th of October. We stayed in reserve behind the lines. On October 14th, we started an attack, and advanced about a mile and a half. In the course of a few days fighting, the casualties became so great, that the officers of my company were included in the number, and I, therefore, took command of the company. I led the advance, until relieved by the second battalion.

For this I was awarded a D. S. C. by General Flagler, at Zin Zin, Germany, on December 23rd, 1918.

We then went to a small sector, which we held for two weeks, until relieved by the Marines.

When the Marines came, the barrage was so thick, that the enemy had to run or become prisoners, making this the easiest advance at St. Mihiel.

On October 1st, we were ordered to leave, and hiked about fifteen kilos. On November 5th, we went "over the top" again, and the first day it was coming pretty fast. The next day, the Third Battalion went on. The third day, we were relieved by the French, and then we hiked back to Byszancy.

It was then we heard that the armistice was signed.

The next day we hiked to Landres-Et-St. George, stayed there three days and were then ordered to go to Germany with the Army of Occupation. I stayed there until March 21st, 1919, when I returned to the U. S. A.

On March 23rd, 1918, was awarded a Croix-de-Guerre by a French General for bravery.



PRIVATE IRVING ABRAHAMS

VII.

THE OLD ARMY AND THE NEW

THE STORIES OF THE "REGULARS" AND
GUARDSMEN

PRIVATE IRVING ABRAHAMS

Born in New York City, still resides there. Entered National Army September 17, 1917. Overseas October, 1917. Assigned Company B, 23rd Infantry, Regulars. Fought at Chateau-Thierry salient and was wounded July 18, 1918. Returned to duty and gassed in the Argonne. Returned to duty and wounded again near Verdun and sent back to United States for discharge.

HIS OWN STORY

I believe I was one of the first National Army men to fight, and fall wounded in France. And in that record I take a just measure of pride. While the War was in its first months I stayed at work, for the family needed my help; yet when I was drafted and arrangements had been made for the care of my people, I was glad to put on the uniform of my country.

Army training and life really represented a great opportunity to me. From the time I was a little boy, I had worked hard and, through necessity, missed the athletic training that gives most American boys their good health.

My training was short at Upton and Camp Green, for within thirty days after I first joined the colors, I was on my way to France, the land of my dreams.

We landed at Brest and I quickly joined my regiment, the Twenty-third Infantry. I soon found I was among fighting men; one of a famous regiment whose pride in themselves and their regiment was an inspiration to me.

They gave me the training there I had missed at home. My stomach flattened out, and my chest broadened until I scarcely knew myself.

The winter months passed quickly, and in June and July the world heard from the Twenty-third Infantry.

The fighting of the 18th of July, stands out in my memory for that was the day I received my first wound.

There was a river my outfit had to cross. Some of us swam the river under artillery and machine gun fire to get into position along the bank where we could pick off the machine gunners, and so make it easier for the rest of our men to get over.

No matter how hard they shell you, it does not eat up the men like bursts of machine gun fire or gas.

That swim across the river gave us a jolt in the nerve, all right.

Dripping with water, I hauled myself up the bank, and crouching down in some cover, soon had my rifle going. The snap of the shots, and the acrid smell of the burning powder quieted my nervousness.

Other men had got across, and they, too, were "firing at will." We were not merely making a racket, but driving each shot home and making the nests unhealthy for the Jerries.

The Germans did not just take it. Dropping their fire at the farther bank, they crossed fire at us fellows along the bank.

They got me, too, almost at the first of it, with a machine gun bullet through the leg.

You see I was comparatively new to the shooting game, and while I got my head and body covered all right, I did what so many beginners do in shooting. Instead of keeping my feet on the ground, I stuck them up, unconsciously, and Jerry simply could not miss the target.

I dropped down the bank further, after I was hit, adjusted my emergency bandage, stopping the loss of blood, and then crawled back to my position to get my revenge.

In the meantime, while the machine gun fire had been diverted to our bank, more of the regiment had crossed the river. Our fire was growing, and as is apt

to be the case when casualties increase under well directed fire, the Germans growing restive and nervous, exposed themselves, unintentionally.

I had a fine shot at one of them who was at a machine gun. They had shot me through the leg, and I thought of the old Mosaic law, "An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." I could not get a shot at a leg, so I took a hand.

Two men I got that way, one after another, and the machine gun stuttered to a stop. I had forgotten all about my wounded leg, and when some time later our line rushed forward, I tried to go along with them, but the leg would not let me.

Our stretcher bearers were right on hand, ignoring the enemy's fire, though it accounted for many of them. They picked me up, fixed up my wound again, and got me back across the river to a dressing station.

Those fellows deserve a good word and a lot of gratitude. For I want to tell you, if it was not for the stretcher bearers who went right out and got our boys and brought them to the dressing stations, there would be more of us sleeping in France than there are.

In forty-five days, my wound had healed and I was able to rejoin my regiment. In my old company I felt like a stranger, for so many of the old crowd had been killed in the bitter fighting at the time I got mine. Replacements had come, however. The ranks were full. You know, no matter how many men are killed, the regiment does not die.

We were presently fighting in the Argonne Forest. A gas mask was not much protection, for it was always getting torn off in the woods, and the Germans, knowing it, treated us liberally to gas.

I got a fine dose of mustard gas, and back to the hospital I went again. Despite all the pain, those were happy, glorious days.

The Red Cross, the Hebrew Relief Service, and the Salvation Army did all they could to make life endurable for us. But the days had their dark side, too. So many of the fellows "went west." They went

bravely, too, without a murmur, smiling to the last, thinking not at all of themselves, but of their folks at home, and the boys still up at the front.

Presently, I was able to return to duty and once more found myself among strangers. Even the officers were new to me, for they had suffered as well as the men.

We were fighting near Verdun, but I saw little of it, for a German H. E. blew up close to me, drenching me with the blood of my comrades, and wounding me severely.

I was in a Paris hospital when the armistice was signed, and believe me, I was some happy. I think no one can say I was yellow because I felt relieved at not having to go back into that hell at the front again, for the record of the regiment and the Division gives the answer to that.

I don't really feel that my story is worth the telling, for I came back. But if, from what I have written of my own experiences, people can gather an idea of what those who died in France went through before their great moment, in their day of glory, then I shall be happy.

We left Brest for the good old U. S. A. January 10, 1919, on the "Canada" and had a fine trip. They certainly did everything in the world to make us comfortable and we needed no help to be happy.

VIII.

THE OLD ARMY AND THE NEW
THE STORIES OF THE "REGULARS" AND
GUARDSMEN

CHARLES A. PETTIT

Former automobile racing champion of Texas, born in Winona, Mo., raised in Fannin, Texas. Forty-two months' service with the British and American armies. Wounded 28 times. Lost his leg while with A. E. F.

HIS OWN STORY

Yes, I joined the British Army at the very beginning of the muss in Europe. Just naturally had to go and help out, for I never did like the Germans. And out in Missouri they raise he-men with red blood in them. Then, as I said, I grew up in Texas.

Texas ain't no nursery for white feathers.

We got the kind of citizens down there "Teddy" was always talking to, and quite a tolerable amount of us went along to Cuba with him and give a good account of ourselves.

I had some good training with the British, and I seen all the red blooded men in the world, I guess. I was at Gallipoli when the Australians was there. They sure did make me feel like I was with home folks. They look like us, measure up about our size, and shoot like we do.

When the United States jumped in, hat in the ring, and a gun in each hand, the English turned me loose so I could go with the Americans. And I went and done it, in a hurry; joined right up with the Rainbows, and I made no mistake.

They did not measure up as tall as the Australians, and a Texan or an Australian could shoot rings around them with his left hand—but they had spunk. Proud! Well, say, the Rainbows was some proud! I knew they'd fight like bear cats, for when you get a young American bank clerk, insurance agent, druggist or

what not, and fill him full of small town jazz, that the "boosters" clubs turn out, and then put him in a county convention, or a firemen's fair, or a militia regiment, alongside of another bunch of boosters from Binghanton or Dallas—say! He's going to keep the lime-light burning on his home town, if he has to supply the fuel himself.

Well, there's the Rainbows for you. The minute the bunch was off duty, they held a high conclave of all the boss boosters of the country. I felt at home there, too. For I'm a Texas booster myself. You have to show the man from Missouri, but the guy from Texas will do the showing himself.

We knew why the French and English didn't win the War.

They was waiting for us. We was sure of it, and that's the way we went over.

Now don't get the idea we was a passel of conceited, young, small town boys. We knew we had a man's job cut out for us, but we knew we was the men who belonged on the job.

The fellows who trained us, took out the frills and put on the polished steel finish.

Because I could drive anything that had a engine in it, they stuck me in Company E, One Hundred and Seventeenth Supply Train, Q. M. C., attached to the Forty-second Division, the Rainbows.

We went to France; and while the line got ready for the big job, learned all the little tricks of the Hun, and worked up a few new degrees of their own. I rustled the chow for the bunch.

Fighting is a hungry job, and when the Rainbows started in they kept going. Here today and gone tomorrow, to put in a wallop somewhere else.

The big refrigeration station of our army was at Gavres, France. I'd load up there and start out to find the men. It is part of this war game to keep the men on the line without food and water, and it's another part of it to get the food and water to them.

I was on the get-it-to-them end, and no matter how

thick it got in France, it was tame compared with what we went through when I was at Gallipoli—except for the gas. The Turks may be heathen, but they was too much gentlemen to use gas. I got some respect for them. But a German just naturally will do anything.

When our men went in at the Soissons row, I was on a trip to them with plunder—canned tomatoes, meat, and so on. Their line was up along the Ourcq River about July 27th, when they were trying to get across, and the bloody froth of the fight blew back in my face as I plowed along to the front.

God, how they punished the Rainbows that day!

Half a dozen times I was warned to turn back, but the sight of our men,—the men of my division,—flooding past me broken wrecks; and the stories they told of the line held up; sent me on. The wounded said the men up at the front were hungry and dry.

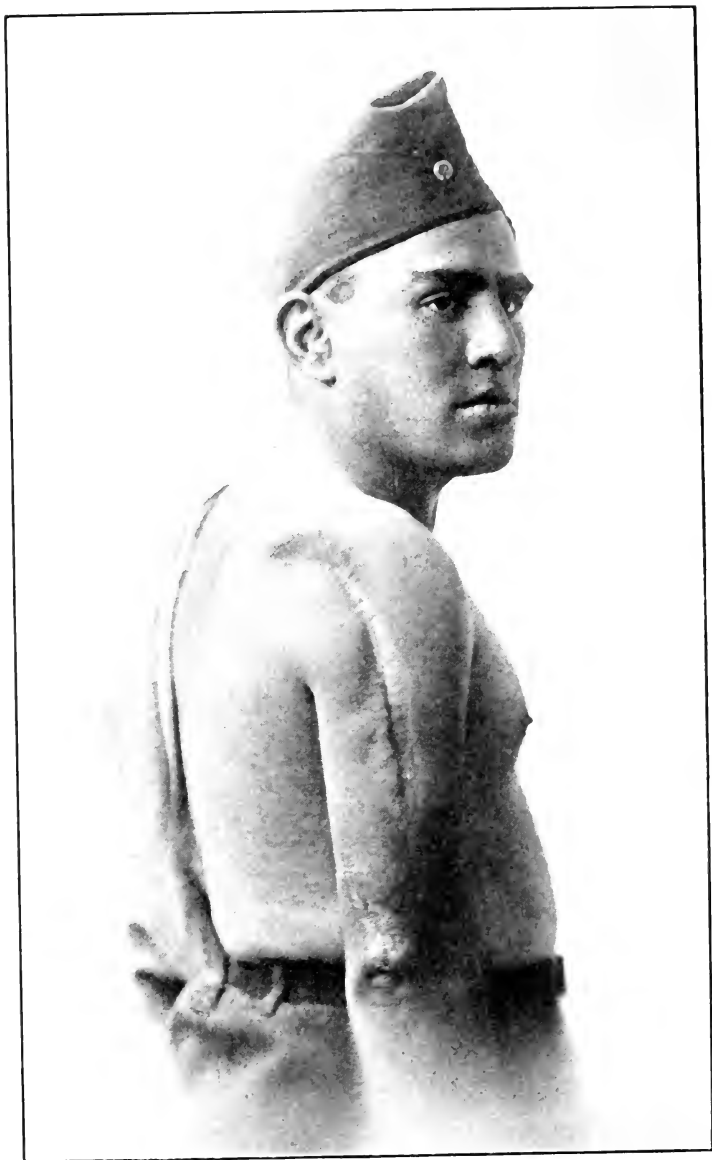
I knew no damned river would stop them, once they had their chow and wet their lips on some of those Maryland packed tomatoes.

So I went ahead.

They had been nearly forty-eight hours with nothing to eat when I caught them. Scattered among the trees, with their machine guns chattering over the Ourcq, its current choked with Rainbow dead, the men were licking their wounds like a pack of cougar hounds that had been all clawed up and had not got their beast, though they had it up a tree and were waiting to renew the fight.

What do I care that the Huns got me and got me good on the way back? Damn them!

The Rainbows had crossed the Ourcq.



PRIVATE ALBERT MARKS

IX.

THE OLD ARMY AND THE NEW
THE STORIES OF THE "REGULARS" AND
GUARDSMEN

PRIVATE ALBERT MARKS

Born at Newport, R. I., February 5, 1896. Enlisted in 69th, New York, National Guard, July 17, 1917. Overseas September, 1917. Seriously wounded in Champagne sector and reported dead.

HIS OWN STORY

I was born at Newport, R. I., on February 5, 1896. Enlisted at the Old Sixty-ninth Armory on July 17, 1917. Happened to be the first and only Jew to sign up with this company. For this I was nicknamed "Patty Irish," the Fighting Irish Jew.

I landed at Brest on September 12, 1917, with the "Fighting Irish." We trained for three months with rifles and bombs, and after that had another month's training with gas masks.

On February 26th, we were put in the front line trenches in the Lorraine sector. This is where our regiment got the first taste of war.

We lost thirty-eight men in a dugout, including one officer, Lieutenant Norman. Four men were trying to pull him out, and had him up to the knees, when another shell came and buried him and several other men. His last words were, "Don't worry, boys, we'll all be out." We dug for ten hours straight trying to get these men out. We did not use picks and shovels, for we didn't have them, but used helmets and drinking cups.

A pioneer officer told us three times to get up and leave it alone, but we wanted to get our buddies out. I, personally, after being there for ten hours, went and got a pick and shovel, then a shell came and buried the place again.

We never got that officer, and that was, no doubt, his death.

Then the third battalion went in, and were in five hours when the Germans sent over a gas barrage. Out of 500 men, eight were not gassed. All the rest, 492, were. I, at the time, was delivering a message to Major Donovan, and got a whiff of the stuff and was sent back to a hospital.

I caught up with my regiment at Ansiville, and from there we went to Baccarat where we were finally relieved by the Seventy-seventh Division.

This was June 28th, and we started on a hike to the Champagne front.

I carried my mail from home in one of my pockets, and during this hike I lost a few letters. Some of these were picked up by one of my officers, and some by a young lad in my own division. This youth was later hit, and fell unconscious.

A French sergeant happened to pick him up, and was with him till he died. His last word was, "Mother." This French sergeant then wrote back to my folks (having taken the mail from the dead boy's pockets) stating that I died and my last word was "Mother," and he thought it was his duty to fight for my revenge.

He told my people that he had buried me with three other boys, and even told them where he buried me. When my mother got this letter, she also received my insurance and back allotment from Washington. Two weeks later, when just about to go into mourning for me, she received word from me, explaining just how and where I was. I was wounded at the time.

Well, we got to the Champagne front on July 2nd. On July 14th, we were doing barb-wire detail with the French from four o'clock until eight o'clock (four hours), and at ten minutes to twelve that night we were ordered to get down into the trench for control of No Man's Land. We stayed there four hours, helping the French hold the front line. At four o'clock

the next morning, we were told to go back to where the rest of the regiment was located.

Lieutenant Otto was at the lead, and he looked up in the communicating trench and saw the shell were flying too heavy, so he told us to get back.

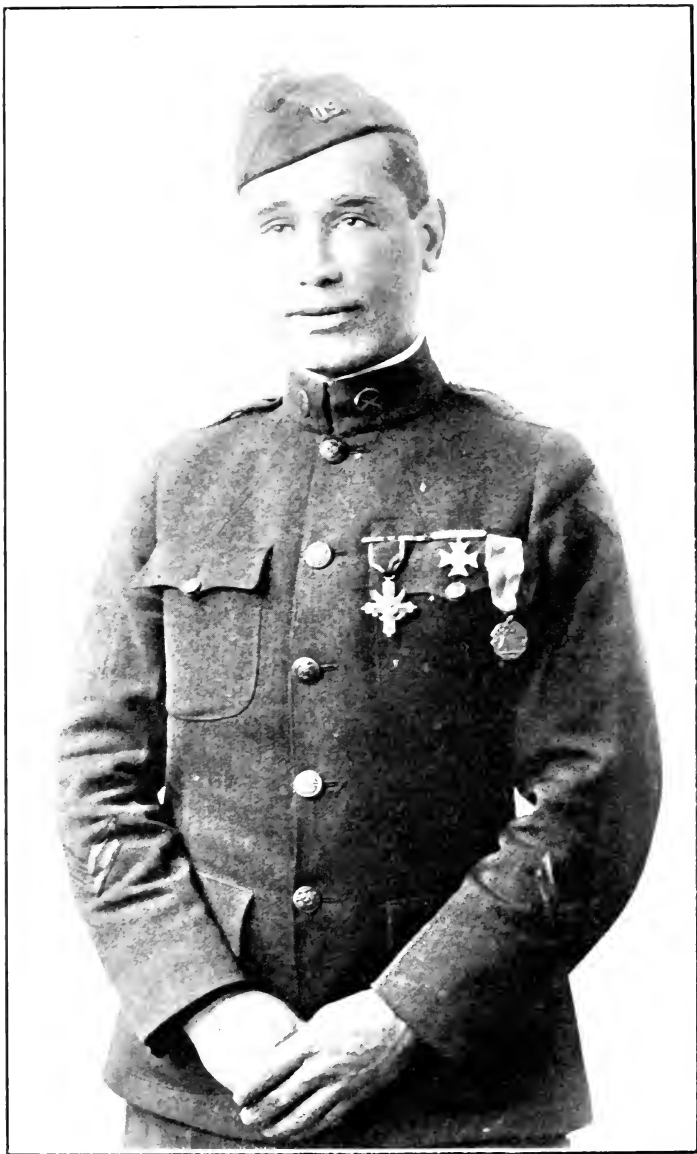
As I turned around, a shell broke even with my hips. A few pieces of shrapnel were in my head, luckily it did not hit me in the temple. I was also hit in the arm. The concussion of another shell threw Sergeant Jimmy Hamilton two feet into the air. He came down right on my back, so hard, that I thought I was hit again and thought I was broken in two.

I picked Jimmy Hamilton up with one arm, the best way I could, and pulled him into a dugout, thinking he was still alive, but a French doctor pronounced him dead.

I stayed there from 4 o'clock till 8:30. Three times I was ordered to go back to a first-aid dressing station for treatment, but refused. I was resolved to avenge myself.

At 8 o'clock the Germans came over, and the first German that came over the trench, I killed just as he came over. I then went to a hospital to have my wounds treated, and the doctors called it a compound fracture of the right shoulder and upper right arm. I was in Chaumont, A. E. F. headquarters, and from there went to Savenay, Base Hospital No. 8. This is the Post Graduate Hospital, of New York City, and here when a man is slightly wounded, he goes back to the front line trenches; and when seriously wounded, he goes back to the "States."

Being seriously wounded, I was sent back, and landed at Newport News, Va., on September 2, 1918. When I got back, I immediately wired home. The folks thought that I was shell shocked, and everything else that goes with it, but when I telegraphed home for money, my father was sure that I was very sane.



SERGEANT JOSEPH MORINI

X.

THE OLD ARMY AND THE NEW
THE STORIES OF THE "REGULARS" AND
GUARDSMEN

SERGEANT MORINI

Born in Catania, Italy. Enlisted in Company D, 103rd Infantry, of the 26th Division, the Yankees. Overseas 1917. Seicheprey, Chateau-Thierry salient. Wounded taking of Hill 204. Gassed.

HIS OWN STORY

New England was my part of the country, and Boston my home. If not of the old Yankee stock by birth, I was by education and inclination. It didn't take the Mayflower to make an American out of me.

When America declared war, I realized the time had come for me to make good on my Americanism, so I enlisted on May 16th, 1917. My training began at Camp Devens where they did their level best to make soldiers out of us.

It was hard for us to learn the habit of implicit and instant obedience, for by nature I was, and so were most of the boys, inclined to go it alone.

We'd heard so much about the German soldiers being stupid cattle, who could drill but not think, that we most generally held to the idea that all we needed to become soldiers was to take a gun, stuff it full of cartridges, and blaze away. Each one of us was going to win the war.

But we found out, that if we were going to keep out of each other's way and get our grub in time, we had to learn to march. That is, we were beginning to find out from our own experiences that we didn't know much about the war game and the soldiering business, and that it was up to us to lend an attentive ear to those who could tell us.

We began to make progress from then on, and after a while the officers addressed themselves to our intelligence and spirit of go it alone, for they were not trying to kill that, but teach us how to employ it best. The idea was, that we should be intelligently brave at a time when every mother's son of us would be at heart scared to death.

Camp Devens did that for us and did it not only for war but for peace.

Then we went overseas as the Yankee Division.

More training in France, and then we took over a part of the front near a place you may have heard of by the name of Seicheprey. The Twenty-sixth Division will never forget that place, and by the same token, the Germans won't either.

We made them pay in the fight at St. Mihiel for the good time they gave us at Seicheprey.

That spring in France, was a hectic period, and as spring waned into summer, things grew interesting and we saw the fighting we had come for.

Between May 31st, when the motorized Seventh Machine Gun Battalion of the First Division blazed into action in support of the French Colonials who were holding the Marne at Chateau-Thierry, and the 18th of July, the Twenty-sixth had come up from its training area, had taken over the Belleau Wood sector.

We knew, of course, our boys were winning, but when we saw the fields covered with our dead, and as we deployed our lines in the woods and among ruined houses and found more and more of our men, we wondered, with so many of them killed, who had lived to defeat the Boche.

I'll tell you now and tell you honest, the sight of all those boys killed made us pretty sick. You could smell the dead for miles. The Camp Devens training stiffened us up and we were ready to do our duty, but we were not crazy for the job.

I suppose you people who read this will think we were not brave. Well, we stuck out and went in when our time came.

But it sure was some jolt to us to camp out in Belleau Wood.

On the 18th, the left of the Twenty-sixth was thrown forward to maintain contact with troops that had gone ahead. The fight then spread along the whole line. It filled the world. The sky was on fire with it at night, and the roll of the guns never stopped.

The Twenty-sixth was in it. We had become accustomed to the companionship of those who had fallen, and were becoming anxious to prove our own mettle and right to the title of the Yankee Division.

Some of the men from the First Division were going out and passed us. They laughed at us and jibed us.

"Who ever saw a dead Yankee?" they chanted.

There were plenty to be seen before the next night, and a regular officer who happened to pass my company cried out to us:

"Well done, Twenty-sixth! You belong."

The fighting of the 20th and 21st was bitter enough to satisfy even the German appetite for gore.

Overlooking Chateau-Thierry, a hill pokes its head above the surrounding forest. On the maps the unimaginative people who make our maps had named it "Hill 204." Our first big job was to take that hill and hold it.

The air hummed with machine gun bullets with a sound as from the wings of swarms of black flies in the North Woods in July. The bullets bit and stung us and drew our blood. But we were travelling fast.

The first fire of a machine gun nest on our advancing line was often its last, for our eyes, and minds, and purpose were all centered on the crest of Hill 204. We just rushed ahead regardless of everything, and took it.

In the last effort to reach the crest of the hill, I saw my Pal and Buddie blown to atoms by a bursting shell, while I went down with a machine gun bullet through my leg.

The Twenty-sixth went on. The wounded and dead

were left behind. Those who were lightly wounded, by that I mean, so they could walk or crawl, tried to get back to the dressing station alone. The rest waited for the stretcher bearers and ambulances.

I had quite a dose of the hospitals and just before I was returned to duty, a blessed fifteen days in Paris. I liked the old town.

Returning to my regiment, I was gassed just about the first thing and before I was again fit for duty the armistice was signed.

So you see I did not win the war all myself, but I think I won the right to the name Yankee all right, for I went up that hill, in the face of their machine guns, and tried to catch the Germans with my hands.

AMERICAN OFFICIAL COMMUNIQUE 133

Headquarters, American Forces, Sept. 26th, 1918.

Section A—This morning northwest of Verdun, the First Army attacked the enemy on a front of twenty miles and penetrated his lines to an average depth of seven miles.

Pennsylvania, Kansas and Missouri troops, serving in Major General Liggett's corps, stormed Varennes, Montbainville, Vauquois and Cheppy, after stubborn resistance.

Troops of other corps, crossing the Forges Brook, captured the Bois de Forges and wrested from the enemy the towns of Malancourt, Bethincourt, Montfaucon, Quisy, Nantillois, Septsarges, Dannevoux, and Gercourt-et Dirllaucourt.

The prisoners thus far reported number over five thousand.

PERSHING.



CORPORAL JOHN H. BENNETT

XI.

THE OLD ARMY AND THE NEW
THE STORIES OF THE "REGULARS" AND
GUARDSMEN

CORPORAL JOHN H. BENNET

Enlisted as a private June 7, 1916, in the Engineer Corps. Overseas November, 1917. Wounded at St. Mihiel, returned to duty and wounded again while bridging Meuse River and leg amputated.

HIS OWN STORY

I enlisted in the service as a private on June 7, 1916. On November 14, 1917, I was sent across on the George Washington.

We landed safely and after much shifting around and drilling, we finally moved to the Vosges Mountains, and went into action July 15th, 1918.

After the capture of the town of Frappell, I was attached to the Fifth French Army, doing instruction work. I was gassed at St. Die July 21, and lay on the field eight hours, before I was picked up by a French patrol and carried to a hospital in Geradmire, France.

August 3rd, I reported to my outfit for duty. We drilled for the St. Mihiel attack that took place on September 12th. At nine o'clock in the morning of September 14th, I received a machine gun bullet in the left shoulder and was carried to a hospital at Toul, where I remained three weeks.

October 18th, we started a hike back to the Argonne Woods with a pack of ninety pounds on our backs. We hiked for four days and nights.

October 26, we went over the top about 25 kilometers from Verdun. We were in the battle four days, and were then relieved and sent back 23 kilometers. The morning of November 1st, we were sent again to the Argonne Woods, and went over the top until the 4th.

A platoon of 54 men was sent to the Meuse River to build a bridge for the infantry to advance. One lieutenant, three sergeants and fourteen privates were killed. Therefore, as I was corporal, I was left in charge. We were surrounded by a box barrage by the enemy. We put two bridges across, and both were blown down. Finally, as we could not keep a bridge up, we got the infantry across in pontoon boats.

At nine-thirty that evening, a high explosive shell wounded me in the left leg, and in the right hip also. I lay on the field until four o'clock the next day. Discovering that I was losing a lot of blood, I took off my right legging and tied it around my left knee, stopping the flow of blood. At four o'clock I was carried away by a French ambulance.

There were only eight boys left of the fifty-four I was in charge of. Two were wounded by shrapnel, the rest were killed.

I was carried to a hospital behind the lines, where I remained five days and was eventually sent to No. 68 at Mars. In December, my leg was amputated above the knee.

March 4th I left Brest on the S. S. America, bound for the good old U. S. A. On March 12th, I was taken to Debarkation Hospital No. 5, Greenhut's, New York.

"PASSED BY THE CENSOR"

EXCERPTS FROM LETTERS OF A STAFF
OFFICER OF THE SEVENTY-SEVENTH
DIVISION

A. E. F.,

May 25, 1918.

We had a rough trip over, but it was great. Sighted a few subs and got a thrill.

Landed on my birthday, and ever since have been in the midst of an intensely interesting and rapidly developing film of life and action.

It's so huge, this game. And one is compelled to live right in the immediate present. I've only seen a little, and just that little puts a different angle on my ideas.

Had a great trip over the Boche lines in a plane and got my first real fire from anti-aircraft and machine guns. Fritz didn't get us, but came mighty close.

Naturally, I can't write all I would like to. It's the most interesting life imaginable, and I'm strangely happy. I lived years in a couple of minutes lately, and surely that intensity is worth while.

My French is improving, I can patter fairly well now. Never felt better, and am getting lots of exercise. I have a great little horse; I never got my "grey" from the States. Named this new one "Vimy."

In the evening, we sit around a large dinner table, smoking, and drinking a Scotch and soda or light wine. We talk it all over, the old life and the new, bits of news from home, what might have happened if the war hadn't happened, etc. It's all very absorbing.

You'll have to excuse the rambling character of this letter, but there's always so much going on right close to me; too darn close, part of the time.

Remember how we used to talk over whether I would "get the wind up," or scary? Well, M—, I guess they all do, a bit, for I've talked with lads who

have been through incredible hell, and they all agree one does feel a little nervous, but "carries on" just the same. I got awfully dry in the throat, when the Boche were shooting at us the other day. Later, while sitting in a shop back of the lines, having a bottle of wine with an Englishman, the shelling got quite intimate. I noticed that both of us were somewhat unsteady with the hands. However, you can fight it off—if you can control your imagination.

August 29, 1918.

There are many difficulties about correspondence here. First, there is so much of interest that one can't write about, an all wise censor prohibiting. Second, without meaning to, one gets on the personal side too much, and becomes a fearful bore to one's friends.

At the risk of injecting too much ego, I will say that I'm well and happy, and still have all my arms and legs, very needful in these hectic days. Brother Boche has spared me so far, but hasn't missed by any too wide a margin, I'll tell the world. Certainly no one is bored in our little family.

One strikes a medium in any sort of life, and I, for the most part, preserve an even tenor of disposition. I have been sublimely happy and distressingly sad; always fairly busy; very tired at times; disgustingly dirty for short periods; for the most part well fed, and only once cigaretteless. That last was a calamity. The wonderful charm of it all is, its absolute uncertainty, new emotions sounded,—actual work done.

And a spectacle to watch and participate in that has the Ziegfield Follies, The Great Train Robbery, Bellevue Hospital, the Slocum disaster, and the San Francisco fire, looking like a nickel side show.

Sure have seen some doings,—tragic, heroic, and ludicrous. It's a blessing that the human mind can adjust itself so quickly. Why, I've seen lads calmly reading a letter from home, while less than a half mile away the damndest show, I swear reverently, was raging to the tune of Hell's Symphony.

But, M—, whatever they send us, we double the stakes. And, oh, boy, it's a plenty!

Well, one could write forever, and not tell half.

One thing I must talk about though, and that's our girls over here, nurses, canteen workers, entertainers, etc. They are wonderful. If I ever was inclined to be a sentimentalist, the little I've seen so far has knocked it out of me. But I must say that the fortitude, courage, devotion, and cheerfulness displayed by our girls under even the most distressing circumstances, is nothing short of marvellous. They go any place, never seem to get panicky, and believe me, they come fast at times, too. Not the girls,—I mean shrap and heavies. They sure are inspiring. No, no,—not the shrap,—I mean the girls,—Oh, what's the use?

I'm a lucky lad. Everything so far has finished happily for me, in spite of some very near ones, and a wee bit of gas, just enough to give me a touch of "mal de mer."

We sure get some good laughs out of letters. One fellow's wife wrote she had sent him a sleeping suit, you know the kind kiddies wear, with closed feet. And none of us with our clothes off at night for two weeks!

My brother is over here and I got a great letter from him. It appears that a certain brand of French champagne was a bit too strong for him. Anyway, he got a trifle zig-zag. He was disciplined by being made to don a pair of blue denim overalls with a large "P" on them and put to work on real estate with a man-sized shovel.

"You know, Kid," O— wrote jokingly, "they put all of us Princeton men in one company."

Oh, the intense humanness of it all; I mean our side,—not the Boche. If this game doesn't bring out the good qualities in a chap, nothing will. I never could be a snob after what I've seen. Often from the ones you least expect it of, brotherly love, helpfulness, courage and sacrifice under the toughest conditions. You get so you love every one of your men.

And the kidding! It started the day we warped in

at the dock. The first thing we saw was a big, officious English cop. One of my men, sitting on the anchor, piped up, " 'Ello, Bobbie, I 'opes yer well." The kidding never ends. Just a few minutes ago, the outfit induced some slow thinking lad to ask the cook for a piece of porterhouse steak. The boys are great, funnier than the best acts at the Palace. Right now, a lad is singing in a high falsetto:

"I don't care how they miss me home,
If the Germans miss me here."

You can't be anything but cheerful with this outfit.

October 21, 1918.

It's been a very busy little campaign. Until yesterday when I took a hot shower and luxuriated in fresh linen, I hadn't had my clothes off in three weeks.

What a succession of strange, exciting, humorous, pathetic, and heroic parts I've seen enacted in this drama of War. It's like another life, for now I see it in retrospect. I'm sitting in a little shack, which was built by the Boche. I'm very cozy in front of a bright fire. There is even a piano, plundered by the Boche from some French chateau.

The General presides over the little family, still nearly intact,—only one absentee. We laugh and kid, Gene plays snatches from old Broadway shows, but deep underneath we are changed, I'm sure. The remembrance of dear friends gone, and of frightful sights, can't be dispelled so quickly.

M—, remember saying that I was coming back? Well, I guess you were right. It looks as if they couldn't get me. Sure have had some close ones; my horse killed, a bullet through my raincoat, and other narrow escapes. But I guess I'll fool 'em.

I'm very happy to have been recommended for an immediate promotion in a letter from the General. He wrote lots of things that I really don't deserve, but that, nevertheless, are gratifying to hear. He said that if it were permissible, he would recommend me for a captaincy. It all goes on my record, and I'm glad.

Don't think this is vainglorious pride. I've seen too much over here to believe in the sham of talk. I'll never put on any lugs over this affair. Too much has been seared into me.

Certainly, the boys had Brother Boche on the run; it was great to see him draw back. We gave him everything we had, and he's still going. It looks like the beginning of the end.

I may get a little leave. If so, I will visit my brother, about a hundred miles away. Also, I'll get some new uniforms, for mine are literally in shreds. I had to get issue enlisted men's clothing, as I was breaking out into society in a shameful way. I'd have been arrested if I'd appeared in public. When I got a look at myself in a mirror, I sure had a good laugh.

One thing I've learned just lately, is to look at trouble in the big perspective. I had that lesson knocked into me when I blundered into a little show with about fifteen men, holding approximately five yards per man, totalling seventy-five yards of front.

Well, it was hot. A couple of times I was wishing for a Blighty. Things looked dark for quite a while. Then it cleared a little; we got ahead a bit,—finally it all lulled down. I was thinking what a tough time we'd had and how important we were, when I overheard the Colonel say, "Today, on the entire four hundred mile front, ——"

And I thought what a damn fool I was, thinking I was fighting the whole war on a seventy-five yard front, when the big idea was the four hundred mile front.

The individual doesn't count in this big game.

Well, as a moralizer, I'd make a good plumber, so I'll quit the Walt Whitman, Ella Wheeler Wilcox stuff, and pursue the straight narrative.

I just read a Ring Lardner story and he wrote one line that struck me particularly funny, "There are a lot of bugs over here, and some of them are in khaki."

Today a nice boy who joined us recently was given three days' leave. He is going to visit some people in

Aix le Bains. He is run ragged trying to borrow a pair of breeches. He is rather a tall, slim lad, fussy about his clothes, and in this particular case, very anxious to make a hit. So far, the best he has been able to borrow is a pair about six sizes too large. Some one just now brought him a pair of overalls. He has fifteen miles to ride to the nearest railroad station, and his train leaves at four. The poor kid is in a terrible stew, and the bunch stands around kidding him. Some one just suggested that he make a pair of breeches out of his blanket.

It's a cruel war.

Our General now is a two star. That means our family will break up. It certainly was fun working with him in the advance, for he's a wonder. The men love him and behind his back, they call him, "Uncle Wit." He sure has been great to me, with the letter he wrote for me. And, really, what I did was nothing, compared to lots of the other fellows.

I hope you can read this pencil scrawl. I've lost all my letters, fountain-pen, address book,—everything. At one stage of my wanderings, I found myself alone with a bottle of Cologne, a tube of tooth paste, and a can of corned beef. My bedding roll has been lost for weeks. I use my horse blanket and a shawl I acquired somewhere. When the shades of night approach, and the urge of slumber arrives, I just gracefully recline on the floor of my shack, my trench coat buttoned up tightly, my little cap on, and in my hand my trusty stick that I salvaged off a dead Boche officer. They tell me I look very angelic. One lad thought I was dead. It's a great life, I'll tell the world.

A. E. F.,

December 9, 1918.

Life is certainly pleasant here. The sun has been out quite a lot and the country is beautiful. I ride around on my horse or in the General's limousine. The little French kids are playing again and it all makes one very happy.

We sit around after dinner and play the Victrola, lots of McCormick records and old comic opera scores. It's comfy, a nice open fire, a bunch of good fellows laughing and chatting, and you think how pleasant it is. Then from away in some hidden recess of your mind, you get a thought of some old friend. You picture him as he lies alone in some little patch of forest in the Argonne, or in some small, rude cemetery where French civilians, Boche, soldiers,—French and American,—are all buried together. You see the low, white cross with a gas mask and helmet hung on it, and you think of former gatherings when he was along; you remember his laugh and his voice.—

And it's not just one that comes into your mind, it's lots and lots of them.

I can't figure out how so many who had more to live for and were much more worthy than I, should have had to pay all.

So that's how it goes, but for the most part, I'm happy as a king. Life is kind to me,—health, an adorable mother, and the best of friends.

New York sure must have gone crazy when hostilities were called off. I'll keep the game honest, and say that no one could have been more pleased than I was. The place where we were, on the banks of the Meuse River, was decidedly hot. The night of the tenth, we heard rumors that eleven o'clock the following morning, all bets would be off. During the night, the Boche lobbed over a few big ones that took away a section of real estate, and the shell weren't any too far from our happy home. The next morning, I had to go out in a side car to a nearby town to get some dope, and the road wasn't the healthiest place in the world. When the Boche were still putting them over at ten-thirty, I began to think maybe Jerry hadn't heard about this armistice stuff. I was a bit worried, I will admit. Then side cars make you uneasy because the noise of the motor drowns the sound of the shell and you can't tell where they're headed. However,

that really doesn't matter, because you never hear the one that hits you, anyhow.

I looked at my watch several times, and when at eleven o'clock, the firing ceased, I was sure a happy kid.

And now it's over. I thank God it is, and you'll believe me, that it's not on account of my own selfish hide.

But just to think of what it means. No more suffering, no more disorder.

From now on, the distressing sights are to be covered up; the litter of battle salvaged; and the green slopes, fields and roadsides will be rid of debris. Towns will be rebuilt, and filled with men and women living sanely, pursuing their lives in peaceful tenor.

You can't get it, unless you've seen the wreck and despair. Broken guns, field pieces, old clothes, clotted bandages, wagons and ambulances shot away, bloody stretchers, dead horses and men, masses of putrefying flesh,—all will be buried and removed from sight.

In the back areas, whole towns are in ruins, women weeping, little kids, emaciated, with old, pinched faces, wistful, no heart to play. No more of that, thank God. No more injustice, no more fear.

Why, it's OVER!

It had to be. I suppose so long as there is life and ideals, we will have to protect them with as rotten a thing as war, if necessary. But it is rotten.

I can't realize it's over!

We made a long march back over the way we battled through. Now we are in a training area in the south of France, near Chaumont, and it's very pleasant. I am billeted in an awfully comfy room, stove, large French bed, and more tapestries, beads, and pictures of Christ than an altar.

With my limited French, I induced the old French girl who owns the house to make coffee for me before breakfast. I have a striker, who serves it to me in bed, and then says in a beautiful brogue, "Come on

now, out wid ye, it's toime to be goin' to yer breakfast. Faith, an' the Gíneral, hisself, is up."

"In a few minutes," I say sleepily.

"I will not lave till I see ye start to put yer clothes on," he announces.

If I flop back on the pillows, he yanks the bed clothes off. He sure does bully me.

After breakfast I ride around and check up on drill periods, and inspect the stables and quarters. A nice open air life, but I sure would like to stroll into the Biltmore for a cup of tea.

December 27th, 1918.

Christmas done come and gone. I'm going to tell you about Christmas in France.

'Twas the night before Christmas and all through the town, not a creature was stirring, but that's not a bit unusual as this is a particularly quiet town. But seriously, my Christmas consisted of staying in bed and missing breakfast, then taking a long horseback ride through the woods. At one o'clock, we all sat down to a very nice dinner, fine roast turkey and fix-in's, champagne and cordials. We toasted the departed ones, the Army and Navy, and a quick return to the U. S. A.

After dinner we sat around an open fire and smoked, drank liquers, and talked over old Christmases in the States, and wives and girls at home.

Well, it got just as cheerful as a convention of morgue keepers. Then we put on some nice cheerful records, "I Hear You Calling Me," "Love, Here Is My Heart," "Snowy Breasted Pearl" and "Say Au Revoir, but Not Good-bye."

About this time, when the gaiety was at its height, some one suggested that we finish off some champagne we were saving for supper. We finished that, and then things began to assume a more seasonable glow. You might say that the carnival spirit was rife.

A Y. M. C. A. entertainer was to sing at the "Y" in the evening. A girl! So we sent out Doc H—, the

vet, to get introduced to the lady and ask her to supper with us in the evening. Doc started, but got side-tracked, returning later, sans girl. In no uncertain language we told Doc just the kind of a guy we thought he was. Doc refused to get sore, saying that he had been insulted by experts.

Well, to make a long story short, we went to the show, and after one glance at the girl in question, Doc became the most popular man in the party. She was a nice girl, all right, but she had no corner on the beauty market.

Snow fell during the night, and the next morning, the little village and valley looked like fairyland. The men had a good old fashioned snow ball fight.

M—, we had quite a big fire in the stable of the chateau the other day.

The General and family, including yours truly, were at dinner, when an orderly rushed in and announced that the stable was on fire. We tore out and got the horses and saddle tack out. The wind was strong and for a while it looked as though the whole chateau would go. Two companies of infantry arrived and we started a bucket brigade. Then a French fire engine or pump arrived. It was a little two by four with about ten yelling Frenchies dragging it. Maybe they weren't excited. They started to unlimber and fight over who was to hold the nozzle. They never had a look in, for a big, burly private stepped up and settled that war. He was going to run that fire.

We worked all night and put out the fire. The men sure did enjoy it. They hadn't had any excitement since the armistice was signed. It was a scream.

The little French curé hopped up and down, yelling encouragement and advice. It couldn't have been otherwise; he got it full in the map. It was like a Charlie Chaplin film, any time an excited Frenchie got in the way, he got a wetting down.

The damage was slight, and "a good time was had by all."

The days pass fairly quickly with manouvers, tactical exercise, and training. I ride a great deal.

My room is very comfortable, with a dinky little stove that I drape myself over. My bed is a big, high boy. If I ever fall out, it's good for a broken arm or leg.

I'm getting to be quite a parley-vous artist. People who speak good French say I'm very funny. I have speed, but no technique.

Meanwhile, patience is one of the virtues we learn in the army. I'm cultivating it. Some day, a boat will hump up to a Hoboken dock, and this fledgeling will be on it. In the meantime, I'm sitting tight.

Yesterday I read the "Love Letters of a Rookie." I love that line about the sweater the girl's mother sent him, "I got the sweater your mother sent me. I'm not sore, Mable, give your mother my love just the same."

January 19, 1919.

I am very happy, of course I will be happier when I get back to the States.

Though very quiet and not in the least hectic, life is pleasant here. A fine lot of brother officers. We ride together, loan each other the few books we can get hold of, visit together in the evenings before an open fire.

Doc H—, our vet, went to Paris on leave the other day. Before he left, the chaplain said, "Now Doc, come back clean." Doc says, "I came back clean all right,—not a cent."

The only distraction in the City of Juyencourt,—don't you love the name,—is a regimental show given at the Y. M. C. A. twice a week. I go regularly, an ideal first nighter. Usually, I take Suzanne, a wonderful French kid about nine years old. She wears an officer's overseas cap, and pinned around on it is every insignia ever worn in the army. She is all grades from second lieutenant to general, and belongs to every branch of the service, infantry, cavalry, aviation, etc.

The shows are amusing; several of the players used

to be in burlesque, so there's always a lot of slap stick.

Suzanne loves it, and is a great audience. If there is a pathetic ballad rendered, Suzanne is on the verge of tears. If the song is gay, she laughs aloud.

I watch Suzanne, and get double enjoyment out of the show.

My leave has been delayed again.

But if I ever feel like grumbling, I think of what a winter campaign in the line would have meant. Then again, I'm healthy. It's much more fun to be walking around on two legs than on crutches. "Ow, my eye, that would 'ave been a bally wash out."

You know, the army is a great institution. The lads in khaki that are actively engaged, pity the Naval Reserves, those who didn't join the service, and the chaps overseas who didn't see any fire. The ones with wound stripes pity us, who fought but were not hit. And they, in turn, bow their heads before the dead.

After all, they are the real heroes.

And how quickly they are forgotten.

PART III.

THE NATIONAL ARMY



CAPTAIN GEORGE U. HARVEY

I.

THE NATIONAL ARMY AND OTHER TROOPS
STORIES OF THE 77TH, 38TH, 42ND, 26TH,
ENGINEERS, ETC.

SEVENTY-SEVENTH DIVISION

CAPTAIN GEORGE U. HARVEY

Co. A. 308th Infantry. Born in Galway, Ireland. Went to first Plattsburg Camp as assistant instructor. Commanded Co. A. 308th, Sept., 1917-Sept., 1918. Served on General Staff A. E. F. Sept., 1918-Dec. 1918. Served on British front April and May, 1918, at second battle of Arras. Served in Vosges Mountains with VII French army. Entered Chateau-Thierry drive August 5th. Took part in fighting on Vesle River, near Fismes. Co. A. was part of the Lost Battalion.

Captain Harvey is now in the printing and publishing business, the Harvey Press, 109 Lafayette St., New York City.

NOTE WRITTEN BY CAPTAIN HARVEY TO
MR. HAMILTON

Dear Sir:—

Regret I did not see you, but hope you can get enough from these notes to serve your purpose.

This is a copy of a letter that I wrote home and has never been published.

Kindly cut out any personal references I may have used, as all credit in this war should go to the enlisted men, not to the officers.

For God knows, they did the trick, not us.

Yours truly,

(Signed) GEORGE U. HARVEY.

HIS OWN STORY

Knowing you are interested in fights, I am going to try and tell you about the real one we had at Chateau-Thierry and the Vesle River, when we beat hell out the Hun, and commenced the turn of the tide. Am sure you will agree, had we not helped to stop him then and sent him on his way, conditions would not be as they are today.

We had been in the Vosges for over two months, and my company was doing its turn in the front lines, when we got word that we were to move. Of course we didn't know where, nobody ever does.

The night I was relieved, we got away from the trenches about 12 p. m. and marched most of the night, or what was left of it, and when day broke, we made camp and rested. As soon as it was dark, we were on our way again, and so on the next night. In these two nights we covered over forty kilometers—not bad for a bunch who had done eight days in the front line.

At the end of our march, we reached a good sized town and here waited for our trains. I was what they call train commander and had the job of getting our battalion on board, wagons, horses, men and all. They packed from 35 to 40 men into a small horse car, but our lads didn't kick, as it's much better than hiking.

I was given sealed orders, with instructions not to open until so many miles from the station. I opened them in due time. Of course, I never heard of the place mentioned in the orders, but with due consultation of the map, I found that the place was near Chateau-Thierry, so then there wasn't much doubt as to our destination.

After two days of bumping around and going along about 12 miles per hour, we arrived at our station. Here I had to unload, find out where the battalion could camp, etc. We found a good town this time, saw a little life and had a few good things to eat, as we were but a few hours from Paris.

From the military activity about, we knew we were in a place where they were pulling big league stuff; the country was full of English who were doing their bit at Rheims; Italians and French who did good work at Soissons.

We didn't linger much at this town, however, but early the next day, got our orders to move, and damn quick at that. We did, and after going about five miles, we saw a fine line of busses, into which they packed us like fish. We knew that when we were go-

ing for a ride in French busses, it meant business, and that we were needed badly somewhere—so we bumped and bumped over the roads of Sunny France for about twelve hours, going into Chateau-Thierry and beyond till we reached Fere-en-Tardenois. It was dark when we reached this town, and from the ruins and smells we knew that something must have happened. I had to take the battalion into a wood about a mile out of the town. It was about 9:30 p. m. when we reached them, and I shall never forget that place—it was filled with dead men and horses. The whole wood was pulled to pieces, the weather was warm and the smell of the bodies—I shall never forget it.

Everywhere you stepped, you stumbled over someone. I didn't sleep an awful lot. The next day we spent in clearing the place, and it was some job. This town was the Hun's base for his drive on Paris. The amount of stuff captured was beyond description—you couldn't see all his dumps in a week. There were shells everywhere, guns large and small, beyond count. We found a great store of bottled mineral water which the Hun gave to his men. We certainly did enjoy it. The only thing I found him to be short of was tobacco—what we found was made of ground oak leaves and neatly packed. The Hun was very active with his planes and seemed to own the air, so we had to keep close to the woods.

In one of his dugouts, we found that a British Tommie had written his name, regiment address, etc., saying that he was a prisoner and to notify his people, which we did.

It was near this place that young Roosevelt lost his life, and judging from the number of planes which we saw lying around, he was but one of many. Here we could hear the roar of battle and it kept going all the time; all night the sky was lit up. Part of our division was in the fight, but as everything nowadays is in depth, and as we were the last to go in (having just come out of the line), we had to wait until there was room in the front line.

Our second battalion went up, just 750 strong, next morning, 150. Then the third went up, and then it was our turn.

It was about noontime when we got word to go forward at once; this is unusual, as troop movements are supposed to be made at night, but necessity sometimes alters the case. We afterwards learned that our battalion, on the line, had been badly cut up and required relief. At one-thirty, I moved out with a few men at a time, finding our way across country through the woods, which hid our movement from the Huns' planes. We lost our way and found it again, but always marched in the direction of the sound of the guns, which after all, was a sure guide when going into action.

We crossed a railroad and here saw every bridge blown up. Judging from the hoof prints up and down each side of the steep railroad embankment, it was evident that the Hun went out in a hurry and spared neither man nor beast.

Late in the afternoon, we reached our camping place for the night. It was a dense wood into which we found our way, and we made ourselves as comfortable as possible. We were now under fire of the big guns, but we had used such caution that the Boche did not learn of our arrival.

The air activity was great—we spent what was left of the daylight in watching many interesting air fights. At times there would be from twenty to thirty planes raising hell with one another. The Hun, however, had the upper hand and did just about what he wanted, setting fire to one of our O. B. balloons, which was just over our woods.

The next day the captains went up to the second line to look things over. We had our share of escapes, as the Hun was doing all in his power to hold us for a few days and we had run into a hell-hole, all ready and prepared for us. I am sure the losses were greater in the weeks we held on at the Vesle, than in the whole Chateau-Thierry fight. It is easy enough to go for-

ward, but when you have to stop and fight the Hun in positions he has selected, you are certain to pay the price. You want to remember that all this fighting was open, and we had to dig our own shelters. You can't do an awful lot of hole-making with the little entrenching tool that you carry. All the day was spent in going over the position which our companies were to occupy in the second line. We then made our way back to our companies to wait until dark.

At dark we led off, finding our way through the wood, in Indian file, with about ten yards between men. This idea is all right if everybody pays attention, but when conditions are confused, you are apt to land at the end of your journey with a half a dozen men, the rest of the company being God only knows where. Things went along all right until we were about two miles from our position, when we had to come out into the open and in front of our batteries. Then Jerry got busy. He's a wise old fellow, and knew just exactly the roads and paths we had to follow—he always seems to know what you are doing and the night we went up he was extra wise. He shelled us the whole time with shrapnel which luckily was bursting too high to do any great amount of real damage, but it was terrifying, and we spent the rest of the trip running forward and flopping, looking for a hole or a tree to duck behind. This lasted for about four hours, and there were many killed and wounded, but none of my men. You can usually find a way around a barrage, but this one seemed hard. I would stop, lead off one way, and just as I would get well started, the fire would shift and come down on us. I was knocked down several times by the concussion, and heard the shrapnel pieces hitting my tin bonnet.

To make matters worse, our position had been changed from that which we had looked over, and as our guides were not sure of the way, we had to wait (it seemed for hours), for somebody who knew the country ahead.

I found my position, it was on the top of a hill which

was slightly curved, and it reminded me of what the beach at Gallipoli must have been. On our right were two batteries; two hundred yards behind us, in the valley, were several more batteries; and on our left, more. I took up a position a few yards below the brow of the hill, and although the men were dead tired, I stood over them and made them dig the whole night. Each man made a pretty good hole. The next day I had all hands in the wood cutting logs and picking up suitable stuff for head cover. I made them dig all night, every night, for two reasons; one, they got good shelter, and I am proud to say that during the eight days I was on this ridge, not one of my men was wounded. The other reason was that when day came they were dead tired and only too glad to sleep, thus the Hun didn't know that we were there (as his planes were very active the whole time).

The guns never stopped, day or night, and the Hun never ceased his fire. He knocked the battery on our left out, then the one behind us. I had a wonderful place to watch—I could hear the shell coming, duck, and then up again to see them burst. There were many of our men killed and wounded—I would hate to tell you just how many. There was never a minute, day or night, that big stuff was not coming, and most of the shell burst within two hundred yards of our line. R— couldn't stand it and went to the hospital, a nervous and physical wreck, and there were others like him. Then they put gas over the whole night, but our position was high, with usually a stiff breeze blowing. We could look into the valley and village below and see the gas clouds covering everything. We heard the horns going, and knew that somebody was having a bad time. Gas is about the worst thing in war, as a few shell will put a whole company out of business. High explosive does but little damage; and when the shelling has stopped, it's all over, but not so with gas, it is just commencing. I have known men to be gassed and burned by mustard several days after a gas attack, just by going into

a wood or a dug-out. It makes these dug-outs or wood, etc., simply uninhabitable, and you must get out, of course. Rain washes it out, and that is the reason why the boys at the front don't mind when it rains.

It is needless to say, that during my eight days on the ridge, I didn't sleep very much, as there was always something to do, and the nights were made hideous with constant gas alarms. We had pretty good food, as our kitchen was in the village about two miles away, and twice a day we carried up food.

I want to tell you about two faithful little Italians whom I had, and who looked after the officers' food. At Fere-en-Tardenois, they found a two-wheeled machine gun cart, which the Hun had left behind, and in this they carried what food they could find. They filled a can with batter for flapjacks and at most unexpected times, they would get a fire going and come around with a plate full of the most delicious cakes, naturally everybody would wonder where on earth they came from.

The things which I have told you, and will, may perhaps seem to be untrue, but any infantry man who has come out whole from a big fight, no matter where, has had the same experiences. In fact, everybody who does get away safe and sound has had hundreds of escapes and it's a marvel to me that anybody does escape.

At the end of eight days, the company commanders were ordered to the front line to look matters over on the ground of the company they were going to relieve. I left early in the afternoon, with two sergeants, and I am going to tell you in detail our experiences in reaching the front line, as some days later I had to bring my whole company (190) men over the same route and at almost the same time of day.

The first thing we had to do was to report to the Battalion Headquarters of the outfit to be relieved. This was about three miles from our position. The first half mile was through a wood that was being shelled and full of gas, but we came through without

trouble, but the next part of the journey did not look promising. We had to cross a plateau which was about two miles wide, without cover or holes, and rising right above this was the Hun position so situated that he could see every movement on our side, and even one man was subject to violent fire from his Austrian 88's. Well, he shelled us the whole distance, but we suffered no damage beyond the dirt and dust caused by his damned shell.

Now, at the edge of this plateau was a valley, half way down was a village, the "Villa Savoy." One road led into the village—this was the special sniping ground of an expert with an "88," and every inch of the road was under observation. At the foot of the valley, lay the River Vesle, and the Vesle was our objective. This dirty little stream is certain to live in American history, as a spot where our boys showed what they were made of, and that Americans know how to die, for surely this name will be long remembered in many a home.

Battalion Headquarters were near the Villa Savoy (but somewhat above the road which was the object of the "88" sniper). I reported, received a guide and set forth. We made our way with great caution till we reached the road. Along this, the four of us had not gone over one hundred yards before we heard the shell coming. There was no cover beyond a bank about ten feet high along the road. We fell under this, put our tin hats over our faces and waited. Here we stayed over an hour, not a shell was further away than *twenty feet*, all hitting into the bank. We were jarred, covered with dirt, and pieces of steel, after each shot we would ask each other if any one had been hit. Talk about hell, it had nothing on this.

We simply waited to be killed. We couldn't move—there was nowhere to go—they were coming at the rate of about two a minute. At last, getting desperate, we each took turns and ran down the road, the nearest cover being an old house about two hundred yards distant, and believe me, I did move. Then the

building was hit, and we ran like rabbits from one building to another, until the Hun either got tired or lost us.

About an hour later, Captain Brooks, three lieutenants and four men were killed near the same spot we had occupied, so you see I was right—the Hun simply couldn't get me. Really, I hate to tell you what I went through, as I feel that you don't believe me, but every infantry man who has come out of a big fight has had just what I had, and doesn't think that my experiences are anything unusual.

The village was in an awful condition, simply beyond description—a hell on earth. The dead had been there over a week, that is, some of them. There lay the poor wounded lads, waiting for night when they could be carried up the road which I had just come down.

We went out of the village, down the bed of a small creek, and about one-half mile beyond till we reached the Vesle.

We crossed by the one bridge, and reached the R. R. some four hundred yards beyond. There were no troops on our right or left, and we were the only Americans across at this section. The Huns occupied all the heights and knew every inch of the ground. I reached the railroad and found that the Hun controlled this absolutely with his machine guns. A hole had been dug through the bank through which we went on our hands and knees (my objectives was the wood beyond). By the time we arrived there, it was pitch dark, so all we could do was to find Company Headquarters which were in the middle of the wood. There were no trenches, but simply small holes which each man had dug himself. We had posts of two to four men along the edge of the wood, while at a chateau some eight hundred yards to the right, a platoon.

Soon after one a. m., the Hun opened with a barrage. It was the worst I had ever heard, and sounded as though the end of the world was coming. What damage it did to the woods, the men knocked out, etc.,

can best be imagined, as his fire lasted about five hours. I was shaking like a leaf, with my head stuck into the bank. The place was choking with the smell of the bursting shell. I asked the captain just before day was breaking, if there had been gas used or not. He sniffed and said "no." "Then we had better get on the job," I remarked. "They are coming over." We just got on our feet, when sure enough, they were among us. Several men, about twenty feet away, were burned by their torches. They had come around the woods from all directions—everywhere you turned you heard their damned M. G.'s and bombs. They were yelling and making an awful noise, and it was surely terrifying.

There was nothing now but to fight—we knew that retreat was impossible, as the barrage was moved behind us, so the fight began. We were all over the woods in little groups and each had its forty or fifty Huns to look after. I had my two sergeants and with two other men, I took care of our left. I grabbed a rifle and bayonet, and we played the good game of bluff on them. It worked great. We would lie down, shooting what we could at the distance, when they came too close I would yell "Charge" and the five of us, yelling with all our might, would go into them. They never stopped once (once would have been enough). I didn't know how many were killed, but we did our bit. One of our men went after nine of them, and killed them all.

Things commenced to look helpless, in fact they did from the start. Nobody ever expected to come out and the best we hoped for was to be taken prisoners. I threw away all my papers and just kept fighting. We heard some shouting at the edge of the woods, then a number of Huns with their hands up—these were the first signs of hope, now we knew that he was quitting and pulling out. From the prisoners, we learned that about 1,000 had come over. We were 160, and killed 250 of them and took about 20 prisoners. When we took stock, there were about fifty of us left. We de-

cided to pull out of the woods, and formed up with K Company on the track. It took considerable time to move the wounded out—we couldn't get them through the hole in the railroad bank, so we climbed over the top of the bank and took a chance. The platoon at the chateau was missing and we never found a trace of them, even later when the division went on to the Aisne. We hope the poor lads are prisoners.

Company K had a hard time of it also. They had fought well, killed their share and suffered equally with us during the shelling, especially when the barrage moved back to the track, they received hell.

The two companies now held the track, and we commenced to dig holes in the bank, as we knew the Huns would be mad for the beating up we had given them.

We spent about five hours getting things into shape. Everybody was dead to the world and very hungry, as we had had no breakfast and had lost what food we had.

I was on the left of the line, working on my funk hole, and not paying a great deal of attention to what was going on. The men near me I noticed had pulled out, but I didn't think anything of it. The next thing I knew was that the Huns had worked around each flank, had gotten behind us and now opened up with their M. G.'s, at about 200 yards. About this time, a party came over the track and jumped almost on top of me. They got my coat and I spent the next few moments running to the river with eight of them after me. I don't know how I got away, but I'm here. I ran pretty fast, and reached the river, wondering how in the world I was to cross. As I told you, there was only one bridge, but luck was with me. A shell had knocked a tree down, which lay across the river, and over this I stumbled and scrambled while the Hun had some fine target practice. While finding the way to the river, everybody I saw seemed to have a machine gun, they appeared to be in all directions and the bullets kept buzzing about my ears. However, I

was so exhausted by this time that I didn't care whether they hit me or not.

I now made my way back to the Villa Savoy, and here I spent a few hours doing what I could for the wounded, who, poor devils, were put in cellars, for in the street they were being killed or wounded by the shelling. The stretcher bearers were too tired to work any more, so a lieutenant and myself tried our hand at the work, which meant carrying the wounded up the road (under shell fire), of which I had my experience the night before. I lost some of my best men here, who were carrying the wounded. But this was hard work and I couldn't do any more, so I went back to Headquarters and reported.

Here I was told that my company had been ordered up at once, to reinforce the companies on the Vesle. They left the second line at one o'clock and came across the plateau under a terrific barrage. However, only one man was slightly wounded. I met them, and down we went through Villa Savoy and into the Vesle, where what was left of two companies (47 men) had taken up their position, after their retreat from the railroad tracks. Our men put new life into them and they began to reorganize their position.

In due time, darkness commenced to settle down, and with it came the Hun, with his light machine gun. He got around us until his fire came down from all sides, front and rear, while his guns were shooting at our rear, to make help impossible. We three captains got together and decided to get out and hold the heights and have the valley filled with gas—in other words, do what the Hun was doing. So out we went.

It took us about three hours, and about 1 a. m. we reported to the Battalion Commander as to the action we had taken. However, his orders were different, as it was the intention of the First Battalion to form behind our position on the Vesle, and to attack at day-break for the purpose of retrieving the lost position. We debated and decided that I would go back with Company A and take over the position. So out we

started. I didn't have much hopes of getting our position, but orders are orders.

We got as far as the Villa Savoy, when the Hun opened up on our flanks with his machine guns. I sent small parties out on the flanks and continued on. It was now about six hours since we fell back, and believe me, I was worried, as there was no way of telling whether or not the Hun had taken over our position. To make matters worse, when I counted noses, there were two platoons missing. There was no telling what had become of them. You can understand that it was hard to keep all the company together, as we went Indian file with about ten yards between men, and with the darkness, confusion and noise, it is quite easy to understand men getting lost.

The machine guns were sending a hail of bullets our way, and you could hear them hitting the trees overhead, but on we went. Then along the railroad bank, then into the woods, just back of the Vesle and our position. Now the machine gun fire was not only coming from both flanks, but from our front and rear. The woods seemed to be alive with them. I formed my outfit facing four ways, like a hollow square, determined to stick it out and make the best of what looked like a bad job.

We expected the Hun to attack at any time, but nothing doing except the M. G.'s and an occasional shell.

About three-thirty, our artillery opened fire, with the object of clearing the woods and country to our front, which we had lost the day before. Our front trench (at least the one facing to the front), was just 100 yards from the opposite bank of the Vesle. The shell would go overhead, hit the bank, and it was nervous work sitting there waiting to be shot. But our guns were doing wonderful work and I don't remember a single short shot. The barrage would go forward to the woods, play on it a while, and then come slowly back to the river, then on again.

In the meantime, we waited in vain for the rest of

our battalion, which was to form behind us, but it didn't come. However, our two missing platoons came in, which made us feel a great deal better. The barrage stopped at five o'clock, the hour for the attack, but no battalion. I didn't know what to do. I asked Whiting (Lieutenant Clinton Whiting later killed with the Lost Battalion), and he said to wait a while. I did, until 6:30, and made up my mind that I could do the job myself.

The Vesle had three crossings, they were not bridges, but some logs thrown across the river, which at this point was about thirty to forty feet across, ten feet deep and filled with barbed wire. I decided that about fifty men could do the work, that is, of recovering our lost position, or of clearing out the Boche, so that we could occupy it when the rest of the battalion came up.

About forty men crossed at the center crossing, formed for attack, while a squad with an automatic rifle crossed on each flank.

We had no sooner crossed the river, than the Hun opened fire with all he had. We soon found where he was, about two hundred yards away in front of the railroad, well hidden in the bushes. We got down and fixed bayonets, and commenced to go forward, a man here and a man there. The rest of the battalion commenced to arrive, and also to lose a good many men, for the Hun appeared to be nervous and was fir-high, which resulted in the men who were coming up being hit and suffering many casualties.

We kept going forward, while the party on the right was able to push well ahead unobserved, and getting on the Hun's flank, opened up a hot fire with their automatic rifle. We saw the Hun wavering, with a cry, we went into him with fixed bayonets, and he took to his heels, went over the railroad bank and ran down the track. The squad which had flanked him followed down. I joined this party. There were about forty Huns and we shot them like chickens—they pulled off to the right and the whole bunch tried to get into a

small opening at once. We were now within a hundred yards of them and opened up with our automatic rifles, leaving most of them piled up; at the same time, we rushed two machine guns, the gunner being unable to open fire, owing to their own men being in the way. We sent one of the crew back as a prisoner, the others are still there.

The minute the Hun got off the track, some M. G.'s down the track opened on us and it was our turn to run. How so many of us got away alive, I don't understand; however, two of our party were killed and three wounded. We then went back to the Vesle and on taking count, I found that it had cost us two killed and eighteen wounded, the only losses I had in Company A while in the Vesle.

The 308th Infantry were at Battle of Arras—The Vosges—Chateau-Thierry—The Vesle—The Aisne—Argonne Forest—Captured Grandpre—First at Sedan—beyond that it didn't do anything.

GEORGE U. HARVEY,
Captain 308th Infantry, U. S. A.

Company A was part of the Lost Battalion. The regiment received four Congressional Medals of Honor, 180 D. S. C.'s; Company A, 21 D. S. C.'s; lost approximately 650 men and 20 officers.



PRIVATE JOSEPH B. RIGLER

II.

THE NATIONAL ARMY AND OTHER TROOPS
STORIES OF THE 77TH, 38TH, 42ND, 26TH,
ENGINEERS, ETC.

SEVENTY-SEVENTH DIVISION

PRIVATE JOSEPH B. RIGLER

*Born in New York City. National Army September, 1917.
Overseas April, 1918. Dispatch runner. Seriously wounded.*

HIS OWN STORY

With the Seventy-seventh Division, I sailed on the *Justicia* for Liverpool, arriving on the 19th of April, 1918.

Shortly after, we crossed the Channel to Calais where we were welcomed, the night of our arrival, by an air raid.

Gee, but we were scared. I thought sure I'd die that night. All we were told to do for protection was to lie on our bellies. If a shell ever hit our tent, "Good bye, Buddy."

Next day we went down to the town to see what damage the attack had done. It sure was terrible to see the place in ruins and so many homes in flames.

We then started on a twenty mile hike and believe me that's no joke with a ninety-pound pack on your hump.

June found us in the Lorraine sector where we got a real taste of warfare.

Cannon roared day and night. Something told me I'd never come back.

I was in the band. That sounds nice and safe, doesn't it? Well, it was a different story here; the good, old band saw plenty of action. In Lorraine, all we did was play for funerals, nine and ten a day for the boys in the Rainbow Division. All these funerals were held under big air battles. Our lives were constantly in danger.

Presently, the boys were being killed and wounded

so fast that they decided men were needed more than music. So they took our instruments away, gave us guns instead, and put us into the fight.

With no experience at all, we just went into it. Boy, I sure was frightened. Like all the rest, however, I soon got over it. I was out to get the Hun.

They made us stretcher bearers. One grand job!

The Boche never did respect the Red Cross. If they saw you carrying a wounded man, they'd shoot a one-pound cannon at you. The skunks are no good.

I had to carry in many a bad case and I tell you it was heartbreaking. I've carried fellows in such pain that the sweat poured off them and I never heard one complain. So long as they were conscious, they'd be cracking jokes, or if they were suffering too much to talk, they'd lie still and smoke the cigarettes we always tried to have for them.

As a reward for good behavior, I was given one of the worst jobs in the army. Dispatch runner, delivering messages to the front line. I was the Colonel's private runner. I used to go up to the front every day with him. How I used to wish he'd take better care of himself. He was too brave for me, but I got used to it after a while.

One night, I had a very important message for Captain Eddie Grant, formerly of the New York Giants. That was the last time I saw him; he was killed later in the Argonne.

After crawling along, ducking shell, I finally reached him. A piece of shrapnel hit me, breaking my leg and putting a hole clean through.

My wound was so bad that the only thing that saved me from having my leg amputated was a transfusion of blood from another Buddy. Though I did my best, I never could find out who he was. Gee, I'd like to know his name so I could try to thank him.

While I was lying on the field, a gas shell dropped near me and I got a dose of mustard gas in my lungs that is still affecting me.

Dying for a drink, I lay out on the field two hours

before I was picked up. I stuck my head in the mud to try and get some water. Meanwhile shell were dropping all around me.

Finally the shelling stopped, someone heard my groans and soon a Ford came along. A fellow jumped out, told me to put my arms around his neck, and lifted me into his car. There were three other boys in that car, all raving mad.

When we reached the first field hospital, they jabbed me with a needle and I lay there till another ambulance took me to the field hospital. There I had the best thing in months, a real white bed, and my first warm bath since leaving home.

Next we went to the Chateau-Thierry field hospital. When I opened my eyes there were two Huns carrying my stretcher. I think if I'd had a hand grenade, I'd have thrown it at them.

For fourteen weeks I was in a hospital in Paris, and then went to Blois where my name was posted on the bulletin board to leave for Brest.

The day we boarded the ship for home, was the happiest day of my life. I was sea sick all the way back but that was a minor detail. When I passed the Statue of Liberty, I felt like hugging the old girl.



PRIVATE JOSEPH SISENWEIN

III.

THE NATIONAL ARMY AND OTHER TROOPS
STORIES OF THE 77TH, 38TH, 42ND, 26TH,
ENGINEERS, ETC.
SEVENTY-SEVENTH DIVISION

PRIVATE JOSEPH SISENWEIN

Co. C, 307th Infantry. Sent Camp Upton September, 1917. Assigned the 77th Division. Fought in Lorraine sector, Fismes, in the Meuse Argonne offensive. Was wounded in the Argonne.

HIS OWN STORY

Registration Day, June 5th, I answered the call to the colors.

Before long, I faced the medical board for examination. Out of about thirty that were examined, I was the first to be congratulated on passing physically and waiving exemption. On September 30th, off we went to Camp Upton.

Upon discarding my "civies," I donned the khaki and was placed with the infantry. Seven months of my training took place in this branch of the service. The training consisted mostly of bayonetting German dummies, hiking, exercising, bombing, target shooting, gas attack drilling, and infantry manouvering.

February 22nd, the "Camp Upton Boys," as we were known, paraded down Fifth Avenue. The crowds lining both sides of the avenue, were amazed to see men who were civilians only seven months previous, transformed into such an army. They marvelled to see raw material changed into snappy soldiers in so short a time. This parade was our "Farewell America," and the cheers of the crowds were the best encouragement that could have been given us.

Finally, on April 5th, 1918, at four a. m., we were ordered to empty the straw from our mattresses and pack up. We were all restless that day, awaiting the final command to pull out of camp.

About midnight, we received our emergency rations

of hash and hardtack. At two a. m., April 6th, the orders, "Attention, count off!" were given, and out from camp we hiked with full equipment. In addition, each soldier was given one hundred rounds of ammunition.

So began our Great Adventure.

We didn't know where we were going, and what's more, we didn't care a whoop. Continually, we sang, "We don't know where we're going, but we're on our way." Most of us thought our next stop would be Camp Merritt for ten days, but instead, we boarded the British transport *Justicia*; about five thousand troops were jammed in.

It may be of interest to note that the ship that brought us over was sunk on its way back to the States.

Toward dark of the same day we boarded her, the gigantic transport stole out of the North River without anyone on shore being aware of the fact. Many a soldier was so close to his home he could almost see the windows, but all last "Good byes" were denied us. We were kept well under cover until the transport was a good ways from sight of the Statue of Liberty.

For twenty-four hours, we sailed north along the Atlantic coast, till we reached Halifax. From the decks we could still see traces of the Halifax disaster.

Our convoy consisted of nine more transports, making the necessary balance of strength, and away we sailed to a strange land. Battleships, destroyers and cruisers were within sight most of the trip. We certainly felt secure with such wonderful naval protection.

Nothing unusual occurred on our voyage across the "big pond." Things were especially pleasant for me as I was made the captain's orderly. Of course we slept, drilled, and ate with our life preservers on. If one was caught without it, he was liable to a court martial. "Abandon ship" drill was held twice a day.

Two days before arriving, it snowed in the morning, later turned into hail, and by noon it was raining.

Still later the sun shone so brightly that in an hour, everything was dry. I've never seen such startling weather.

On my twenty-fourth birthday, April 19th, 1918, we arrived at Liverpool. We went through England rapidly, made a short stay at Dover, and then, one battalion at a time, we crossed the Channel in an old tub. We were all lucky to arrive safely as we missed three floating mines, and on the way back, the boat was hit by a mine and blown to pieces.

We reached Calais, April 21, 1918. We claim to be the first National Army Division to land in France.

At Calais, I had my first taste of war. We were at "rest camp," when our captain, John H. Prentice, now a major, D. S. C., gave us a speech about air raids. He said, in part, "Boys, it all depends upon the weather tonight. Personally, it looks as if we were booked for a raid tonight. Be prepared, for God's sake stay in your holes, and don't come out until the attack is over. You," pointing to me, "are on blanket detail. Should any soldier be wounded, carry him in a blanket to a place of safety."

As if the captain had been a mind reader, at nine p. m., while each squad was in its respective hole, I heard the buzzing of motors overhead. Suddenly the sky opened up and the Jerries dropped aerial bombs that shook the ground like an earthquake. French searchlights played across the sky, trying to spot the enemy planes, while anti-aircraft gunfire was opened toward the sky by French gunners. This tumult lasted about three hours, then eight planes, now out of ammunition, were forced to retire to their lines. Two were brought down by the accuracy of the French gunners. However, much property damage was done. Luckily, no casualties occurred as we were quite willing to stick to our holes, and the bombs fell about five hundred yards from our section.

For the rest of my life, I shall remember our warm reception, that first day in France.

At Calais, we turned in our American rifles for

British ones, we also received British gas masks and helmets. We soon learned the reason for this, we were to be attached to the B. E. F. (British Expeditionary Force).

Our tour of France then began. We left Calais and entered our forty hommes or eight chevaux cars, in other words, these cars were intended to accommodate forty men or eight horses. In the States we call them box or cattle cars; they move about as fast as a mule. As a rule, troop trains move very slowly. After twenty-four hours of shaking up in these cattle cars, we arrived at our destination and hiked ten kilometers to a village where we were billeted. Some of the men were billeted in stables after chasing the horses out, some in chicken houses, and others where pigs had been kept.

Now we were about forty kilometers behind the Belgian front. After three weeks intensive training with the B. E. F., we packed again for another hike and ride. This journey brought us to the Arras front. We were held there as reserves for the British, meanwhile keeping up our intensive training back of the lines. A company of Americans and three companies of British troops trained together as a battalion, under the instruction of a British major.

A three weeks' hike followed. We sang as we hiked over the dusty roads of France. Singing always seemed to make our packs lighter. We were known as the "Singing Division."

For military reasons, we never hiked through a town or city in the day time but always waited for dark. We passed more towns and villages than I have hair on my head. Our field kitchen went astray and was lost for a few days, along with our mess sergeant and the rest of the "greaseballs." We had to sponge on other companies for our "chow."

We were now ten kilometers from the Lorraine front. I picked up a circular, dropped from a Boche plane. "Good bye Rainbow Division; good luck," it said. "Hello, Seventy-seventh; we're ready for you."

On our way to the trenches we met the fighting Sixty-ninth. The road was pitch dark and it meant death to light a match. So a series of greetings were exchanged, such as, "Who's from Harlem?" "I'm from Brooklyn." "Any of you guys from Yorkville or the Bronx?" "Say, Buddy, don't forget you're from New York. Give 'em hell! We'll see you at the Marne, so long."

I will never forget June 20th, the first day in the front line trenches. I was put on post No 5 where I found two Americans and a Frenchman. I relieved the two Americans of the Forty-second Division, and they said, "Don't worry, Buddy, you're as safe here as you would be in Times Square."

I didn't know how truthful they were but anyhow, I was kind of shaky and nervous, but by the third day, I was over that. I had great confidence in my French comrade and that helped a lot. I grew so curious to get a peep at No Man's Land that I stuck my head over the trench. Click, Click, Click, whizzed the bullets over my head. The Frenchman excitedly warned me to keep my head down unless I was tired of carrying it around.

The three days in the trenches were quiet because of the heavy rain spell. But the fourth day was quiet and I had a hunch something was going to happen. I was then relieved and put in the second line trench.

I am now going to tell you of my experience in my first attack.

June 24th, I was on Gas Guard near my officers' dugout. In case of a gas attack, my orders were to ring the bell and also grind away on the Claxon or Siren. I was put on guard at two A. M. Half an hour later, I saw green and red flares shoot up from Fritzies' lines. That meant a gas attack and raid. All of a sudden the Fritzies let loose with high explosives and gas shell. I began to ring the bell and sound the Claxon. The alarm passed all along the line and to the rear. Everyone had his mask over his face, waiting for orders. Fritzies continued his shelling (5,000

shell), from two thirty-five A. M. till five-thirty A. M. My officer signaled for an artillery barrage so we traded them some of our special brand of Hell in return for what they were sending us.

Next thing we knew, the Prussian Guards were coming over at us. All our rifles and bombs were thrown into action against the tide of the advancing Prussians. Our front lines and Communication lines were smashed. Our telephone system was put out of commission. Still the Boches could not gain an inch. A large number of our men were killed, wounded, gassed, and shell shocked. Six of our men were burnt to a crisp by the liquid fire the Germans sent against us. We held our ground. Gradually, after eternities of agony, the attack weakened, then ceased completely. Instantly with new strength, we pushed our advantage. The Boche line wavered then retreated.

After the attack, a number of our men were detailed to bury the dead Prussians that were found near our lines.

All was quiet, following that attack, and on June 29th, another battalion relieved us and we went to Baccarat, fifteen kilos from the front to rest up and get a cootie scrub down.

On July 4th, our company and a company of French soldiers held a parade through the town of Baccarat in memoriam of those who had fallen on the field of battle.

After several days' rest, on July 8th, we returned to the support of the same front. Such propaganda as, "We will have dinner in Paris, July 14th," was thrown down from Hun airplanes. We were detailed to make dugouts, erect telephone wire system, and other minor details. Now and then we could find time to write a letter, and believe me, nothing was so welcome as a letter from home. Many a soldier would rather have missed his "chow" than stop reading his letter, because it was from the U. S. A.

By July 21st, we were holding the front line again. I was then a runner, delivering messages from the

front to the rear. The boys called me Joe the Rat Killer, because often I mistook a rat, the size of a cat, for a Boche, and opened fire.

I was also a pigeon carrier. That was very interesting. The pigeon's life was ranked higher than mine, as at all times the pigeon was to receive protection first. My duty was to carry six or eight birds in a gas proof basket on my trips to the front and if all other means of communication failed, the pigeons could be used as a last resort to deliver messages. Two of these birds would always be let loose at the same time, each carrying the same message, so that if one went astray, the other would reach the coop. The messages are in code and rolled like a capsule. This paper capsule is placed in a small tube that is attached to the inside of the bird's left leg. The pigeons are trained to reach headquarters from the front.

On July 30 I safely guided part of the 37th Division (Buckeye) to the Lorraine sector front, and then the Seventy-seventh withdrew, after doing its bit for forty-five days.

All kinds of rumors as to our next jump were on everybody's lips. The chaplain said we were going to "a place where we won't need any gas masks or helmets." Some of the boys bet two to one we were going to Italy; others surmised Russia.

A ten-kilometer hike, a twenty-four hour box-car ride, another short hike, and we camped in an open field. We waited three days for orders. The sealed orders came, and we hiked a short distance till we reached a road lined with lorries (French Ford trucks), driven by coolies. They certainly could travel. We sped in these lorries several hours before we noticed a sign on the road reading, "This way to Chateau-Thierry." We all knew our destination then and were ready for open warfare.

We stopped as support in the Belleau Wood. We helped bury the bodies of many Germans, Americans, and horses.

Belleau Wood was stagnant with dead.

On we moved toward the Vesle River. The Vesle sector was a slaughtering house. We advanced through heavy artillery and rear guard fire. We certainly had a hot time crossing the Vesle River. We crossed the river on a span of a sunken bridge that was struck by a G. I. C. (galvanized iron can).

Our regiment is given credit for capturing the city of Fismes.

After the capture of Fismes, we advanced in open order formation. Three days we advanced with a shovel in one hand and a rifle in the other. Do you know how the doughboy values his shovel? He will part with his hat, his rations, canteen, or even his souvenirs, but his shovel he cherishes only second to his life. It's his one great protection and he can't bear it out of his sight.

During our advance we would "dig in" at night and lie in those "funk" holes several hours while the German artillery was giving us Hell. At the end of the third day, a front line was established on the outskirts of a town held by the Boche. After consolidating our front line, we were taken out and placed in support. While in support I was detailed to carry ammunition and food to the front. On those dangerous missions I had to duck many a shell. Water was very scarce in that sector. I remember filling my canteen one time in a creek where dead Germans lay. To add to the horror the water was filled with dead flies. Everytime I took a mouthful of water, I would spit out the dead flies.

After several days in support, we were put in the front again. We gave the Jerries all we had, chasing them each day. While pursuing these Boche, we had to pass through their deadly artillery fire. German airplanes overhead spit a rain of bullets upon us from their machine guns. Also German machine guns had been placed upon the roofs of chateaux, and many a brave soldier was made a target.

September 10 we were relieved near the Aisne River by an Italian division. I was still unwounded, though

how I came through this last scrap is a miracle. I sure had a bunch of narrow escapes.

We piled into French lorries, driven by French chauffeurs, on September 17, and drove twenty-four hours through rain to billets at Le Chatlier. Here we remained for a two-day rest.

At one A. M. September 20, we were ordered to pack up, and without a change of underwear or socks for about five weeks, our thirty-mile hike to the Argonne began.

Before the Meuse-Argonne offensive opened up, we were given ninety replacements. Now the company was again at full war strength (255 men).

On September 26th, at two-thirty A. M. I heard the loudest noise any man has ever heard.

The Allied drive that ended the war was opened.

The sky turned red. Every gun that was on wheels, from French 75s to the great naval guns, just cut loose. The hills trembled; Hell-on-Earth opened up.

We dashed to the German support lines of the Argonne, and we were there on September 29th. We took over the front lines at Depot de Machines, October 3rd.

The front lines consisted of "funk" holes in the depths of the deadly Argonne Woods. It was midnight when my buddy and I entered our "funk hole" in the front line. The Germans were from seventy-five to a hundred yards away. After remaining all night in our hole, at six-fifteen A. M. October 4, my officer passed the word around for us to attack in a few minutes. With fixed bayonets my buddy and I went over the top at six-thirty A. M., acting as scouts.

Our artillery did not send over a barrage for fear of killing our own men who were so close to the Germans. Also they were afraid of hitting our men of the "Lost Battalion" who were surrounded. It was the mission of the scouts to break through the line of deadly German machine gun nests, and save the "Lost Battalion."

On this trip I carried my combat pack of "iron ra-

tions," and blanket, 220 rounds of ammunition, a bag of eight bombs slung over my shoulder, an overcoat, shovel, rifle with fixed bayonet, gas mask, helmet, and canteen of water.

The morning was hazy, with a fog in the distance. My advance was very slow, a step at a time. In fact I had to "swim" through the heavy shrubbery and bushes of thorns. We were warned to be careful of machine gunners placed in big trees. Each big tree I passed, I said to myself, "God be with me!"

In an hour I covered about a hundred and fifty yards. All was quiet, no Jerries in sight. I "smelled a rat" when my advance was halted by barbed wire. The other scouts, on the same line with me, and I took out our wire clippers and were about to cut the wire to let the following platoons through, when suddenly the enemy opened fire with machine guns.

The first to fall, hit in the knee, was Tom O'Rourke. I took the prone position, using a big stump for my head protection. The only thing for me to do was shoot for all I was worth. Meanwhile, the men back of me were on their bellies too. A battle royal was in progress. Every one of our rifles and machine guns was in action. We began to throw hand grenades, too. The Germans, only fifteen yards back of the barbed wire, threw their potato mashers (hand grenades) at us. When the bursts of fire from the German machine gun nests stopped, I could hear the excited German commands. The machine guns in front and on the right of me were quiet, but the one on the left was still in action.

Then at last I got mine.

My entire body was shaken by a bullet that penetrated the heel of my left foot. It felt as if someone drove a nail through and through my foot.

Sergeant Quevdo and Corporal Ivins dressed my wound while the bullets whizzed over our heads. I was ordered to crawl to the rear. I crawled one hundred yards, then lay two hours on the battlefield.

When I was finally placed on a stretcher, I left a big pool of blood behind.

While I was being carried to the first-aid station, a German sniper jumped out from behind a tree and opened fire with his automatic at the stretcher bearers and me.

Luckily, the bullets missed us and I arrived safely at the first aid station, smoking a cigarette.

At Base No. 18, I was operated on, forty hours after being wounded. Ten days later I was evacuated as a stretcher case to Base No. 24 at Limoges. When the Armistice was signed, I was still a bed patient, so was again evacuated as a stretcher case to Base No. 22 at Bordeaux. Following fifteen successive days of rain in Bordeaux, I was sent to the States as a crutch case.

After a month at Ellis Island, I was transferred to the Base Hospital at Camp Upton, my old home.

I am now convalescing, and expect to be discharged in time to wear my straw hat.

Thank God, this Summer's hat will be lighter than last year's "tin derby."

P. S.—The German who sniped me has "gone west" and is now "pushing up daisies." My stretcher bearers killed him.



PRIVATE GEORGE HART

IV

THE NATIONAL ARMY AND OTHER TROOPS

STORIES OF THE 77TH, 38TH, 42ND, 26TH
ENGINEERS, ETC.

PRIVATE GEORGE HART

Born in Ohio. Enlisted July 1, 1917. Assigned 83rd Engineers. Overseas July 8. Cantigny, Chateau-Thierry. Wounded at the Marne. Good work of 38th Division, the Pennsylvania National Guard. Appreciation of Salvation Army.

HIS OWN STORY

Ohio couldn't hold me when this country went into the war. I felt that it was my war, and that I just had to get in it and help do the job. The German had been making a big noise about what a fighter he was, and I wanted to find out if he was as good as he claimed to be.

I enlisted at Camp Sherman on July 1st, and on July 8th was on my way overseas. That's pretty close to a record for a quick get-away to France.

My regiment was the first of the engineers to land, and we had our work cut out for us before we were off the ship. We had come to France primarily to fight and yet, for a time, it seemed we might as well be at work on road building in the States.

But it came to us.

We were moved up to Cantigny to get the roads and bridges in shape, for our First Division was due to go in there and try their teeth on the Hun.

From there we slipped away and took the road to Chateau-Thierry, where our men were already fighting, though, of course, we did not know it at the time. The 7th Machine Gun Battalion of the 3rd Division (motorized) had rolled into Chateau-Thierry on the

afternoon of May 31st. For more than twenty-four hours, they had been pounding the roads; they had had no food in that time, yet they went immediately into action in the town, in support of the French Colonials. This unit was, so to speak, the ace of the machine gun outfits of our expeditionary force. Its gunners were sharpshooters with a machine gun, and the effect of their fire on the German troops was to slow down the advance at that point, and between our machine gunners and the French Colonials, the German failed to cross the river.

I did not see that fight, but was in the town while we were on duty in that sector. From members of the Machine Gun Battalion who were in the fight and survived it, I had the story of the fight.

The battle for the river crossing was fought to a finish in the town. The French troops were in the houses, on the roofs, and behind barricades. The Germans also had got well in, and had machine guns and some field pieces in action. Fresh troops were constantly coming up to add weight to the German thrust, while the French, and the boys of the Third, had to stick it out with what they had.

The town was on fire in places, adding to the heat of the day, and the black smoke afforded a screen, now to one side, and then to the other.

Under cover of machine gun and grenade barrages, the Germans charged in masses again and again. The guns ripped them to ribbons, but a few men, borne forward by the mass behind, would reach a house or barricade.

It would then be hand to hand. Houses were won and lost, won and lost. On roofs, in cellars, and through riddled dwellings the endless strife roared like a great conflagration. Men drilled through and through by machine gun or rifle bullets, fought on till they died, still fighting, from loss of blood.

Up from the South, the rest of the Third Division was pressing on toward the river. The dust hung in clouds above the roads over which they marched to

their first taste of battle. They sent word before them to their battalion in the town, that the Division was coming to their aid, "hell for leather."

"Hang on! Hang on!" was the battle cry of the gunners as they fought and died in Chateau-Thierry that day.

Other units of our army were also converging on Chateau-Thierry. The Second Division, composed of Marines and Regulars, had passed Meaux, where they left the camions, and marched toward the fight.

And we men of the Engineers were drawing near.

From noon of the first of June, until way into the night, troops were reporting and being sent to their places in the line. After midnight, the Engineers reached the headquarters of Colonel A. W. Catlin. We had a few hours of sleep, and then with the first light of day, set to work helping to improve the defensive positions, where the men of the Second Division had been told to "hold to the last."

Late in the afternoon of the second of June, I looked up from where I was working and saw the Huns coming.

From the woods, the ground sloped toward the American lines. There were patches of brush, and then well tilled wheat fields where the grain was already yellow.

The sun was glinting on the enemy's bayonets and dancing in spots of iridescent fire from a thousand points in his equipment.

The attack was made by two separate columns of troops whose movements were coördinated with that precision of movement in which the Prussian delights. The columns were deployed in platoon fronts.

French troops had been screening the American lines. Before the German advance, the French fell back in ragged and dispirited skirmish lines, whose futile fire the enemy ignored.

I lost for the moment all consciousness of danger, for I had become a spectator at a great motion picture.

"Gimme a light, Buddie," the voice of a young

Marine broke in on me, and brought me back to earth. My hands were trembling as I fumbled for a match. My mouth was dry, my lips cracked. I tried to wet them with my tongue, but the very spit within my mouth had vanished.

That is one of the strange things about this war business. I have thought a great deal about it since I came home, and could go back over times like this of which I write. The struggle between physical fear and spiritual courage that takes place in a man has queer reflections or reactions in his body.

I peered down our line at the fellows crouching in their shell holes. As I recall it now, it seems to me that they were figgety as they poised on the rim of their first big action.

The German attack was against a battalion of the Fifth Marines commanded by a Major, or Colonel, Wise. I forget his rank.

Our guns held their breath. The rifles seemed to be seeking courage to lift their puny voices.

I heard the veteran "non-coms" talking to the men. Their words came in staccato bursts.

"Pick your men! Fire low and slow! Keep cool!"

There was much swearing.

From our rear, came a sudden rising burst of sound. For all the world, it sounded like the grandstand at Belmont roaring:

"They're off!"

A squall of shrapnel burst above the German platoons.

The chatter of machine guns struck through the roar of the guns and the smash of the shell bursts. Rip! R-i-p! Brrrrr the rifles joined in the symphony.

Where platoons had been marching bravely, a solitary man or two stumbled about drunkenly. The ground was heaped with writhing bodies. The poppies whose bright red faces dotted the wheat were watered with the wine of life. Sour wine to be sure, since it came from German veins.

Three times the Huns tried it; then sought shelter

in the woods whence they had come forth so confidently.

There our guns followed them, combing the thickets with shrapnel and H. E., to glean the last survivor for the grim harvest.

How different had been the result from the charge of our men at Cantigny! Yet there, the Germans were in greater force and better positions than we were at Chateau-Thierry.

There was much joy among the Marines.

The services of the Engineers were no longer needed at that place. We moved under cover of the dark.

You may think I am overdoing it.

Here's a clipping which shows what the Germans thought of it. It is the report of a Hun Intelligence Officer and fell into the hands of our men. It is official.

"The 2nd American Division may be considered a very good division, perhaps even an assault division. The various attacks of the two regiments upon Belleau Wood, were executed with dash and intrepidity. The moral effect of our fire was not able to seriously check the advance of the infantry. The nerves of the Americans are not yet worn out."

"Belleau Wood"—I stand corrected, for I have written of it, as at Chateau-Thierry. The 7th Machine Gun Battalion was at Chateau-Thierry. It was at BelleauWood, the fighting of the Marines took place, and where the Engineers helped construct the defenses. We fellows have got in the habit of calling the whole muss Chateau-Thierry.

Things happened quickly after that; as well as before it; I may not get the exact sequence of events, but the dates are, I think, correct to the dot, for they were stamped in blood and not easily forgotten.

The Germans had struck at the French Army of General Gouraud on the high ground beyond Rheims. A disastrous defeat for the Hun was the result there. His luck had changed. The Yankees had brought their baseball jinx with them, and the German staff

had developed a glass arm. They put in a new pitcher, and his star ball was an attempt to straddle the Marne and flank our positions.

This eruption broke out between Chatillon and Dormans, two towns on the Marne.

The Third Division, bearing itself bravely in its first fighting, was in the line south of the Marne from Chateau-Thierry to Mézy, some eight kilometers eastward, where between Chatillon and Dormans, the spear head of the German advance was across the Marne.

To the south of Dormans, units of the splendid Pennsylvania Guard, the 28th Division, were well forward, with orders to stay where they were and hold the position at any cost.

Upon these untried and inexperienced National Guardsmen, burst just such a storm as the Fifth Regiment of Marines had faced at Belleau Wood.

There were not many of the Pennsylvania lads on the spot, and they lacked the balance in the ranks which the veterans and non-commissioned officers of long training in the Marines had given the Fifth.

But they had been sent to France to fight, and fight they did.

If the men of the 38th were not sharpshooters, they were nevertheless well trained in the use of the rifle, and very, very many of them had been hunters from boyhood. They were used to the open, eager to try their mettle against the Hun, and their position was not so unfavorable, except for the fact that it needed to be held by more men.

Here, too, I did not see the fight, but went over the ground afterward, when the Hun had been thrown back across the river.

In that fight by the Marne, the boys from Pennsylvania established the reputation of the National Guard.

The attack upon the Pennsylvania position was severe, sustained, and well supported by artillery, but it was met with torrents of rifle fire from the American

line, from the shell holes, fox holes, and brush, where the men had taken cover.

From that fight but a mere handful of men returned; they came with laurel, however, for they had really stemmed the German tide, which was turned into a definite retreat as soon as other forces of ours could advance.

It may have been the valor of inexperience the Keystone Division men displayed that day, but they certainly proved they could be relied upon in a desperate emergency to obey orders and die at their posts with the firmness of veterans.

The place where they fought was a shambles, even when I saw it.

It may seem that I have not written my own story, but of events of which I only know by hearsay.

I do it for the reason that in all I have heard since I came home of the fighting in the Chateau-Thierry salient, I have heard nor seen no mention of the part played by the gallant 38th Pennsylvania, and I want to do them justice.

As the Hun reeled back before the blows struck by the Second, Third, and 38th Divisions, and our men reached the Marne, the demand came to the engineers to bridge the river that the troops might cross to push their advantage.

Certainly of all the unhealthy jobs I know of, with the exception of testing parachutes, that of an army engineer, bridging a river in the face of the enemy's fire, takes the palm, gold star, and all the other trappings.

The north bank of the Marne was sown with machine guns, manned by desperate men. On the hills back of the river, German guns were in position and making splendid practice against us. Our own artillery was trying to silence the enemy guns, while our own machine guns challenged the foe across the water.

There I was wounded, and just managed to work my way back to the bank, where the Red Cross men got me and sent me back to the dressing station, from

whence I traveled on to the rear, through different hospitals, until I found myself back in the United States.

I had almost forgotten what is now perhaps the most important thing of all. The regular provision for looking out for us "over there" was supplemented by the work of various relief organizations. They all did good work so far as I could see, although some preached too much and practiced too little.

But the Salvation Army certainly were our friends from start to finish.

No matter how rotten the weather was when we came tramping back from the trenches, how late the night, they were there to cheer us with the sweet kindly faces of their women, the brave, hearty companionship of their men, who understood us. They could get beneath our skins and find out what ailed us.

The fire of the enemy never stopped them and never seemed to worry them. Where strong men shook like leaves in a storm, the girls smiled and passed out food to us.

The Army—I mean our fighting He Army can never begin to pay its debt to the Salvation Army. They made good with us over there, and it's up to us to make good with them over here.

The mothers and fathers, the wives and sisters and children of the boys who were in France can never give enough of money to the Salvation Army, enough of brotherly love to their fellow men to even approximately even the scales.

V

THE NATIONAL ARMY AND OTHER TROOPS
STORIES OF THE 77TH, 38TH, 42ND, 26TH,
ENGINEERS, ETC.

LIEUTENANT SYDNEY SCHOENFELD

Born in New York City, January 19, 1894. Resides in New York at 854 Hewitt Place. Rutgers College. Enlisted as a private in C. A. C. Overseas with 505th Engineers. Action on Toul front. Wounded Champagne front and sent to officers' school. Attached French 4th Army Staff as Intelligence Officer and commissioned Lieutenant. Croix de Guerre with palm for service at Hill 354. Wounded again and cited. Cited again on September 29.

HIS OWN STORY

I gave up finishing my college course to enlist as a private in the Coast Artillery on Decoration Day, 1917. The following December, I was sent overseas with the 505th Engineers. Having been made first sergeant of Company C of that regiment after arriving in France, with about 85 men, I went to the Toul front to lay concrete emplacements for our big naval guns.

We were making ready even then for the great St. Mihiel drive, which took place some months later, ahead of schedule time. On this work we were under fire all the time, losing many men and learning the serious side of war, for it is doubly serious to the Engineer.

I was transferred to intelligence work, and sent to the Champagne where I was wounded in the left leg by a machine gun bullet.

When I had made a full recovery I was sent to the officers' school at Langres, France, for a month and fifteen days, and then given a lieutenant's commission, and assigned to the 157th French Infantry Division, as an Intelligence Officer. This division was a part of the army of General Gouraud.

Here I received the Croix de Guerre with palm, for the following piece of work:

I was detailed to find out what troops were opposite us at Hill 354 in the Champagne sector, to the right of St. Menchould. Seven men of the Alpine Chasseurs were assigned me. While out, we encountered three machine guns and 17 Huns. Engaging them in combat with grenades, automatic rifles, and rifle grenades at short range, we at length carried the position under cover of our own grenade barrage.

Reaching the enemy first line trenches, we learned we had the 2nd infantry division of the German Army before us.

Three of us got back, by slipping from shell hole to shell hole. The men with me were also decorated.

After this I was again very active in intelligence work on the front, and while out on duty was wounded a second time, this time in the hip, by shrapnel. This brought me another citation that gave me a gold star.

After a little more than a month in the hospital, I was back with the French Army again. They had moved to the Marne along about August. We moved back quickly, however, to the Champagne front, and were there ready for the final drive.

I was sent out with 37 men to a town called Han, where in 1915, the French had lost about 15,000 men.

As our drive was to start the 28th, I had a couple of days for intelligence work.

At two in the morning of the 27th, we hit the enemy's front line trench wire entanglement.

As the detail tried to work its way through, they set some bells to tinkling, and this drew the fire of the enemy's wire machine gun, so we lost fifteen men of the detail right there.

When things had quieted down and our position was unknown to the Huns, I disposed my men in shell holes near the enemy's wire, and, alone, entered the front line trench through a gap in his wire, made by a shell.

I came, then, upon a dugout in which were several men. The door was open and a candle burning. There was a man on post. He was taking twenty-five feet

to complete his tour each time. I counted his steps three times till I had his beat by heart, and then, the third time when he came opposite me, I pulled my automatic and shoved it into the sentry's stomach. He was some surprised.

Taking his rifle and motioning him to keep quiet, I drove him down the trench and through the wire toward where my men were waiting.

Just as he was passing the last of the wire, the prisoner let out a yell. I killed him immediately, taking his coat and hat, and rejoining my men, we began to work back slowly toward our own trenches. The Huns were thoroughly aroused, throwing up flares and raking the ground with machine gun fire, but we got ahead.

Six more of the detail were killed on the way back, but the rest of us dropped over our parapet, and mighty glad we were to be back.

Through the coat and hat I had brought back, we learned that the troops opposed to us were Prussian Guards.

At 5:45 of the morning of the 28th, the French attack was launched with great success. On our first day, we cut into the Boche for a distance of six kilometers, though the enemy gave us gas in clouds and had the front covered with machine gun nests.

Two days later, I was taken before General Gouraud and decorated again for my work on the 27th.

I was with the French Army of Occupation when we went to Strassburg, and brought liberty to the lost province.

On January 25th, I was ordered home and very glad I am to be back in America again.

VI

THE NATIONAL ARMY AND OTHER TROOPS
STORIES OF THE 77TH, 38TH, 42ND, 26TH,
ENGINEERS, ETC.

PRIVATE LOUIS WEINBERG

*Born in New York City, May 1, 1889. With military police
of 77th Division.*

HIS OWN STORY

It is all too fresh and terrible yet, for me to care to put much of my experiences in France in writing.

If there is any one outfit that sees all the rough edges of war, it is the Military Police.

In the Vesle River fighting, I was on duty in Bazoches. That's the place where Al. Kauffman grabbed up a machine gun and running forward, placed it in an advantageous position from which to shoot up the Germans.

Some time after Al. had his gun in position the boys heard him coming back to the place where most of them were fighting. He was climbing along the roofs of the houses crying: "For God's sake give me some more ammunition!"

Fighting was going on right in the town.

You know what that means. The bloodiest kind of work there is. Bayonets and butts at close quarters, grenades, all the devilish things for killing men when they have tied right into each other. A fight like that doesn't give the stretcher bearers and the hospitals any work. It is kill or be killed.

The Germans, after their fashion, when their own men were fighting in a town with us, shelled the place, and a big H. E. struck the building where Kauffman was, killing him.

Our casualties at that place were sickening.

We had about 4,000 gas cases right there, while man after man went raving mad in that inferno.

It was a long time before the fighting there reached a state where we could bury our dead, and when we

did several of the men in our burial squad were killed by the explosion of bombs, the Germans had introduced into the bodies of the dead.

After that we made the German prisoners handle our dead. I had heard stories about that, but did not believe it till I saw it myself, but it's true. After that I'll believe the Huns did run their own dead through a garbage plant to get the oils and salts. They'd do anything.

At Fere en Tardenois, among the dead we found women dressed in German uniforms shackled to the machine guns. It was a common thing. I saw it many times. And chaining the men to the guns was done right along.

If a woman complained to her neighbors about the death of her people in the war, or made some remark that offended the German authorities, she was sent to the front and put in a man's uniform and chained to a gun, placed in an exposed position.

The same treatment was given male civilians and soldiers who were to be punished for some offense. Many Alsatian soldiers, forced into the German Army, died that way.

The Germans always had other guns trained on these penal guns, and the poor devils chained fast never had a chance for their lives.

These are the things you don't hear so much about any more, but they should be told and told again.

We were into the third town from Sedan right on the heels of the retreating foe. There I found a knot of town people with a young French woman struggling in their arms. In the road was a small child dead.

The woman was quite mad.

She was one of the victims of the Hun, and had destroyed with her own hands, the moment the Germans departed, the child in whose veins ran the hated blood.

Those cases too were common.

These are the things you people at home ought to hear about the war, whether you like to or not.

VII.

THE NATIONAL ARMY AND OTHER TROOPS

STORIES OF THE 77TH, 38TH, 42ND, 26TH,
ENGINEERS, ETC.

PRIVATE LARRY WOLFF

Overseas with the 319th Machine Gun Battalion, Company A. St. Mihiel and Argonne Forest. Wounded and gassed.

HIS OWN STORY

Within half an hour after the Sergeant's whistle, I was ready with my pack on my back, a sandwich in one hand, a cup of black unsweetened coffee in the other. Off I started from camp on a five mile hike to the waiting trains that were to take us to a ferry boat that brought us to the ship "Corsican" on which we sailed for the other side.

They gave us each a number and mine was No. 713, some unlucky number it was.

They put me down at the bottom of the ship in a stuffy compartment with five other fellows. There wasn't enough room to swing a cat by the tail. Think of fellows being bunked in such a stuffy hole, against the boiler room that threw off enough heat to make a fellow sweat as though he were in a Turkish bath, and not be permitted to go on deck until the ship reached Sandy Hook. The first thing I did after getting permission to go on deck, was to rush up and inhale as much fresh air as I could. It gave me new life with which to battle with the storms our ship encountered on this trip. We were among twenty ships and a convoy, and were on the submarine infested waters for eighteen days.

We arrived at Liverpool, staying there two nights. Then we were sent to a rest camp to remain two nights.

It gave us time to wash up and put away a real chowie mess in jig time.

There we had our first glimpse of the Hun.

One was working on a coal pile and he gave us a sneering laugh that made our blood boil and put fight into our eyes. We were at this place only one night, when we received orders to leave at twelve the next day. We left the camp, marched until we came to the Liverpool station, and entrained for a dock at Southampton where we boarded a boat that took us across the Channel.

When we marched through the streets in France the people threw kisses at us. We certainly enjoyed these manifestations, but the moment word came we were to get some chow, you should have seen the way we braced up. Because you don't know what a fine dish corn willy or monkey meat with a few hard tack of the dog biscuit kind thrown in make for a fellow with a keen appetite.

I got so I could eat nails and railroad spikes without much trouble, and I didn't have to take any lacto peptine to aid my digestion either. All the way we had been meeting new troops that came from Lord knows where, and with the assistance of one of my Buddies we were able to attach a few bottles of cognac which we drank in place of water.

After getting acquainted with many rats and cooties that stayed at this place, we had to remain there a month. We were told after inspection by General Pershing that we were one of the best companies over there, and were expected to do our bit. You can imagine how we swelled up when the General praised our showing, and we never forgot those kind words.

We were all on edge because we received orders we were going to the trenches, and after marching fifteen miles we came within two miles of the lines. Then we marched in single line formation and knew that we were headed for the front lines.

The reason the single line formation was maintained near the front lines was because if a shell happened

along, instead of killing five men, it would only kill two.

As we drew nearer the lines a "Gi can" came threateningly near us. The explosion of this shell fairly lifted us off our feet. We continued to advance until we came to the front line trench, where we got our first glimpse of the battlefield. The roads were strewn with dead and wounded and the sights were awful for a person who had never seen this before. We put up our machine guns at some place whose name I do not remember, and then we got orders to place a harassing fire at the enemy's front line. We were working on shifts, four on, eight off. It sure was muddy and rainy all the time.

One day they picked me to give out the chow. We had two cans attached to a long pole slung from the shoulders of a couple of fellows. We walked for at least an hour, through barbed wire entanglements and shell holes, with bullets and shell all around us. It was no easy task for anyone without being a little shaky the first time.

When we reached the kitchen, we got some stuff called "slum." It reminded me of painters' paste. When it got to my stomach it danced the Salome.

We stayed there for a while until we went to another sector called St. Mihiel. Here we dug out machine gun emplacements right near the statue of Joan of Arc. We dug these emplacements the night before the big barrage started. That was September 12th. We dug in all that night. It was raining and the mud was slimy as a fish.

At midnight the following day, September 13th, we were posted at our gun positions, waiting for our orders to fire. In an hour, we spied an aeroplane overhead dropping red flares, which started the fireworks going.

The big guns soon sent their warning to Jerry's front line. From one-fifteen in the morning till six o'clock the following night, the guns fired steadily. Our aeroplanes were dropping bombs on Jerry's front

line trench. Bullets and shell slaughtered the Boches as they ran from their rat holes. We advanced so fast that it was hard to keep up with the infantry. Town after town, village after village we captured. Dead and wounded lay all over the roads.

In one town we took a warehouse of the Germans; in it we found bread, raw cabbage, and beer. "I'll tell the world" we sure did have some feast, and believe me, Buddy, we needed it.

We broke the wonderful salient of the Germans. Undoubtedly this was one of the telling blows of the great war.

After a few days' rest, we went to the Verdun sector. We got up there in little Ford cars; we were motorized. We arrived about six a. m. We must have shown fire, for as soon as we got off the machines, Jerry began sending "Gi cans," whizz bangs, etc. This kept up at least two hours.

Right here I had a little experience, and I can't see how I escaped being killed. For protection from the bursting shell, I ran under a bridge. Standing in water up to my knees, I was covered with mud, cold, and hungry. Jerry must have known we were under that bridge, I was standing in among a few fellows, when a shell hit a Buddy of mine and he fell into the stream. Yet I, who stood right beside him, escaped injury. I don't understand it, but those are the mysterious things that happen in war.

From the Verdun sector we worked our way into the Argonne Wood.

We crawled up a little trench, the snipers sending their bullets past our face and ears. However, we kept right on going; "carrying on," we call it Over There.

This trench was covered with German dead. The scenes here were too horrifying for me to describe. Even the sky seemed soaked with blood, it was so red from the bursting of the heavy shell.

Our objective was Hill No. 170. As we were creep-

ing along on our hands and knees, I got a little touch of gas, mustard gas I believe it was, as it burned me.

Soon after, I felt a stinging pain in my leg and knew that I was hit.

My Buddies carried me to the rear for treatment. I was put on a hospital train and sent to Base Hospital No. 47 at Boehm. I also contracted influenza and pneumonia and I sure thought I was going West. However, the treatment I received saved me. From October 17 to December 8, I lay there, then I was sent to Hyers in southern France to convalesce.

Every one treated me wonderfully, and I can never express how deeply I appreciated it. I sure do thank the Red Cross and I'll always remember the wonderful work of the Salvation Army lassies.

I stayed in southern France a month, and then went to Bordeaux where I received my sailing orders on January 4th. This day was also my birthday, and that sure was a wonderful present to receive.

Aboard the S. S. *Wilhelmina*, we docked at Hoboken, Sunday, January 20, at noon. The Red Cross and Salvation Army gave us cake and hot coffee.

I sure was happy to be back in God's country again, after going through such experiences. We walked through the streets to the cheering of the crowds.

At Camp Upton, on February 5th, I received my honorable discharge.

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SERGEANT MAX WICKER

VIII.

THE NATIONAL ARMY AND OTHER TROOPS
STORIES OF THE 77TH, 38TH, 42ND, 26TH,
ENGINEERS, ETC.

SERGEANT MAX WICKER

Born in New York City. Drafted September 17, 1917. Camp Upton. Boxing instructor. Overseas April, 1918, with 307th Infantry. Service with B. E. F., Flanders, A. E. F., Alsace, Chateau-Thierry Salient, Vesle River.

HIS OWN STORY

September 17th, 1917, I was drafted into the service, and was sent to Camp Upton where I stayed six months. I acted as boxing instructor, and therefore was promoted to sergeant.

I was one of the twenty-five men sent out of this camp to obtain subscriptions for the Second Liberty Loan. We were successful enough to get \$1,250,000 worth.

On April 16th, 1918, we left on the Lapland for overseas. We took thirteen days to get across. On the ship we were told that we were being fed rabbits, but I discovered it was not rabbits we were eating, but sea gulls.

One night, the captain and I approached a man doing guard duty who was studying the sea through his glasses. "What are you looking for?" I asked him.

"Submarines, sir," he answered.

"How do you expect to see a sub on such a foggy night as this?"

"I thought maybe it would have lights on, sir," was his reply.

We finally docked at Liverpool, the boys feeling homesick already. Then we went to Calais, France. Crossing the English Channel was one of the worst things we experienced; it was worse than the ocean.

Then we started for rest camp. That sounded fine; we thought we were in for a good night's sleep. But we soon learned our mistake. We were billeted in

tents, about twenty-five to a tent, and the first night we had a glimpse of war. Some Hun aeroplanes swooped down and dropped bombs between the tents.

"So this is rest camp!" hollered some of the boys.

"Rest camp," answered others, "hell!"

We spent three restless nights there and were mighty glad to get away. With visions of a comfortable pullman, we hiked for the train.

Suddenly, about twenty-five of us found ourselves stuck in a box car with a lot of cows. We couldn't decide which was most uncomfortable, the cows or us.

That ride lasted four days. Some of the boys aged ten years in those four days.

When we were dumped out, some thought it would be fun to take one of the cows, but most of us objected because we had eaten so much bully beef we never wanted to see a cow again.

Without washing or cleaning up a bit, we started on a hike to a Flanders rest camp. After covering fifteen miles, we reached the camp where we remained a few days.

Then we hiked for the Flanders front. On the way we fell out for about ten minutes. We were ordered not to drink from our canteens as water was very scarce. We were told that any man that touched water out of his canteen would be court martialed. Not long after, I noticed Private Panafillio drinking out of a canteen. As he was sitting right beside me, I balled him out. But he flatly denied that he was disobeying orders, and kept laughing. Finally I discovered the joke. It was my canteen he had been drinking out of.

After we hit the reserve in the Flanders front, we were trained by the British in modern warfare. Here we got an idea of what civilization had come to. Every town from there on that we passed had been bombed by aeroplanes and cannon since 1914.

All the officers had to go to the Flanders front for observation for a few days. While there I saw things I can never forget.

A little Canadian was pumping a machine gun over the German lines, he was always cracking jokes, never serious. Suddenly a whizz bang hit the trench, burying us all. When we scrambled out of the dirt and debris, we found the little Canadian that had been laughing a minute before with half his skull torn off. He was still conscious.

"Say, Buddy," he whispered to his pal, "do you think I'll ever see my mother again?"

"Sure thing," his pal answered. "You're going home on a furlough now."

Next we were moved to the American sector in Alsace-Lorraine. When we finally hit the front lines, we got plenty of gas which killed a few of the boys.

While on a patrol with a lieutenant, a sergeant and three privates about three-thirty one morning, the German sentries sighted us. All of a sudden, hell opened up all around us. It was a box barrage.

"My God!" cried the lieutenant. "They've got us."

To add to all this excitement, a fellow hollered, "Gas," and we had to put on our gas masks and run about a hundred yards to our trench. Luckily, the barrage lifted and we came through all right, except for our clothes that were ripped to shreds.

About two-thirty another morning, the Germans came over and raided the 307th Infantry with liquid fire. One of my pals was burned to death; two other boys who witnessed this attack are maniacs for life. Now that it's all over, I marvel not so much that I was not wounded as that I came back sane. As it is, I know that the things I saw over there will haunt me all my life.

There are more rumors around a camp than in a small town. We heard at different times that we were going to Italy, Honolulu, and Russia, all over the world in fact. Finally, our colonel announced that before the end of the week we were to see some heavy action.

The following morning, there were over a thousand motor cars, driven by Chinamen, waiting for us.

Jammed into these cars, we rode for many agonizing hours before we hit Belleau Wood.

All the frightfulness of war seemed concentrated here. Thousands of baskets of German ammunition were strung through the woods, left behind in their retreat. Everywhere you looked you saw dead bodies. It was a common sight to see boys buried with their feet sticking out of the ground.

When we got our tents up it was so dark I couldn't see my hand before me. I went into my tent and called to the Buddy who was to share it with me. He didn't answer, but while I was feeling around in the dark, I suddenly touched a human arm. Of course I thought it was my Buddy. I was worried because he didn't answer, so in order to see what was the matter with him, I did something forbidden. I lighted a match.

There between two trees sat a Boche, his gun pointing straight at me. For a second I was absolutely paralyzed with terror. It looked as if I hadn't a chance. Then all at once I saw that his wide open eyes were glazed, and knew that he was dead.

However, though a dead Boche is a good Boche, I didn't quite care for him as a bedfellow. So, out went the match, I grabbed my stuff, and out went Max, too, to bunk with some other fellows for that night.

Next morning one of the fellows tried to get the gun out of the German's hand, but could not move it. He had to cut the whole arm off.

From Belleau Wood we went to a town near the Vesle River and there the fireworks started. Our orders were to go straight ahead regardless of the cost.

I was gassed slightly but was able to keep on. But in the next barrage, a shell burst within a few feet of me and knocked me out for twenty-four hours.

I was taken to the first aid station at Chateau-Thierry. After recuperating, I was attached to the hospital as boxing instructor and physical director.

Eventually, the doctors decided to send me home so I sailed on the Leviathan, landing in the blessed old U. S. A. on February 11th.

IX.

THE NATIONAL ARMY AND OTHER TROOPS
STORIES OF THE 77TH, 38TH, 42ND, 26TH,
ENGINEERS, ETC.

CORPORAL ALAN V. STREAT

Of New York, March 26, 1917. Enlisted in 7th N. Y. Trained Wadsworth. Overseas May, 1917. Service in Flanders and Picardy. Battle of Knoll and other engagements.

HIS OWN STORY

I enlisted in the U. S. Army on March 26th, 1917, in the old Seventh Regiment. For eight months at Camp Wadsworth I trained for overseas under English, French and American officers.

On May 10th we sailed for France on the *Antigone*, an old German freighter. The trip across was not exciting. Once, we had a submarine scare, which was a scare and nothing else for the sub proved to be a keg. We knocked it to pieces in about five minutes.

Finally after fourteen days we sighted Brest where the *Antigone* lay for one day, and then we landed, the 25th of May.

We immediately went to a rest camp about five miles out of Brest, and the next morning hiked back to Brest and entrained in side-door pullmans. We detrained at Noilles, and from there went to Morlay, where we took up intensive training under British officers. We hiked all over the country after that, and in the beginning of August, landed at Steenvoorde, in Flanders. At that time, I was attached to Battalion Headquarters, Second Battalion, 102nd Regiment.

One day another fellow and myself were detailed to carry some important papers from Steenvoorde to Abeele, where regimental headquarters were located. We were both on horseback. While passing through the main part of the town, two shell landed some 200

yards away, just off the road. We decided to wait a few minutes and try to time the shell. We waited about ten minutes, then as no more shell came, we again mounted and started at a brisk trot. Just as we were passing the main square, two more shell landed directly in front of us, demolishing two houses, and throwing my companion off his horse. I stopped immediately to see if he had been hit, and found him O. K. We remounted and galloped on to headquarters.

Another funny coincidence happened, while we were galloping down the road. We passed a fellow, lying in the middle of the road and over his head an English Kitchen Dixie (a kettle to boil things in) which he was evidently using for protection. I yelled at him, as we passed, telling him to follow us back to camp. He arrived soon after we did, scared, but none the worse for his experience.

On August 10th, we went into the front lines, in front of Mt. Kemel, in the Scherpenberg sector, where we were put to stem Prince Ruprecht's army of Huns. They had been massed there preparatory to a drive to the sea to get Calais.

The third night in the lines, proved to be the most exciting we had in that sector. About three o'clock in the morning, both our side and the enemy's started strafing each other. It was there that we had our first death, as our artillery fire fell short. We were, therefore, getting it from both sides. I was standing in a corner of the trench, when a small shell, probably a whizz-bang, exploded about ten feet away from me, a piece of it piercing the back of the head of a fellow, another piece piercing the man next to me in the hip.

Probably the fact that I was standing partly covered by the corner of the trench, saved me from getting a piece of the shell.

After a ten-day stay in that sector, we went back into the reserve, another regiment of the Division came up to take our place.

After being out three days, I was sent to a hospital with internal trouble. I remained at the hospital for about three weeks, and then rejoined my regiment at a town called Beauquesne.

On September 26th, we entrained for Guilla-court, where we arrived the next day. That night we hiked up in front of the Hindenburg line, and on the morning of the 29th, we went "over the top," engaging in, perhaps one of the biggest battles of the war, known as the "Battle of the Knoll." This was located in a sector between Cambrai and St. Quentin, where a canal ran through a tunnel. This canal had been drained and made into dugouts, each of which had about five or six entrances, causing a lot of trouble for us in the matter of capturing Germans, because, as we would go into one entrance, they would retreat at the other side. However, we gained our objectives, and the next morning the famous Australians completed our job, so for the time being, we went back to our reserve.

When we arrived at the rear, I was again sent up to the front, with a detail of four men, on a burial party.

This party was under charge of Father Kelly, the Division chaplain, who deserves all the credit possible, for his wonderful work throughout the war.

We buried approximately one thousand American dead, the result of the "Battle of the Knoll," but there were three times as many dead Germans. We did not bury the Germans, but just covered them up. The Americans were buried in the best way possible. We wrapped them in burlap, and put them four feet deep down in the ground, and placed a wooden cross over the grave. Where possible, small cemeteries were kept.

I rejoined my outfit on October 23rd at St. Souplet, where they had been relieved by a British division. We then went back for our much needed rest.

Then we proceeded to Blangy. We were located in that town when the armistice was signed. We were

due to go into action on November 15th, but as the armistice had been signed, we entrained for Tuffe, where we arrived the day before Thanksgiving.

On January 1st, I was detaied to Division Headquarters and was attached to the Division show. The name of this show was, "Let's Beat It."

Well, to make it short, we reached the "States" on March 4th, on board the Leviathan and I was honorably discharged on April 14th.

X.

THE NATIONAL ARMY AND OTHER TROOPS

STORIES OF THE 77TH, 38TH, 42ND, 26TH,
ENGINEERS, ETC.

SERGEANT SIDNEY ETTINGER

Born in New York, August 7, 1888, and lives at 29 West 117th Street, New York. National Army, 307th Infantry, 77th Division. Served with the Division in France.

HIS OWN STORY

Now I am not going to tell you much about myself. I did not do anything remarkable and I think my experiences were about those of any other young fellow in the Division.

But I saw many things that thrilled me then and do yet, many things that made me sad then and still fill my heart with pain, for the often gallant and useless sacrifice of life, for of course there were mistakes made now and again, times when the Hun outguessed us, though never a time when he outfought us, I'll tell the world that.

There was the time for instance when Captain Blandon Barrett was killed in the Vesle sector. He went over the top in a daylight raid with sixty men and none of them came back to us. The captain and some forty of the men were killed, while the rest were taken prisoners. We had nothing to show for that day's work except a bloody memory and a score to settle with the Hun. We settled it, too, I'll say we did. Settled it in his own blood at the rate of more than a life for a life, but it didn't give our comrades back, and apparently the Hun has learned nothing.

We saw some stiff fighting on the Verdun front and as we were carrying on, under heavy shell fire, I was struck in the arm, leg and shoulder by shrapnel and gun shot.

The same shell that got me got my buddie and they picked him up with a sponge, poor devil.

Patrol work was the lively stuff. We'd work right into the German lines, particularly after the fighting was in the open, then we used to filter in through his front and hang around till we'd manage to kill a sentinel, strip him of his clothes and stuff, when we would work back to our lines, if we could.

That is the best way to get information about what is going on in front of you.

I wish you could have seen the boys of the Seventy-seventh go into action, as I saw them go, smiling and chaffing each other, rolling their own and lighting them, never showing any fear and yet knowing all the time what confronted them.

They were fine, too, at the Meuse. We had to come down the steep slope of a small knoll to get to the water where the engineers were working like mad under frightful fire to throw a bridge across.

Up to their necks in water they were fighting with the current and heavy, awkward boats while machine guns, rifles and shrapnel were beating the water to foam about them.

They got the things across, too, and out we went on them in the teeth of that fire, officers ahead.

But the Boche practice was too good, they cut the bridge in two and drove the men back from the water.

It is no joke being spilled into a river with a sixty-pound pack on your back and 220 rounds stowed away on your person, to say nothing of a miscellaneous collection of souvenirs for your girl and friends back on Broadway.

But I said I was going to tell you about the boys and I am. There was a fellow by the name of "Fly" Gilbert who belonged to the Headquarters Company of the Regiment. He is Benny Leonard's brother, I think. At any rate some relation.

The Huns raided us one day and after their fashion used liquid fire and all they had. One of our fellows was badly burned and fell out between the lines. This

chap Gilbert went after him and brought him back to us, though he was badly wounded in the act.

He was cited for that and he earned it.

There was another boss chap with us and that was Eddie Grant. Grant was some soldier and a mighty good captain. We certainly loved him. There was much real sorrow when he "went west."

BROOKLYN BOY CITED

American Expeditionary Forces, July 24th, 1918.

From Assistant Division Adjutant Forty-second Division to Sergeant Wm. Maloney, Company E., 165th Infantry.

I am directed by the Division Commander to inform you that your conduct on the occasion of July 18th, 1918, in subsector Taupiniere, Champagne, when with three of your men you did voluntarily take up a position, where you knew that the enemy was present in force and you were in danger of being surrounded and you covered the withdrawal of your platoon to their position, during which time you saw about sixty of the enemy advancing toward your platoon's position, and immediately carried back this information to your platoon commander, has been brought to his personal attention, and he considers your performance of duty on this occasion worthy of his highest commendation.

He regards your action in the face of the enemy, gallant and an example to your comrades in arms, and characteristic of that splendid standard upon which the traditions of our military establishment are founded.

(Signed) JAMES C. THOMAS,
Captain and Adjutant General.

Tom Maloney lived in Brooklyn, brother of Patrolman Michael E. Maloney, and employed by the Bush Terminal Company.—*Editor.*

XI.

THE NATIONAL ARMY AND OTHER TROOPS
EIGHTY-SECOND DIVISION

SERGEANT VICTOR VIGORITO

Better known as "Johnny Victor." Born and lives in Brooklyn, and well known in sporting circles as a boxer. Trained at Gordon, and assigned 1st Battalion, 325th Infantry, 82nd N. A. Division in which were about 5,000 Brooklyn boys. Toul sector, St. Mihiel, Norroy, St. Juvin, Argonne Forest. Divisional citation for "great bravery and devotion," October 15, 1918. Wounded.

HIS OWN STORY

Like the rest of the boys, I went in as a private, but what I had learned in the ring soon brought me promotion, so at Camp Gordon I was made first a corporal, then a sergeant, and became bayonet and boxing instructor.

Presently, I was assigned to the First Battalion of the 325th Infantry, a part of the Eighty-second Division, commanded by Major General Duncan. A good soldier I'd say he was.

The Eighty-second was practically a Brooklyn Division for it had on its rolls the names of fully 5,000 Brooklyn boys, and let me tell you they made good over there. In addition to the 5,000 from Brooklyn, the rest of Greater New York contributed about 3,500 more to us. The balance of the Division was southern.

Of military life, practically none of us knew anything, although most of the southern boys knew how to use a gun, while the city boys could use their "dukes." A pretty good combination, I'd say.

We followed the Seventy-seventh Division to France, crossing even before the Twenty-seventh. We were proud of our work that had enabled us to be sent to France so quickly, and prouder still when we became the sixth American Division that was trusted to go it "on its own" organization.

In April we crossed the "pond," and we landed in England where the 325th Infantry, my regiment, had the honor of parading and being reviewed by King George, who struck us as a jolly little sport.

We wasted no time in England, but hurried right on to France to take up the job we had come for. On arriving in France, we turned in our American rifles and were issued English rifles, gas masks, and some other odds and ends of equipment, necessary for troops who were to be a part of the British Expeditionary Force.

Having familiarized ourselves with the new guns and masks, we moved up to the Somme front near Abbeville, for our first smell of German powder.

We were soon in the fight, not as a division; but companies and battalions went into the line with British troops who were badly shaken after the great German drive in March. The fighting here was very fierce, and tried the spirit of the new troops thoroughly, for the Germans were swollen with the pride of victory and sacrificed men regardless. The first severe casualties came to us when some of the 326 were set repairing broken wire entanglements under a heavy German shell and machine gun fire. The men did the job, though they were butchered while doing it. Our hearts were filled with bitterness, for we had seen our own brave dead, and had no real chance to settle scores with the Hun.

In that experience is the key to the small number of prisoners reported taken by the Division. Officers and men, less than a thousand prisoners were taken by the Division. We went into battle after this experience on the British front, with the maxim, "the only good German, is a dead one."

The Hun had made the big mistake of bleeding us too much in our first fight. He had thought, perhaps, to discourage us and break our nerve, instead he had us hot for revenge.

June 15th, we moved to the Toul sector, and only eleven days later we were sent in to relieve the Twenty-sixth Division, the Yankees, who had seen hard

fighting in the Chateau-Thierry sector and were in sore need of rest and replacements.

War now came to us with a vengeance. We had a long stretch of front to hold by ourselves. The enemy was active and aggressive, and we were there to punish him.

Patrol work gave us a great opportunity.

The southern boys certainly showed up like stars in this work, and by sending city men with them, the whole gang soon learned how to creep out in the dark and stalk a German patrol or listening post. It got so finally, that our men would slip out on their own hook, stalk a German, kill him with a trench knife, and bring his helmet or cap for a trophy. Oh, boy! It was some sport.

Trench raids were our meat, too. You know how they go. The artillery sneak up a bunch of guns and get them all registered on a few hundred yards of German trench. The men who are to make the raid are given plenty of opportunity to look over the ground so they'll know it in the dark. Zero hour comes along.

Whoop! A box barrage comes down on Mr. Hun, cuts him off from retreat, and prevents reinforcements from getting up.

The raiding party nurses its bombs and grenades in eager hands, makes sure the knives are loose and ready to hand, and then springs over the top; stumbles along toward the German line, rips its clothing to pieces on the wire, cut by the shelling, loses a few men in the crossing,—to whet its appetite for the slaughter,—takes a deep breath, and springs into the enemy's first line, stinking of fresh spilled blood, greasy with the flesh spewed all over by the shell.

A German officer comes running along. An automatic sticks out a tongue of pinkish yellow fire and acrid gas. The Hun crumples.

Some one is crying: "Kamerad! Kamerad!" The fellow does not show himself, and we are just naturally suspicious. They give him a grenade and he stops

his bleating. Meanwhile parties of Huns have been cornered in the dugouts. The officers look the dugouts over and figure out how many men will be in them and then:

"Four."

"Six." Or some such number is spoken quietly. A sergeant steps forward and counts out the required number of pills (H. E. grenades). The men fall back the least bit, and the grenades are tossed into the dugouts.

The party runs right over one fellow who is hiding. An officer speaks up quickly.

"Don't give it to him! Take him back, a couple of you. We'll see what he knows."

A quick search follows for papers or anything that will give us valuable information.

Then back we go.

Going back it is lively, for the Huns have opened up on the ground we have to cross, and in the trenches to the right and left of the raided sector, the men are alert and throwing up flares.

We duck, dodge, creep, crawl, and finally get back.

A few of the boys have got it on the way back, but we have brought them along.

The Big Fellow up at G. H. Q. looks over the report and a smile lights up his grim old face.

"Pretty good stuff in the Eighty-second! Send them along with the First and Second! They can travel in fast company."

On the 9th of August, we are on the move, just in time to miss a big gas attack.

We go to Pont-a-Musson and relieve,—just think of it—the Eighty-second relieves the Second Division!

We spit on our hands and squared our shoulders then, I'll tell the country.

The Second had put the fear of the Americans into the hearts of the Hun, and it was comparatively quiet.

Then on the 12th, old John Joseph Pershing just says to the Eighty-second: "Go and get 'em. That's what you came for!"

I don't mean to say, he said that to us in person, but he said it all right in his orders,—only in military language, you know, all dressed up for the histories.

They told us, our officers did, before we went in, that this was the first time the Americans had gone it all alone. They told us we came over to win the war, and this was our chance. They told us, not to let the Huns get away from us, if we had to run our damned legs off.

In we went; and did what we were told to do; and then some. For five days and nights, we never stopped. Of course, the same men were not fighting all the time, but the Division was, and the relief any bunch got was only a few hours, then they would be at it again.

I'd like to describe that for you, but I can't seem to do it, yet, it is so confused, as though you had been in a glorified riot for five days and nights. You couldn't describe such a thing.

We took Norroy, and I'd say that was some fight. German aeroplanes flying around overhead firing at us with machine guns; the Huns in the town blazing away.

Well, we took the town. But we lost a bunch of guys there. Now and then, we took a few prisoners, but we had no time for any la-de-da business with the Huns. Mostly, they got the bayonet or grenade. We strewed the ground with them plenty,—I'd say we did.

Having done so well at St. Mihiel, G. H. Q. decided to give us a rest, so they sent us to the Argonne Forest. The rest consisted of relieving the Twenty-eighth Division, establishing a new position by taking a crossing of the Aisne near Appremont, and then pushing along with our battle line astride of the Aisne.

There was some great killing pulled off there, both by the Germans and ourselves. We sent several German divisions to the rear with the very life whaled out of them, while the numbers of our men were so re-

duced that two regiments must be united to make even one small one.

Each day our orders were the same.

"Push steadily on, regardless of the cost. Hold what you take, and keep up with the enemy."

The orders were obeyed, though our men fell by hundreds. The Division was being annihilated, but those of us who were left never thought of quitting; we were killing too many Huns each day to think much about what was happening to us.

It seemed we had been battling for years, when we reached a place called St. Juvin, which according to "Intelligence," the Boche was supposed to give up without an argument. Instead, he had dug in like a woodchuck, got the guns of half an army to support him, fresh troops to maul us, and allowed he'd have it out with the 82nd, once and for all.

We had to have the engineers bridge a river, we then crossed and formed under fire, then attacked our objective. The engineers got the bridge down, though it almost floated in their own blood. We got two companies and part of a third across, then the Huns gave us Hell. We lost about 280 officers and men in a few minutes. It was the worst piece of wholesale murder I saw in the whole war.

And no ground gained.

They figured out another way to try it again, and while still holding the first crossing, we moved down and got across at a ford, from where we fought our way through machine gun nests into a position where we could outflank the nests holding up the first crossing.

We had to take prisoners at that time, for they came so thick and fast we did not have time to kill them, and we needed all the information we could get, for we knew no more about the country than we did about Central Africa. I was wounded on the 15th.

Just what the boys went through in the final campaign can best be seen by the following laconic excerpts

from Colonel Whitman's story of the 325th Infantry, 82nd Division :

FIELD ORDERS

No. 23

Map: Buzancy 1/20000.

82nd Div. U. S.

10 Oct., 1918.

23 Hours.

"1. a) The enemy has been driven north of the line *Sommerance-Saint-Juvin-Grand-Pré*. *Saint-Juvin* is reported evacuated.

"b) The First Corps attacks at 7 hours, 11th October, 1918, on its present front.

"2. The 82nd Division attacks at 7 hours, 11th October. Direction of attack due North.

"a) Boundaries of attack:

Right, East : *Sommerance* (exclusive) *Sivry-les-Buzancy* (exclusive);

Left, West : *Marcq* (inclusive), *Saint-Juvin* (exclusive), *Verpel* (exclusive), *Thermorgues* (exclusive), *Harricourt* (inclusive).

"b) Objectives:

Intermediate objectives : *Imécourt-Champignuelles-Grand-Pré*. Halt of one half hour will be made on this line for the purpose of re-organization and movement forward of Artillery;

First objectives : *Sivry-les-Buzancy* (inclusive), *Verpel* (inclusive);

Divisions advance to the first objective independently and will be prepared to advance to the Corps objective at 13 hours;

Corps objective : *Sivry-les-Buzancy* (exclusive), *Thermorgues* (inclusive). On reaching this line exploitation will be carried out to the front and contact kept with the enemy.

"3. a) The 328th Infantry is temporarily attached to the 163rd Infantry Brigade and the 325th Infantry is temporarily attached to the 164th Infantry Brigade.

“b) Battalions that are to lead the attack in each Brigade will be moved north of the *Aire* river before daylight. Crossing will be covered by strong patrols.

“c) 163rd Brigade will attack between the West boundary of the Division and Meridian 98.5 and the 164th Brigade between the same Meridian and the East boundary of the Division.

“d) Battalions will be formed up for attack by 5 hours, on the North bank of the *Aire* river and on the line *Sommerance*-point 98.4-84.5.

“e) Tanks.—Five tanks will support the attack. The tanks will assemble, during the night, on the main road, 2 kilometers north of *Fléville*, and will move forward with the Infantry, deploying across the front of the Division as the Infantry moves forward. Should Infantry discover machine gun nests, officers will place a helmet on a rifle and with it indicate to the tank operator the direction of the machine gun.

“f) Artillery.—To keep harassing and interdiction fire in front of the advancing Infantry, and to fire on all towns and important cross roads and special targets. Artillery liaison officers with Infantry Commanders will keep Artillery Commanders constantly informed of the Infantry positions. One regiment of 75 m/m Field Artillery to be assigned by Artillery Brigade Commander will support the attack of each Infantry Brigade. One forward gun will accompany each front line Battalion. Artillery observers will move forward with the advance Infantry line for the purpose of directing fire of supporting batteries. All Artillery will open fire at “H” hour and will pass under the control of the Artillery Brigade Commander as soon as the action stabilizes. Full advantages will be taken of the open terrain for advancing by echelon of the supporting Artillery.

“4. Liaison : a) Strong Combat liaison will be maintained by Brigade Commanders with the 5th Corps on the right and the 77th Division on the left.

Liaison will be established and maintained between Brigades.

"b) Telephonic communication will be maintained down to advance Battalions.

"c) Axis of Liaison : *Fléville-Saint-Juvin-Saint-Georges-Imecourt-Buzancy*.

"5. P. C. 82nd Div., without change;
P. C. 163rd and 164th Brigades to advance with attack;
P. C. 157th F. A. Brigade *Montblainville*.

"G. B. DUNCAN,
"Major General U. S. A.
"Commanding.

"NOTE.—One battalion of each the 327th and 328th Infantry will be held by respective Brigade Commanders as Division Reserve. They will move forward with the attack under the direction of Brigade Commanders."

Observe that the orders say (a) "The enemy has been driven north of the line *Sommerance-Saint-Juvin-Grandpré*." As a matter of fact we know now that he was south of that line for we ran into him before the *Sommerance-Saint-Juvin* road was reached.

b) "*Saint-Juvin* is reported to be evacuated." Far from being evacuated it was a hot bed of German machine guns and was not taken until Oct. 14th. We received the hottest kind of fire from it all during Oct. 11-12-13 and part of the 14th.

c) "325th Infantry Eastern boundary Meridian, 99.3. Western boundary Corps Western boundary." This was obviously a typographical error, as the Corps western boundary was many kilometers away. The dividing line between Brigades was known to be 98.5 so it was evident that our sector was about one kilometer wide between 98.5 and 99.3. This left 500 meters from our left to the *Aire* river that should have been filled by the 163rd Brigade.

For some reason that Brigade did not cross the river and there were no troops in that gap until our own

Machine Gun Company and Company "F" were thrown in to fill it.

d) "Jumping Off place will be *Sommerance-Saint-Juvin* road." We pushed ahead fast to get to this road on time expecting it to be in the hands of friendly troops. Unfortunately the Boche beat us to it. He was entrenched along it.

e) "Tanks will support the attack." None appeared.

f) "To each Regimental Commander six 75,' are assigned, etc." None reported.

We were confronted with the problem of getting to the jump off at 5 a. m. The distance was about 4 kilometers by road. No fords had been found by our patrols; the leading battalions were widely dispersed over a front of two kilometers; the night was dark; no reconnaissance had been allowed for; time was short.

It was decided not to waste precious hours hunting for fords over an unknown river on a black night. There was a foot bridge of some kind under construction at *Fléville*. That was selected as the point of crossing. The 3rd Battalion which was at the Regimental P. C. was at once started. Rush orders were sent to the 2nd Battalion to assemble and follow. The 1st Battalion was in Brigade Reserve to follow at 3 kilometers. The Regimental Machine Gun Company accompanied the leading Battalion. The men worked their way through the dark forest and forded the river in single file, using the foot bridge as a guide only. Daylight found us still a kilometer and half from our position and it was evident that the *Sommerance* road could not be reached by 5 o'clock. By pushing ahead fast, however, it was hoped to make it by 6 a. m. and to jump off at 7.

It was intended to place the 3rd Battalion on the jump off; the 2nd battalion in support and the 1st in reserve, thus making 3 echelons. The column was urged to make haste and its head was approaching the jumping off place by 6 o'clock, when it was fired upon from its right and from direction of its line of march—

several men fell. Co. "M" was in the lead followed by Co. "I," and Co. "L." Co. "K," it will be remembered, had been detained in its original position.

As fire of snipers and Machine Guns now became hot, the men were thrown into the ditch on East side of the road. The Regimental and Battalion Commander worked forward to the *Sommerance* road to reconnoitre. A survey of the situation showed no friendly troops in sight. In front on a ridge and to the right on high ground, there were many snipers and machine guns. Artillery now opened on the road in which the Regiment lay. It was now 6:45. To get into position for the Corps advance at 7 hours it was absolutely necessary to deploy to the right front, inasmuch as the head of the column lay near the Meridian 98.5 and our sector extended one kilometer to the East to 99.3. No deployment could be made until the Boche was dislodged from our right flank. Rush orders were sent to the two rear companies "I" and "L" to break off to their right and send a skirmish line with its left near the main highway to sweep the ground of the enemy. This was successfully done. As the line passed the jump off road, Co. "M" joined and at 7:20 the Regiment moved forward,—20 minutes late. It was assumed that the Corps attack had started on time at 7 hours; so we pushed on to ridge 85.5. This ridge was heavily protected by enemy wire and had a sunken road along its top, that ran due West into *Saint-Juvin*. No troops were on our left. *Saint-Juvin* was full of Germans who raked our left flank. Our 37 m/m and Stokes could not keep up. No tanks appeared. No 75 m/m guns reported. No friendly barrage proceeded us.

One platoon of M. G. Co. was placed East of the main road to support advance of Co. "I." One platoon covered advance of Co. "M." One platoon used indirect fire over heads of our advancing troops. They moved forward with the assault battalions and lost heavily.

Liaison was established along 85.5 with the 327th

Infantry, but at 11 hours the C. O. of that Regiment notified our Regimental Commander that he was withdrawing about one kilometer. Meanwhile our 2nd Battalion which was following in support advanced toward *Sommerance* with Co. "E" in front followed by Co. "G." Co. "F" was thrown in to fill the gap between us and the 163rd Brigade. Co. "H" was detained in *Fléville* by the Brigade Commander for police work. The Battalion Commander sent word that the 327th was falling back through his line. This was reported to the Brigade Commander who directed me to hold the ridge at all costs and added that the 327th would be ordered forward again. The 3rd Battalion was found to be left in a salient with both flanks pounded by Machine Gun fire. Its losses were very heavy. The situation was serious. Call was made for the Reserve Battalion to come up. Co.s "B" and "C" arrived at 11:30 and were placed below the crest to resist any threatened counter attack. Co.'s "A" and "D" were sent by the Brigade Commander to reinforce the 327th. The Colonel of that Regiment dismissed them, saying he was withdrawing. They then came over to the 325th Headquarters and were then thrown in on the ridge.

Four enemy counter attacks were made during the day but none of them were in sufficient force to drive us back. Prompt response from our artillery was made to our call for a barrage. Our own artillery fire fell short in the attempt to break up these counter attacks. Our men, therefore, withdrew until the fire ceased when they advanced again to their positions. This occurred twice.

The hours of the Boche counter attacks are shown by record of following messages:

"11:45 to C. O. 3rd Bn.

"Have requested fire from our own artillery on ridge 85.5 be raised immediately. When our barrage lifts be prepared to take the ridge. It must not fall into the enemy's hands.

WHITMAN."

"1:45 to C. O. 3rd Bn.

"Barrage because of counter attack has been called for on ridge 85.5. Do not withdraw from ridge except to prevent barrage from falling on you. The enemy must not be allowed to hold the ridge.

WHITMAN."

"2:00 P. M. to C. O. 3rd Bn.

"At 2:30 our artillery fire will stop. After that the ridge must be reoccupied. The troops will advance no farther than that. They must dig in for the night. These orders are peremptory.

WHITMAN."

"17:10 C. O. 3rd Bn.

"No troops are to be withdrawn from the ridge without orders from me. The ridge will be held to the last. All company commanders have been notified.

WHITMAN."

Night found us as follows: The 1st and 3rd Battalions rather badly mixed, held the ridge 85.5, about one kilometer front. The 2nd Battalion was outpostting the right of the 164th Brigade line near *Sommerance*. Our patrol from this battalion found a gap of over one kilometer between the 82nd and 42nd Divisions. The latter was well to our right rear. No connection could be made with the 163rd Brigade, on our left, until after dark, when one battalion of the 326th crossed the river and filled the gap.

During the day the following officers were casualties:

KILLED

Capt. Chas. A. Fowler.

Capt. Parley B. Christensen.

Capt. Louis L. Battey.

Capt. Lamar V. McLeod.

1st Lieut. Farley W. Moody.

WOUNDED

Major Thomas L. Pierce.

Capt. F. M. Williams.

1st Lieut. R. H. Rives.

1st Lieut. Julian F. Livingstone.
1st Lieut. James A. MacFarland.
1st Lieut. Raymond R. Goehring.
2nd Lieut. John O'Brien.
2nd Lieut. William J. Ehmer.
2nd Lieut. John I. Guice.
2nd Lieut. Oliver M. Perry.
2nd Lieut. Henry M. Edwards.
2nd Lieut. Arthur H. Bormann.
2nd Lieut. Frank H. Taylor.

No doubt could remain in the mind of the most skeptical of the fighting qualities of the regiment. The men showed the greatest bravery in face of galling machine gun fire. The officers were totally regardless of their personal safety and led the men with utmost heroism.

The Regimental advanced dressing station was established where the first casualties occurred. There was no time to seek a safer place. Over 200 casualties were evacuated this day under direction of Major O. O. Feaster who with his assistants worked 20 hours under fire.

About 150 prisoners were taken, 20 machine guns were captured. During the night rations and water were run up by Capt. M. H. Patton, Operations Officer. In regard to the surprise fire from region of *Saint-Juvin* and from our right, it was recalled that the Division Field Order, No. 23, stated: "The enemy has been driven north of line *Sommerance, Saint-Juvin, Grand-Pré*," and "*Saint-Juvin* is reported to be evacuated." No resistance was therefore contemplated south of that line.

. Oct. 12th. After a miserable and cold night attended with much artillery and gas, dawn found the command well dug in on ridge 85.5. No further attack was ordered by the Corps. The enemy made no demonstration against us. Advantage of the lull was taken to reorganize into 3 echelons as follows:

Front line, 1st Battalion, ridge 85.5;

Support line, 3rd Battalion, *Sommerance* road;
Reserve line, 2nd Battalion, Brigade Reserve.

Co. "K" had been recalled from its former mission and rejoined its Battalion.

At 16:20 hours word was received that the 42nd Division which had relieved the 1st had at last reached *Sommerance*. This released our 2nd Battalion which was then placed in Reserve in rear of the *Sommerance* road.

In this connection it is worthy of note that the Corps Summary of Intelligence Oct. 11th, gave the enemy front line as 1,500 meters North of *Sommerance*. We found him on the *Sommerance* road well established, with snipers still further South of the road.

The Supply Company was ordered to run the kitchens up to *Fléville* and prepare hot food. Capt. J. B. Connally was put in charge of this work and thereafter kept the Command well supplied.

The 327th was now established on our right flank and the 326th on our left. German planes were very active on this day observing our lines.

A reconnaissance of the positions showed that in front of us there was a succession of ridges, between which small ravines ran west into the *Champignuelles* valley toward the *Aire* river. Each ridge was combed by German machine gun fire and the reverse slopes warmed up by his artillery. The men could not put their heads up without drawing a whirlwind of fire. It was plainly a case of calling for a heavy rolling barrage before an advance could be made.

One platoon of the M. G. Company, remained in the ravine near the cross roads and covered the troops on ridge 85.5. One platoon was pushed to the top of the ridge and supported the 1st Battalion.

Oct. 13th. No Corps attack. Our lines were arranged in combat groups. Ammunition and rations and water were brought up. Enemy planes were active. Our M. G. Company remained on ridge 85.5 and supported the 1st Battalion in its position there.

The Stokes and One Pounders were now up and

in position on the ridge. Except for moderate artillery fire from the enemy, nothing occurred until 16 hours at which time the Boche made an attack on our right and on the left of the 327th Infantry. He opened with very heavy artillery fire. This barrage rolled over the 2nd Battalion and covered the men with mud but by some miracle no one was killed. Our artillery in response to call, laid down an effective counter barrage which must have broken up the enemy as his infantry did not reach the crest. Our men reported that Germans could be seen throwing down their rifles and running back. The 325th Infantry reverted to the 163rd Brigade. We remained on ridge 85.5.

During the day, the following officer was a casualty:
WOUNDED: Major Thomas L. Pierce

Oct. 14th. Our lines remained unchanged. Capt. Castle succeeded to command of 1st Battalion. Capt. Melton succeeded to Command of 3rd Battalion. During the night Oct. 13/14 orders came for an advance of the 1st Army at 8:30 hours. *Saint-Juvin* had not been taken. This task was assigned to the 77th Div. The 1st Battalion, 326th Inf., on our left had not yet crossed the river, south of *Saint-Juvin*. It was ordered to do as soon as relieved by the 77th Division. The 77th did not pass 326th at *Marcq* until 10 a. m. Oct. 14th. The 328th was now on our right.

It appeared from the map that we were already slightly in front of the 1st Corps objective and consequently could not go over until 10 hours which was the time given to the units to leave that objective. Our 1st Battalion was in front, supported by the Stokes Mortars and 37 m/m. Our M. G. Company sent 6 guns to leading battalion and 4 to the support. The 3rd Battalion was in support at 1,200 meters. The 2nd Battalion was held in Division Reserve. Our artillery laid down a good barrage. The assault battalion followed it closely and gained 1½ kilometers, reaching the road *Saint-Juvin-Saint-Georges* and the crest immediately North thereof. Here it lost liaison

with the 328th on account of our regiment being further advanced. The support battalion moved on time and the reserve battalion (2nd) advanced through enemy artillery fire in line of combat groups as if on drill. It is to be noted that the Brigade order of the 164th Brigade said: "So far as known of plans of attack, the 164th Brigade will stand fast pending arrival abreast of it of the 42nd Division on its right." Notwithstanding this, the 163rd Brigade was ordered to plunge forward. Again the 325th found itself in a salient with no one on either flank. The position of the leading battalion of the 326th was given by its Major who was at 98.0-85.9 as being on road to our left. The story of this morning's operations is shown by following messages:

"10:30. 1st Battalion started over the top as per schedule. No information received from front line at this time but rear waves of supporting battalion can be seen from this position. About 40 prisoners have passed through our hands.

CASTLE."

"10:59. Reports show line advancing as per schedule. Prisoners are seen coming over the hill in large groups. Support battalion is now passing my P. C. I will move forward at once with my personnel except adjutant and establish new P. C. Everything looks roseate.

CASTLE."

"12:03. Have established new P. C. at 98.6-85.8 in ravine. Front line is being held up. Meeting stiff resistance from ridge north of *Saint-Juvin-Saint-Georges* road. 3rd Battalion is away behind and should be pushed forward to our first objective and make preparation to resist counter attack.

CASTLE."

At this juncture instruction was sent to the support battalion as follows:

"12:45 C. O. 3rd Battalion. Report positions of your companies. Castle is meeting resistance from

ridge North of *Saint-Juvin-Saint-Georges* road. Send forward to see if he needs support and put one company in if necessary.

WHITMAN."

He replied:

"C. O. 325th Infantry, 13:20. Co. "L" extends right of leading Battalion of 326th which is halted on *Saint-Juvin-Saint-Georges* road. Co. "L" is on the road from 98.1-98.4. Co. "K" from 98.4-99 on parallel 86.2. Co. "M" is 300 yards behind "L's" right. Co. "I" is 200 yards behind "K's" right. He pushed one platoon Co. "L" out 150 yards to cover the 1st Battalion left. The leading Battalion of 326th Inf., say they are ordered to hold this road. They are digging in on it. Our Regiment cannot go on without putting left flank in air.

PIERCE."

"14 hours, To C. O. 3rd Bn. Disregard distance of 1,200 meters from 1st Battalion. Take up position on ridge in rear of Castle. Dig in and hold to the last if attacked. Get in touch with 328th Inf., on your right at once.

WHITMAN."

Following came from the leading battalion of 326th showing it to be slightly behind our front line:

"From C. O. 3rd Bn. 326th Inf., To C. O. 325th Inf., 16:00.

"Occupy road to your left and am under heavy M. G. fire from *Saint-Juvin*, flank wholly unprotected. Will let you know of any change.

WATKINS."

From personal observation of the lines, Major Hawkins sent the following:

"1. Our 1st Battalion has passed beyond observation over ridge through parallel 86.8.

"2. Our 3rd Battalion has 2 companies on line of road from about 98.3-86.3 to about 98.9-86.6, and 2 companies in support on reverse slope about 400 meters south east.

"3. The 326th Infantry front line battalion has prolonged Major Pierce's line on the road leaving left of our 1st Battalion unprotected.

"4. This Battalion will move East of *Saint-Juvin* as directed after reconnaissance.

HAWKINS."

"14:30. To C. O. 1st Bn. Good work. Hold what you have. The 326th has been ordered to push forward to cover your left, and the 328th to cover your right. Do not go too far ahead of your flanks. Pierce will support you. Give me exact position of your lines. Do you need ammunition and if so at what point.

WHITMAN."

"15:45. To C. O. 325th. No change in dispositions since I wrote except that Company "B" 320th M. G. Battalion is placing guns in new support. Support Battalion 328th is on my immediate right. Everything standing still. I surmise waits on *Saint-Juvin* although "A" and "D" both wanted artillery on final objective awhile ago. Boche plane flying straight back and forth along our line, I think marking it for fire. None of our planes in sight.

PIERCE."

"15:50. To C. O. 1st Bn. The 326th has been ordered to push forward to protect your left. Artillery has been called for 500 yards North of your position. Is 328th as far advanced as you on your right. Am sending ammunition to your P. C. Hold what you have until your flanks are covered. Fine work.

WHITMAN."

Our Machine Gun Company followed 1st Battalion in its advance to the *Saint-Juvin-Saint-Georges* road and took position there firing all during the day.

The day ended with following messages:

"C. O. 3rd Battalion requests me to inform you that friendly artillery is holding 1st Battalion up at 98.6-86.5.

HAWKINS."

"15:07. 1. The 1st Battalion is still held up in same place as mentioned in message of 1:55 this date. "D" Company reports short of both kinds ammunition. Suggest details from Reserve Battalion be sent in sufficient numbers to carry 7,000 rounds each kind rifle and chauchat to each Company. Enemy planes have been driven off by our planes but not until they had done serious damage.

"2. "D" Company reports heavy losses. "B" Company is now in their front line. Request C. O. 3rd Battalion be instructed to place 2 companies in support of my front line on the *Saint-Juvin-Saint-Georges* road at once. I have instructed my companies to dig in for the night. Request artillery fire heavy barrage for 10 minutes at intervals of 50 minutes and harassing fire between times during entire night.

"3. 326th Infantry stopped on *Saint-Juvin-Saint-Georges* road and say they have instructions to go no further. Our flanks are held up and exposed. Our front line extends 98.2-86.5 to 99.2-86.9.

CASTLE."

Night fall found us well north of *Saint-Juvin-Saint-Georges* road and dug in utilizing shell holes for the combat groups. Men were tired and wet and cold. Casualties very heavy.

Two Stokes Mortars and 2 Pounders were placed near the *Saint-Juvin-Saint-Georges* road and were used against the Ravine *Aux-Pierres* and woods north thereof. Stokes fired 300 rounds. Pounders fired 850 rounds.

Rations and water were brought up at night but it was a difficult matter to get them distributed to the men. Details were sent to the cross roads for food but it was a slow process under shell fire. Many men had lost their raincoats and overcoats. A cold persistent rain reduced their spirits—the shell holes were deep in mud and water. It was a time that called for the best stuff in every officer and man.

Our positions had undoubtedly been thoroughly

studied by enemy planes during the day. Our front battalion was conspicuous on the ridge North of the main road; its flanks were unsupported. The position was an exposed one, facing a very strong position of the Boche.

During the day the following Officers were casualties:

KILLED.

1st Lieut. William P. Spratt.

1st Lieut. Norman A. Garrett.

2nd Lieut. George W. Huston.

WOUNDED.

Major Thomas L. Pierce.

1st Lieut. J. H. Thompson.

2nd Lieut. Everett Shepherd.

Oct. 15th. Daybreak came with a misty rain and orders to attack with the First Army line at 7:30 hours. The information given stated "The Krenmhilde Stellung has been breached by the 82nd Division." The 325th Inf., being as well advanced as any other unit in the Division, must be given its full share of credit in the breaking of this famous line.

The barrage was scheduled to start at 7:25 at a point 300 meters in front of the jumping off place, and to be held there for 5 minutes; after this it was to advance for 1,000 meters and then cease.

This is interesting to remember in view of what developed later.

It almost seemed as if the enemy had seen our orders.

Our formation was the same as the day before, i. e. 1st Battalion in assaulting line; the 3rd in support at 500 meters. The 2nd Battalion was designated to be Division Reserve and to remain near cross roads 98.1-85.0. Our M. G. Co. was relieved by Co. "C" 320th M. G. Bn. and was sent to join Division Reserve. Our Stokes and Pounders remained in place. The unexpected happened; the Boche attacked first,

before "H" hour. The testimony from men of the leading battalion is to the effect that their outpost line was in scattered shell holes on the crest overlooking the Ravine *Aux Pierres*.

At 7:00 the Boche laid a barrage of artillery and then of machine guns and followed the latter closely with a line of Infantry. The attack appeared to be stronger against the 328th on our right; but close in front of "D" and "B" Companies the Boche placed 8 machine guns. Our outposts were held in their holes by the intensity of the German fire. The enemy advance was not stopped by our own barrage which was due to commence in about 15 minutes. 2nd Lieut. T. W. Walker, of Co. "D," who was in an advanced shell hole and was captured, gives his impression as follows:

"About 7 o'clock Co. "D" was on the right of "B." I was in a shell hole with a sergeant. The company line was in rear of us. Machine gun fire kept us hugging the ground. Suddenly the sergeant jumped up and called out "Good God, Lieutenant, look what's coming." Germans appeared on my right and left, about 40 all told near me. One held a pistol on me and ordered me to surrender. They had one machine gun placed almost on my shell hole and were firing it past me. The Germans motioned to me to step over it, which I did. I was compelled to assist a wounded German down the slope to the Ravine. On my right I could see many more Germans and a crew of Americans being compelled to pull a gun on wheels down toward the Ravine. Our barrage had not started. When it did open the Germans had withdrawn and thereafter kept moving away from it and did not suffer from it. They made me carry a stretcher about six kilometers until about 3 p. m. I counted about 45 Americans in my immediate party. We were conducted to *Montmédy* and then to *Carlsruhe*, then to *Villigon* and were finally returned after the Armistice via *Switzerland*."

The line of Co.'s "B" and "D" retired under this

attack to the *Saint-Jurin-Saint-Georges* road. The telephone of 1st Battalion was working and at 7:15 information was received from Capt. Castle, Commanding, which was at once transmitted to Commanding General, 163rd Brigade:

"15th Oct., 7:20. First Battalion reports 328th Inf. fell back during night without notice. The Battalion is being attacked now on our right flank which was exposed. Castle is being pushed back.

WHITMAN."

He replied: "8:29. Do not push your people too far ahead of troops on your right.

AUSTIN-1."

The Support Battalion was thrown in to stiffen the line and one company of the Division Reserve was ordered to reinforce Castle's right. Before this last company started the line was restored and this order revoked. Meanwhile the Support Battalion was committed to the action. Prompt action by Capt. Taylor with "A" and "C" Companies on Castle's right broke up the Boche line and they retired as quickly as they had advanced. In 15 minutes they had gone, leaving 7 machine guns and 9 prisoners in our hands.

"H" hour had now passed and our barrage which started at 7:25 had gone on and ceased. The lines advanced to the crest north of the road but could go no further. Heavy and continuous machine gun fire from front and both flanks held us on the crest. The report of operations Oct. 15th states the situation as follows: "In accordance with F. O. 25, the Division continued the attack this morning, got off on time, but after a short advance was compelled to halt on account of left and right Divisions being unable to advance." During the afternoon the attack was pushed again and the Ravine *Aux Pierres* reached. 20 machine guns and some prisoners were taken. The Ravine was so thoroughly swept by enemy fire, that the troops withdrew again to the crest north of the main road and dug in for the night. The men were

now nearly at the point of exhaustion from lack of sleep and from constant exposure to the cold and rain. The C. O. 1st Battalion reported his effectives as 7 officers and 125 men; the C. O. 3rd Battalion reported 3 officers and 175 men. The night found us dug in along the road.

Our Machine Gun Company had been detached and sent to Hill 182 North of *Saint-Juvin*. The Boche still held the West side of that town. An enemy attack against the town from the North was completely routed by the Company, without any Infantry assistance. Capt. Williams reported his Company alone in this exposed position all day. He won his D. S. C. here for the rescue of an American from five armed Germans. He dropped three with his pistol, wrested the rifle from the fourth, while the fifth Boche ran away. This was a real wild west show. He then ran his guns forward and spent a profitable day killing Boche who were filtering out of *Saint-Juvin* toward *Champignuelles*. He claims 200.

Casualties Oct. 15th:

KILLED.

1st Lieut. Thomas L. Bolster.

WOUNDED.

1st Lieut. W. P. Whelchel.

1st Lieut. Fred S. Laubert.

2nd Lieut. Wilbert Moore.

2nd Lieut. Fred S. Trumbull.

Oct. 16th. During the night orders were received for another attack by the First Army at 6 hours. The 78th Division was to attack on our left and the 42nd on our right. We were to conform to the movement of the 78th. Our 2nd Battalion was placed under the orders of the Brigade Commander to capture *Champignuelles*. His orders for this operation are shown further on. The 2nd Battalion of the 326th was given to the 325th and placed in support. The 3rd Battalion was to pass through the line of the 1st Battalion

and form the attacking line. At H-hour the movement started. In spite of severe machine gun resistance we succeeded in pushing the left of our line into the Ravine *Aux Pierres*. The units that reached the ravine were Co.'s "K" and "L." Our right was unable to advance and the troops were driven back from the Ravine. An artillery barrage was called for to assist the advance but it fell short. The following messages show the progress of the action:

"From: 3rd Bn. 9:20.

"Left and center of front line in Ravine *Aux Pierres* at 98.0-86.8 to about 98.5-87.0. The right of our line is just South of the Ravine held up by M. G. fire from right flank. Troops on our right reported not advancing. Our second line is just North of road from *Saint-Juvin* to *Saint-Georges*. Our 3rd line is 500 meters further to rear.

MELTON."

"Later. Report that 326th has fallen back to *Saint-Juvin-Saint-Georges* road, leaving left flank of 325th unprotected and $\frac{3}{4}$ kilometers ahead and subjected to fire. Urge immediate action to save Command from destruction.

MELTON."

14:20. Lieut. Col. Campbell reports that front lines are in shell holes $\frac{1}{3}$ of distance between road and Ravine.

The following message from Division Hdqrs. is significant:

"From Captain Morgan, to: Austin 1, 16th Oct.

"Am informed that 42nd Division not only did not receive orders to attack today but were ordered by the Army not to attack. Also that one regiment of the 78th Division did not receive the order to attack until 10 o'clock this morning."

The 82nd Division seemed always to be in a salient.

The situation is depicted by Lieut. Col. Campbell from the front line in the following message:

"16th Oct. To: Austin-1.

"Came out through vicious barrage. All over now. M. G. fire coming over, not bad. Varnado killed. Estimate less than 250 in both battalions remaining fit for duty. Counter attack by enemy would be bad. Lines as stated by phone. Am not a calamity howler, but the officers and men are all in. Jones in good position as reserve but of course no shelter from elements. Will get Melton and Castle together and organize. Will move Jones back slightly, and put Melton in support with his battalion less than 100. Castle with 1st Battalion and Cozine to hold line of road and have advanced parties in shell holes in front 200 yards. Am starting this now, execution of same to be made at dark.

CAMPBELL."

Conditions were now bad. The Chauchat rifles were all out of working order. Enemy planes flew over our lines and directed harassing fire upon us.

The effective strength at nightfall was reported as follows:

1st Battalion	5 Officers	175 men
3rd Battalion	3 Officers	120 men
2nd Battalion	17 Officers	361 men

Captain Varnado was rendered unconscious by a bursting shell and was left in the ravine for dead. Five days later he was rescued by our advancing lines. He had a spark of life left and he eventually recovered.

Going back to the operation of the 2nd Battalion which had been detached from the Regiment on account of its strength, the orders given to it were as follows:

"From: Austin-1, to: C. O. 2nd Battalion, 325th Inf.

"16th Oct. You will advance with your battalion and establish a line from *Champignuelles* exclusive to points 97.3-87.4 South East to 98.0-86.3 connecting on your right with first battalion 326th Inf. The

principal left position will be in the hollow 97.3-87.3 and other positions in the Ravine will be taken along the Western slopes between the mouth of the Ravine South East to the end of your line.

"You will advance one company at a time at long distances, keeping pace with the 78th Division on our left. Your movement is designed to protect right flank of the 78th from the east side of the valley of the *Agron*. You will not advance to your Northern limit unless protected from counter attack from *Champignuelles* either because *Champignuelles* is in American hands or the ground prevents counter attack from that direction.

By Command Gen. Cronin.

This movement was started but was checked by enemy M. G. fire from *Champignuelles* and the adjacent heights. When the assault line had advanced 500 meters North of our front line the Brigade Commander ordered a withdrawal.

The 2nd Battalion, 326th was during the night moved to our front line, relieving the 1st Battalion 325th. The *Saint-Juvin-Saint-Georges* road was now accepted as our front line with out-posts formed on the crest to the North.

The following Officers were casualties during the day:

WOUNDED.

Capt. Samuel Varnado.

Capt. W. O. Marshburn.

1st Lieut. J. D. Deramus.

Our M. G. Co. was moved back to South slope of ridge 85.5 and put under command of C. O. Machine gun Battalion.

Oct. 17th. No attack was ordered and no demonstration was made by the enemy.

The following Officer was killed during the day:

1st Lieut. George McCord.

Our M. G. Co. was moved back to *Saint-Juvin* from

which position it covered the movement of troops in the advance.

Oct. 18th. The attack of the First Army was resumed at 6:30. The 82nd Division was to support and protect right flank of the 78th Division. *Champignuelles* was to be gassed. Harassing fire was executed along the front. In the 163rd Brigade the line between the 325th and 326th was Meridian 97.3. This Regiment occupied the right half of the sector with following arrangement of Battalions 500 meters apart:

2nd Battalion 326th.

3rd Battalion 325th.

1st Battalion 325th.

The shift to accomplish this was completed by 5 hours Oct. 18th. No advance was made in our lines. Patrols were sent out to watch the front. Our 2nd Battalion which was acting with 326th Infantry relieved the 1st Battalion 309th Inf. in *Saint-Juvin* and maintained liaison with 78th Division in *Bois-de-Loges*.

Our M. G. Co. was put in Brigade Reserve and remained in that status until Oct. 21st.

Oct. 19th. No change.

The following Officer was wounded this date and died soon afterward:

2nd Lieut. Joseph L. Lang.

Oct. 20th. The position was wired during the night North of the main road. The 2nd Battalion, 326th passed out of command of C. O. 325th and went into Brigade Reserve. Its place was taken by our 3rd Battalion. Our 2nd Battalion returned to the Regiment and was placed in reserve on ridge 85.5. Our 1st Battalion then supported the leading Battalion at about 500 meters in rear.

The following Officers were wounded during the day:

1st Lieut. Charles C. Bettes.

2nd Lieut. Fred E. Hoffman.

Oct. 21st. Co. "A" under Lieut. Ulmer was ordered to seize the Ravine *Aux-Pierres* and the slope to the north thereof and to explore the ground to North East of this Ravine and the adjacent woods. Movement to start at 6-hours. The progress of this company is best told by Lieut. (now Capt.) Ulmer as follows:

"The company had one officer and 40 men left of an original strength of 4 officers and 220 men. These 40 men were practically dead from exhaustion and sickness. When the company reached its objective, there were but eleven men left; the others having succumbed to fatigue. The spirit was willing but the flesh was weak. After reaching the high ground North of Ravine *Aux-Pierres* the Battalion commander was notified and the rest of the Battalion brought up. A new line was consolidated and wired, and nothing further of interest occurred, except the system of regular two day reliefs."

This exploitation operation was protected by M. G. fire and artillery fire of 12 guns, commencing at 5:30 on North slope of the Ravine. This fire was raised at 6 hours and continued until 7. Both flanks of the Company were covered by patrols.

The situation as reported at 4 P. M. by Lieut. Col. Campbell is best shown by his cheery message to Whitman:

"Oct. 21st.

"I gave "D" Co. back to Castle at his request. Phones all out, please try to get them in. Everything lovely so far. Pretty heavy shelling. Will stick around for an hour or so and mosey back. Castle is driving this thing in good style. M. G. positions being reconnoitered and I think everything O. K. if 326 will look out for left.

CAMPBELL."

Nothing further of interest occurred and no attacks called for up to Oct. 31st on which date the Division left the sector and the 325th passed into

Corps Reserve, being relieved by battalions of the 80th and 77th Divisions.

On Oct. 26th the following was reported.

"To C. O. 163rd Brigade.

"The C. O. 1st Battalion reported at 16:10 hours 2 planes firing with Machine Guns on his position along *Saint-Juvin-Saint-Georges* road. These planes were clearly marked with U. S. insignia and were numbered 2 and 17. At 16:15 hours similar report was received from C. O. 3rd Battalion that same 2 planes fired on his front line in position North of Ravine *Aux-Pierres*. From observation point near Regimental P. C. these planes were seen firing tracer bullets. The planes were later seen retiring in a Southerly direction. Request prompt investigation and proper action.

WHITMAN."

Our work in the front line was now over. During the night of Oct. 31st we withdrew to the Argonne Forest as reserve. From there we fell back by short stages to *Neufour*, *Pagny-la-Blanche-Côte*, *Soulacourt* and other towns to reorganize our shattered forces. On the march back we heard on Nov. 11th of the armistice. It was with intense relief that we received this news. The 325th had done its bit nobly and had come through the greatest war in the world's history much reduced in numbers but conscious that it had played no mean part in the struggle for human liberty and in the suppression of the selfish and ambitious schemes of the most powerful military nation that the world has ever seen. When the work of the peace commission is finally concluded we will return to the homeland and to the resumption of the duties in civilian life that we left to answer the call to arms. All of us that have survived will be better fitted physically and morally to do our part, in our country, in the development of the high ideals for which we have fought in France.

W. M. WHITMAN,
Colonel 325th Infantry.

H.Q. 82D DIV., AMERICAN E. F., FRANCE

13 January 1919.

GENERAL ORDERS

NO. 1:

1. The Commanding General announces to the Command the splendid conduct of the following officers and soldiers in action against the enemy as described after their respective names:

EXTRACT

Sgt. Victor 1897348 Vigorito, Co. A, 325th Infantry.

On October 15, 1918, near ST. JUVIN, FRANCE, Sgt. Vigorito, with great bravery and devotion to duty, refused to leave his platoon, altho severely wounded, and continued to fight until an enemy counter-attack had been repulsed; and, by this fine example, encouraged the men of his platoon to greater effort.

2. The Commanding General takes particular pride in announcing to the Command these fine examples of courage and self-sacrifice. Such deeds are evidence of that spirit of heroism which is innate in the highest type of the American soldier and responds unfailingly to the call of duty, wherever or whenever it may come.

3. This order will be read to all organizations at the first formation after its receipt.

By Command of MAJOR GENERAL DUNCAN:

GORDON JOHNSTON,

OFFICIAL:

Chief of Staff.

R. L. BOYD,

Major, A.G.D., Adjutant.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—At this place Vigorito ended his story. There is more of it that needs to be told for him.

Vigorito was wounded in charging a machine gun nest. Of the bit of action the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle* of February 11, 1918, in an article about this soldier,

quotes him as saying: "I remember our commander shouting 'Don't bunch up, boys.'"

"Sergeant O'Brien of the first platoon was easily the first man to reach it from the front, and he threw a grenade. Sergeant Orr of the third platoon attacked from the right, and I, with the faithful Fourth, attacked from the left. Although we captured this important position, it was at this spot, Sergeant Orr was killed, Sergeant O'Brien and myself wounded.

"Our commanding officer, still thoughtful of his men, quickly bandaged my wound, as he beckoned for the Germans we had captured, to proceed to the rear. I ran over to my men, although I was ordered to the dressing station for treatment. I don't remember what happened after this, as I fainted from loss of blood."



SERGEANT MICHAEL DONALDSON

XII

THE NATIONAL ARMY AND OTHER TROOPS

STORIES OF THE 77TH, 38TH, 42ND, 26TH,
ENGINEERS, ETC.

SERGEANT MICHAEL DONALDSON

Born in Haverstraw, moved to New York City. Enlisted in 69th Regiment July 13, 1917. Overseas with Regiment. Promoted for bravery. Awarded Distinguished Service Cross, Croix de Guerre with palm, Medaille Militaire and recommended for Congressional Medal of Honor. A tribute to Father Duffy.

HIS OWN STORY

HONORABLE DISCHARGE FROM THE
UNITED STATES ARMY

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

THIS IS TO CERTIFY, That Michael A. Donaldson, Sgt. Co. I., 165th Infantry, THE UNITED STATES ARMY, as a Testimonial of Honest and Faithful Service, is hereby Honorably Discharged from the military service of the United States by reason of Circular 106 W. D., 1918.

Said Michael A. Donaldson was born in Haverstraw, in the State of New York. When he enlisted he was 30 2/12 years of age and by occupation a boxing instructor.

He had Blue eyes, Brown hair, Fair complexion, and was 5 feet 10 inches in height.

Given under my hand at Camp Dix, N. J., this 5th day of May, one thousand nine hundred and nineteen.

ENLISTMENT RECORD

Name: Michael A. Donaldson. Grade: Sergt.

Enlisted, July 13th, 1917, at New York, N. Y.

Serving in first enlistment period of date of discharge.

Prior service:* None.

Non-commissioned officer: Sergt.

Marksmanship, gunner qualification or rating: Not qualified.

Horsemanship: Not mounted.

Battles, engagements, skirmishes, expeditions: Champagne, Marne Def. Oisne, Marne Def., Meuse, Argonne Off., St. Mehiel Off., Luneville Sec., Baccarat Sec., Fre de Vadenay Sec., Pannes Essy Sec., Army of Occupation.

Knowledge of any vocation: Boxing instructor.

Wounds received in service: None.

Physical condition when discharged: Good.

Typhoid Prophylaxis completed Sept. 1st, 1917.

Paratyphoid Prophylaxis completed Sept. 1st, 1917.

Married or single: Single.

CHARACTER: Excellent.

Remarks: Distinguished Service Cross, Medaille Militaire, Croix de Guerre, Served with Co. I., 165th Inf. from July 13th, 1917, to date of Dischg. Promoted for bravery. Served in France and Germany.

A.W.O.L. from 8-12-18 to 9-15-18.

Signature of soldier.

My name is Michael A. Donaldson. I was born in Haverstraw, N. Y., on May 6th, 1887. About six years ago I came to New York City. On July 13th, 1917, I enlisted in the Sixty-ninth Infantry, Co. I., under the late Major James A. McKenna, Jr. The day after war was declared I had volunteered to fight for my country, and telegraphed to President Wilson. He sent me a card thanking me for the offer of my services.

I trained at Camp Mills and went overseas by way of Montreal on the good ship "Tunisian," which was sunk on the return trip to Halifax, Nova Scotia, by a German torpedo. Landed at Liverpool, and remained in England for a day; then crossed the English Channel on the "Londonderry" to La Havre, France. We stayed at Havre two days, and then entrained for Bouve, which is thirty kilos from the birthplace of Joan of Arc.

Under command of the late Major McKenna, one of the greatest leaders of men the world has ever had, we trained for open warfare, and learned all the tricks of the Boche. We remained there for three weeks, building rifle ranges, and devoting some time to bayonet practice. Then we started on the famous four-day hike to the ancient city of La Grande, France. This was one of the world's most famous hikes, made through snow and sleet.

We remained at Bouve until Christmas Day, and then went to Hennilly Cotton, from where we went to Langau. There began our strenuous training for introduction to the trenches. Col. Wm. J. Donovan of our regiment, was in command as Major at that time. Major McKenna was then a captain, and that soldier of soldiers, Rev. Francis P. Duffy, one of God's noblest men, gave us a 50-50 heart to heart talk on playing the game as American soldiers should.

He was with us in all our trials and weary marches, the dreary days in the trenches, when it seemed next to impossible that we would ever come out alive, and by his example, his brave understanding, comradeship and his great spirituality, he breathed the fire of life into the soul of the Sixty-ninth.

To Father Duffy, perhaps more than to any other one man, just and generous recognition is due for the splendid work which the Sixty-ninth Regiment wrote into the military history of the United States Army.

I never will forget the day of my first baptism of fire from the black-skulled Huns. It was at Luneville, where the Sixty-ninth first came under fire.

Captain McKenna was in Co. D at that time, the first company of our regiment to go into action for democracy against Prussian militarism.

We came up in the morning about nine o'clock into an innocent looking woods, from the outside, but what a devilish place it proved to be when once we were in it. About two o'clock in the afternoon, I was standing beside Lieutenant Hally Crimmins and Sergeant Gainey of Co. D. We were near an outpost, when the Boche tossed over one of their Austrian 88's, and struck a small shanty about ten feet away from where we were standing, hitting and wounding Corporal Lyons and Private Thayer. They followed that up with a vindictive bombardment, and we were all nervous for the time being, but never a man backed an inch. We stayed where we were put, because we had gone to France for that purpose:—to drive the Hun, and not be driven by him.

We finally entered the trenches, took over the sector, and then the fun began. This was in the winter, February 27th.

Now just get what that means. Long zig-zagging trenches whose parapets were swept by machine-gun fire and combed by German snipers. The trenches, themselves, knee deep in mud, and sometimes worse than that. The little dugouts provided for the shelter of the men from shell fire, alive with vermin, walls damp, and floors muddy. The weather was a combination of snow and rain, so that between the two, we knew about the sum of human misery.

It was our first experience, but the steel was in our hearts and the gallant example of our officers supported us through these first awful hours. I cannot say too much about the splendid discipline of our men. For after all, we expected the officers to be brave and uncomplaining, but the great miracle was the behavior of the boys themselves, the intelligent bravery of these men who had volunteered to live or die, that the cause of right might triumph. We knew that we had to buy victory with human agony and

the blood of our best men, we were there to pay the price, and pay we did, but don't forget that the Boche paid in full for all that we went through.

On March 8th, we came out from our first experiences on the line, sure of ourselves, for we had the Boche's number, and we knew that man for man we were better than he was. As we were going out of the lines, we met the 149th Artillery from Chicago, which had been behind us when we were in the trenches. One of the boys called to me:

"How do you feel, Mike?"

"Splendid," said I, "and I'll tell you Chicago fellows something, that the Sixty-ninth will walk into hell, with a smile and a cigarette, as long as the good old 149th Artillery is behind us with their guns."

I'll tell you something, a lot of credit wants to be given to these Chicago boys of the 149th Artillery, who had come out of civil life, the same as the rest of us had, and in so short a time learned to handle their guns so well, that the Hun himself knew a special high-powered, new fangled kind of hell had been brought over from America, whenever he found the Sixty-ninth in the line with the guns of the 149th barking at their heels.

Some time after this, along in April, we did our second hitch in the trenches; this was at Montigny in the Baccarat sector, and an awful place that sector was. I have seen articles in the paper which referred to it as a "rest sector" and "training sector," but I'll tell New York and the World that it was a darned poor place to work, for they sure did keep me busy.

There I had some very interesting experiences, when Captain McKenna sent Lieutenant Edw. Connolly, Sergeant Tom O'Malley and myself to what he described, with a twinkle in his eye as "a quiet listening post."

I'll tell you just about how quiet it was. The second day, while I was doing a twelve hour shift, the hour before dawn, which is the loneliest hour in the world to a soldier in the face of the enemy, the

very time when men's spirits are lowest, and life itself seems to hang by but a thread, when one is mindful that the lives of hundreds of his comrades, the reputation of the regiment, and the troops of his country are in his hands.

My instructions that night from Lieutenant Connolly were, "Look out for mustard gas!"

Just in front of my post, where Corporal Tex Baker, of Co. B, Sixty-ninth, was killed, the German snipers had a camouflaged position from which they were firing on the intermediate post. A fellow named Matthews pegged a few back. That set me a-going, and, forgetting that on my listening post I should keep myself concealed, I took the chance of giving them a few on my own account.

Believe me, I started something then.

What followed, was the greatest razzle-dazzle I was ever in. I fired 280 rounds before I stopped. You could have broiled a steak on the barrel of my old Springfield; but I'll say this was a quiet sector after that, and perhaps that is the time that the newspaper correspondents saw it and wrote about it.

Of course, the Germans did not publish their casualty lists, but if anyone could get hold of the records of the German war office for that day, they would find that the German clerks worked overtime that night, while when the Sixty-ninth counted off, we were all present and accounted for. I well remember the quiet smile on Major McKenna's face when we met as I came back from that row. I heard it said that McKenna only smiles once in a while. It was also reported that when the Colonel told Father Duffy about it, the corners of the Father's mouth turned up.

The next big days of duty in which the Sixty-ninth figured, were in the Champagne-Marne fighting. It was at Chalons sur Marne on July 15th that the Boche really found out just what we had to offer.

You will recall, from what you have read of the war in France, that the Germans had broken through the French front and advanced through the lines at

one place across the Marne, while at Chateau-Thierry, their advance was only thirty-five miles from Paris.

They had brought up and put in place their big Berthas with which they intended to bombard Paris. The capture of Chalons was the first thing to be done.

Here we had a real chance at that open style of warfare which Americans like, and at which we have no equals in the world, unless perhaps it be the fellows from Canada and Australia, who think as we do. Our guests on this day were the famous Prussian guards, the finest fighting men in the German army, here was their introduction to us, and ours to them. We had been looking for them for some time, and when we met it was a case of Greek meeting Greek. They had been told that the Americans were in front of them, and that nothing would do so much to hasten the German victory as to wipe out the Americans, and there wasn't a boy in the Sixty-ninth who didn't know that the rougher we treated the Prussian guards, the quicker would the war be over.

What we did to the Prussian guards created a scandal in the Royal family that day, and the Crown Prince got lock-jaw trying to explain to the Kaiser why it was that the wild Irishmen of the Sixty-ninth had failed to surrender to the son of the All-highest.

Iowa and Alabama were in the line that day, along with the Sixty-ninth, and Ohio as well. But the Prussian guards, as they advanced to attack our lines, passed these other Americans and struck at the Second Battalion of the Sixty-ninth, under the command of Major Anderson and Capt. Johnny Proutt. There was joy in the hearts of the Sixty-ninth as they saw themselves singled out by the flower of the Hun army for this delicate attention.

The Germans advanced in mass formation, filled with the idea that they were going to walk over the Irish and head a triumphal march to Paris.

The old 149th Artillery was laying "doggo" back of our line and had their guns trained on the approaching Huns.

The Second Battalion held its fire; the guns were silent; the Germans swept on with rising spirits to what looked like an easy victory.

But, oh boy! we could almost see the whites of their eyes when the 149th Artillery sent them a card with the compliments of Bath-House John. The card consisted of a squall of shrapnel, in which the guns crossed their fire, and to the accompaniment of the deep bass of the guns, the infantry of the Rainbows opened up from all flanks. It sure was some fighting. The Rye Loaves danced on the barb-wire in front of the position for seven kilos, looking like dancing marionettes in the Punch and Judy show.

Of course, the Hun got his taste of our blood, for the Sixty-ninth alone reported some 138 casualties, but the ground before us was carpeted with the dead of the Prussian guard, which had its ranks shot to pieces and its morale broken, as the result of this first encounter with the American boys.

This was the turning point of the war. The military action in this battle was decisive, in the way the German morale was broken from the minute when the Germany army had its best troops whipped by a few Americans, who had dropped their business to take up soldiering for the few months needed to finish the job. Forty years of intensive military training was behind the Boche, and scarcely as many weeks back of the Yankees.

We left Champagne on July 18th for Vandénay in the Chateau-Thierry sector, to finish the work which the First, Second and Third Divisions had started. We had lots of help, for it seemed that all the Americans in France were headed our way. Just to keep our fighting edge sharp while we were resting at Vandénay, the German fliers paid us a night visit. They bombed us, and we had to take it, and it certainly warmed us up for work that was ahead.

We entrained at St. Hillaire, and after two days got off at Chateau-Thierry and hiked through the rain, sleeping in the woods until on the night of the

27th of July, when we came under the heaviest bombardment we ever experienced during the war. The following morning we got orders to go "over the top."

We had to cross the Ourcq. The boys called it the Red River, for the stream sure did run red with the blood of fighting men during the battle at that place.

The first man to cross the river was Lieutenant Patty Dowling, of Co. K of the Sixty-ninth, who gave his life in the line of duty, when he led the men across the stream. It was Co. I. of the Sixty-ninth, under Major James A. McKenna, Jr., who commanded what was known as the Shamrock battalion of the regiment, that first crossed and maintained their position on the far side of the Ourcq.

What a battle it was!

It will always be embedded in my memory. How I hate to recall it for so many of my friends and pals paid the price in full for our victory that day.

In this fight I was transferred from Co. I to Battalion headquarters of Major McKenna, as the confidential liaison officer of the battalion. This was in recognition of my work in previous engagements at Luneville, Baccarat and Champagne, and I sure felt it a great honor to hold so trusty a position under such a brave and distinguished officer, for no war and no army ever produced a better soldier than Major McKenna. I'll never forget the wave of sorrow that swept over me and the entire regiment when the word went out that the gallant McKenna was dead.

He died as he would have wished, with his face to the foe, in the midst of his men, cheering them on, exposing himself while he directed them how to cover themselves. It brings the tears to my eyes, even yet, as it did on that day, when I think of the splendid fellow he was and the noble way in which he died.

For this, too, the Germans paid in full, to the flaming muzzles and the angry bayonets of the "Fighting Irish." We wrote his epitaph in the German casualty lists, and there it will remain.

The whole German line from Switzerland to the

sea felt the weight of our charge across the Ourcq, for it meant that the German lines of communication in the Chateau-Thierry sector were cut, the strongest positions this side of the Vesle River turned, while the Hun was forced to a rapid retreat in which he abandoned troops, wounded, machine-guns, ammunition, gathered for the great offensive against Paris.

It was the 69th that opened the door and held it open for the invincible American Infantry to dash through and gain their positions along the line of the Vesle River. We were relieved after this battle, about August 11th, and then went to the rear for replacements, and God knows we needed them, for companies had been reduced to squads and battalions to companies, while the regiment was reduced in strength. But the soul of the 69th was stronger for the lives of the men who had fought, and the new men who came to us quickly gained the spirit of the "Fighting Irish," and we were soon ready to do our bit in the first All-American offensive at St. Mihiel on September 12th.

St. Mihiel was a foot race more than it was a fight. Our artillery once more distinguished itself. The 149th Artillery from Chicago was there, and it must have done their hearts good, when they saw how easy for us the whaling they gave the so-called impregnable German positions, made the going for us.

It may seem strange, when you read about this terrible war, that I went through this fight without even getting a chance to fire a shot. We ran our feet raw, trying to keep up with the retreating Germans. We did not fire our guns though we took "kancout" prisoners, and gathered in German guns and military equipment until we could not keep track of them, while the German supplies with their stores of fine German beer and wine, furnished us an elaborate menu for the celebration of the victory, which the 69th and the 149th Inf. pulled off with a grand barrage of popping corks.

After St. Mihiel, our next fight was in the Argonne Forest. There I began to reap a harvest of decora-

tions. There came to me the American D. S. C., French Medaille Militaire, the Croix de Guerre with a palm, and also a recommendation for the greatest decoration in the world, the American Congressional Medal of Honor.

The Medaille Militaire is the highest French decoration to enlisted men, and carries the face of the saintly Joan of Arc, who seemed to be with us as we fought for that France that she loved so well.

The fighting in the Argonne and the taking of Hill 288 at Landres St. George, called for all the experience and valor that was in a man. But we did the job and did it right, though it cost us the lives of many brave fellows.

That was a time when we went to battle tired and hungry, for we were fighting and not feeding, and according to the old American fashion we went hungry when we fought, because, as the late Major McKenna used to say, "An Irishman fights better on an empty stomach."

During these trying days we were greatly cheered by the presence of Father Duffy, and the re-appearance of his assistant, Father Joseph Hanley, of Cleveland, Ohio, who had been hit at the Ourcq, but got up in time for the wind-up, and to be decorated with the D. S. C. Father Hanley was another great favorite of the boys. He was a real fighting man and the army missed a great captain when Hanley went into the priesthood, but he certainly made it up as he cheered us through those bloody days. In the fighting in the forest around Hill 288, we lost Captain Mike Walsh, of Co. I, and in the fighting around that hill, practically all of the Old 69th were killed or wounded.

Here, we were fighting what was left of the Prussian Guards, and the best sharp-shooters the German army could muster were against us once more, with orders to shoot the 69th to death. But you cannot kill a regiment; replacements came in and we still carried on, and the souls of the men who had fallen marched with us against the foe.

We finished the war before the city of Sedan, where we halted our advance to allow the French to have the honor of marching first into this city of such great historic significance to them. After the signing of the Armistice, we hiked to St. Marie, Belgium, and then crossed the line at Bollendorf, Germany, in December to become part of the American Army of Occupation. We went to Remagen on the Rhine, and returned to the U. S. this spring.

COMPANY "A," 325th INFANTRY

December 20, 1918

From: C.O. Co. "A," 325th Infantry.

To: C.O. 325th Infantry.

Subject: History of Company "A," 325th Infantry,
Meuse-Argonne Operations.

Company "A" first took an active part in the advance on October 10th, when the first Battalion jumped from the ridge northwest of Chatel Chehery with its objective the ridges west and northwest of Cornay.

We were in the support, following Company "C" at 300 yards. When the objective was reached "A" Company sent out two platoons whose mission was to advance to the Ayre River and there establish outposts for the night. At noon that day these platoons reached the high ground southeast of Marcq and were there held up by intense Artillery fire of both the enemy and our own forces. The two remaining platoons, stayed on the objective until late that night, when they were sent out as patrols to the Ayre River to seek for suitable fords or crossing places.

At 3:00 o'clock on the morning of October 11th, the Company was recalled to the ridge Northwest of Cornay and proceeded from there through Cornay to Fleville, through Fleville up the Fleville-St. Juvin Road until it reached the junction of the Fleville-Sommerance Road. It was then approximately 7:00 o'clock and the entire Battalion rested, in combat group formations in the open field west of the road. Toward

noon we were taken up the Fleville-Sommerance road, but as we proceeded along the road we met the 327th Infantry withdrawing over the hills from Sommerance, making it impossible to go further. We retraced our steps and then went up toward St. Juvin. At the Junction of the Fleville-Juvin Road and the Sommerance-St. Juvin Road, the Company Commander, Captain L. L. Battey, was killed. The second in command received the order to "Take that hill," the hill north of the Sommerance-St. Juvin Road being indicated. The attack was to start at 14:30 hours, although it was then 14:35. Arriving at the jumping off place, it was found that "L" Company was on our left, and no one at all on our right. Nor were there any supports. The crest of the hill, our objective, was taken, but due to our own Artillery falling short we had to withdraw below the crest. That night, the 327th came up and connected with our right flank.

The next day, October 12th, the line was reorganized. "A" Company was in the right front position, with Company "D" on its left, the 327th on our right, and Company "C" in support. We remained in this position until the 14th. On October 13th, at 16:00 hours, the enemy counter-attacked but were driven off.

On October 14th, at 10:00 o'clock, we again advanced, the formation being still the same; this Company on the right front with Company "D" on its left, Company "C" in support, following at 300 yards, and the 328th, which had relieved the 327th on our right. Severe resistance was encountered at 86.3, 99.3, but this was quickly overcome, this company capturing many prisoners, which were all the prisoners taken by the Regiment that day, and a number of machine guns. The advance that day continued until we reached the high ground north of the Landres-St. Georges-St. Juvin Road, just south of the Ravine Au Pierre. It was utterly impossible to go farther, because the 328th had failed to come up on our right, and we were subject to murderous flanking fire, both machine gun and artillery. We had been in constant liaison with the

328th, but found now that there was only one platoon there, which had become separated from its Battalion and which had advanced with us.

On the morning of October 15th, the enemy again counter-attacked, and were again repulsed. They left behind them many dead and eight machine guns. "A" Company was still in the front line with Company "C" in support, but we had suffered so severely that we had to call for two platoons from our support to reinforce us.

On the afternoon of the 15th, and the morning of the 16th, the Third Battalion attacked. This Company in both instances was on the right of the support Battalion, 500 yards in the rear of the attacking Battalion. No advance was made on either occasion.

Company "A" remained in this position until October 21st, when it was detailed as an exploitation patrol to penetrate into the Ravine Au Pierre and to establish itself on the high ground beyond. The objective was reached about 7:30, in spite of heavy machine gun fire from the direction of St. Juvin, and concentrated trench-mortar fire in the Ravine. A new line was consolidated and wired north of Au Pierre, with Company "A" on the right, Company "C" on the left, and the 328th on the right rear. There followed nothing further of interest. A system of regular two-day reliefs by Battalions was instituted, and we thus moved in rotation, from front line to reserve, reserve to support, and from support back to the front line. At the time the Regiment was relieved, we were in the reserve position.

Capt., 325th Inf.,
HERMAN ULMER,
Comd'g Co. "A."

The casualties of the 82nd Division in France were: Killed and wounded, 8,800. Official estimate believed to be too low.

The casualties of the 325th Infantry of the 82nd Division, were: Officers killed and wounded, 53; enlisted men killed and wounded, 1,653; total, 1,706.

EXTRACT FROM THE SUMMARY OF
INTELLIGENCE

42ND DIVISION, A. E. F.

March 31 to April 1, 1919

Miscellaneous

10. The relief of the 42nd Division from the Third U. S. Army and its assignment to the S. O. S. for transportation to America marks the close of the third epoch in its career as a first line Division of the Allied Armies.

Beginning in the latter part of February, 1918, the Division was engaged in Sector warfare in Lorraine for four months. During this time it occupied a front once strongly organized, but which had been allowed to fall into decay. Here the Division maintained communications, dug and repaired trenches, made and repelled raids, became accustomed to shell fire, underwent two projector gas attacks of considerable severity and found itself as a cohesive, self-reliant intersupporting fighting unit.

Trained and rendered ruggedly confident by this experience the Division embarked upon its second epoch. It began its career as a Shock Division in the great defensive battle against the Germans in Champagne on July 15, 1918. In this, its first major action, the Division took a splendid part in the bloody repulse inflicted by General Gourard's Fourth Army upon the great offensive and earned the official and personal commendation of the French Command. When the German advance had been definitely and forever checked in this battle the Division was moved overland to the line above Chateau-Thierry where, relieving five battered American and French Divisions it advanced by desperate open fighting against choice German troops a distance of 19½ kilometers.

Relieved and sent to the rear for rest and replacements, the fighting at the front was so severe that the Division could not be spared and was in a few days

returned to the line to take part in the St. Mihiel operation. After the Salient had ceased to exist, the Division, pausing long enough to organize the front on its new line, moved to the Argonne. Attacking first on the front opposite St. Georges and Landres-et St. Georges and there advancing until the First Army made its pause for breath, the Division again attacked and drove forward through countless obstacles of defense and terrain until it was relieved at the Armistice in the outskirts of Sedan, having gained somewhat more than 19 kilometers.

From the area southeast of Sedan where the Division lay on November 11th it entered its third epoch. Marching overland through devastated country and over roads rendered impassable by shell fire, mines, rain and prodigious traffic it proceeded to Montmedy whence it crossed Belgium, Luxemburg and that part of Germany lying west of the Rhine until on December 15, it reached its present location after a march of 360 kilometers. The 42nd Division has formed a part of the Army of Occupation from the middle of November until date and during its administration of Kreis Ahrweiler the district has been law-abiding, prosperous and friendly.

The 42nd Division proudly asserts that it has spent more days in the face of the enemy, gained more ground against the enemy and marched further in its operations than any other Division in the American Expeditionary Forces. It has been opposed by the best Divisions in the German Army and has made its record at their expense. Its fighting power has been officially mentioned by the American, French and German Commands, and its order and discipline have elicited the admiration of the Germans in its area of occupation.

By command of Brigadier General Gatley.

William H. Hughes, Jr.
Colonel, General Staff.
Chief of Staff.

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